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OF

## Universal Literature

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL  
SUMMARY OF THE WORLD'S MOST EMINENT  
AUTHORS, INCLUDING THE  
CHOICEST EXTRACTS AND MASTER-  
PIECES FROM THEIR WRITINGS . . .

CAREFULLY REVISED AND ARRANGED BY A  
CORPS OF THE MOST CAPABLE SCHOLARS

*THOMAS CARLYLE.*

Photogravure—After the painting by Millais.  
Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

*John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.*

Editor of "The Arena," Author of "Ridpath's  
History of the United States," "Encyclo-  
pedia of Universal History," "Great  
Races of Mankind," etc., etc.

EDITION DE LUXE

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. V.

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY  
NEW YORK



THOMAS CARLYLE.

Photogravure—After the painting by Sir John Everett Millais.  
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## KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

**a** as in fat, man, pang.  
**ā** as in fate, mane, dale.  
**ä** as in far, father, guard.  
**â** as in fall, talk.  
**á** as in ask, fast, aut.  
**â** as in fare.  
**e** as in met, pen, bless.  
**ē** as in mete, meet.  
**é** as in her, fern.  
**i** as in pin, it.  
**ī** as in pine, fight, file.  
**o** as in not, on, frog.  
**ō** as in note, poke, floor.  
**ö** as in move, spoon.  
**ô** as in nor, song, off.  
**u** as in tub.  
**ū** as in mute, acute.  
**û** as in pull.  
**ü** German ü, French u.  
**oi** as in oil, joint, boy.  
**ou** as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus :

**ạ̄** as in prelate, courage.  
**ẹ̄** as in ablegate, episcopal.  
**ọ̄** as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.  
**ụ̄** as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its

sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *u*-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus :

**ạ** as in errant, republican.  
**ẹ** as in prudent, difference.  
**ị** as in charity, density.  
**ọ** as in valor, actor, idiot.  
**ụ** as in Persia, peninsula.  
**ẹ̄** as in *the* book.  
**ụ̄** as in nature, feature.

A mark (˘) under the consonants *t, d, s, z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch, j, sh, zh*. Thus :

**t˘** as in nature, adventure.  
**d˘** as in arduous, education.  
**s˘** as in pressure.  
**z˘** as in seizure.  
**y** as in yet.

**ʙ** Spanish *b* (medial).  
**čh** as in German *ach*, Scotch *loch*.  
**ċ** as in German *Abensberg*, *Hamburg*.  
**ħ** Spanish *g* before *e* and *i*; Spanish *j*; etc. (a guttural *h*).

**ñ** French nasalizing *n*, as in *ton*, *en*.

**s** final *s* in Portuguese (soft).

**th** as in *thin*.

**ʦH** as in *then*.

**D = ʦH**.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)





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**Channing**, Walter.  
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Cheever (chē'vēr), George Barrell.  
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Chesterfield (ches'tēr fēld), Earl of.  
Chiabrera (kē ä brā'rā), Gabriello.



CABLE, GEORGE WASHINGTON, an American novelist, was born in New Orleans, October 12, 1844. His father dying when the boy was about fifteen years of age, he left school and became a clerk in a store ; and in 1863 he enlisted as a Confederate volunteer in the Fourth Mississippi cavalry. He was wounded, and, returning to New Orleans, became an errand-boy in a store. He studied continually, as he had done while in the army ; and having acquired a knowledge of civil engineering, he went from place to place in connection with a surveying party. On the Atchafalaya he caught the "break-bone" fever, which left its lingering reminders upon him for a couple of years. Then he began to send criticisms and humorous papers and poems to the *Picayune*, signing himself "Drop Shot ;" and soon he was engaged as an editor. Amid all the vicissitudes of fortune he had maintained his religious integrity, and had scrupulously followed the dictates of conscience ; and when he was asked to furnish theatrical reports for the paper, he resigned and went to keeping books for a cotton dealer. In 1879, being left by his employer's death without employment, and having already met with success in the publication of sketches of creole life in *The Century*, he determined to depend upon his pen for support. He also lectured successfully, reading



to delighted audiences extracts from his own writings, and singing to the people of the North the plantation songs of the far South. In 1879 he took up his residence in the North, living in Connecticut and in Northampton, Mass. In 1897 he assumed the editorial supervision of *Current Literature*. Mr. Cable's published books, the contents of which have generally appeared first in serial form in magazines, include *Old Creole Days* (1879); *The Grandissimes* (1880); *Madame Delphine* (1881); *Dr. Sevier* (1884); *The Creoles of Louisiana* (1884); *The Silent South* (1885); *Bonaventure* (1888); *The Negro Question* (1888); *Stories of Louisiana* (1889); *Busy Man's Bible* (1891); *John March, Southerner* (1894).

It has been noted that Mr. Cable's renderings of the Creole dialect, and his vivid picturings of the social life of the Louisiana lowlands, have given serious offence to some whose portraits he has drawn. In this connection it is remarked by Professor Backus that "the fact that Mr. Cable is a man of simple and even stern views of life does not surprise those who have felt the undercurrent of serious purpose in the humor and pathos of his descriptions. There is a tenderness in his handling of many social topics that betrays a more than artistic interest. His studies are the result of long and careful investigation of records and history, as well as of personal observation." And speaking on the same subject, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who, with James M. Barrie, during their trip to this country in the fall of 1896, visited both Mr. Cable at his home in Northampton and the

Creole people of the South concerning whom the latter had written, says of a woman who complained of the unpleasing portrayals of character: "I replied that to us it seemed that the Creole people he drew were perfectly delightful people, and that if he had underrated their merits they must be the very chosen of the world. She was somewhat propitiated by this, but remained still unsatisfied. A journalist told me that there was something effeminate about the Creole character which Mr. Cable had faithfully rendered, and that the Creoles did not like to have it pointed out. I should have said feminine rather than effeminate; but in any case there should be little reason for complaint. For delicate insight and unerring workmanship there are very few short stories in the English language that can approach them."

#### THE CAFÉ DES EXILÉS.

That which in 1835—I think he said thirty-five—was a reality in the Rue Burgundy—is now but a reminiscence. Yet so vividly was its story told me, that at this moment the old Café des Exilés appears before my eye, floating in the clouds of reverie, and I doubt not I see it just as it was in the old times.

An antiquated story-and-a-half Creole cottage, sitting right down on the banquette, as do the Choctaw squaws who sell bay and sassafras and life-everlasting, with a high, close board fence shutting out of view the diminutive garden on the southern side. An ancient willow droops over the roof of round tiles, and partly hides the discolored stucco, which keeps dropping off into the garden as though the old café were stripping for the plunge into oblivion—disrobing for its execution. I see, well up in the angle of the broad side gable, shaded by its rude awning of clap-boards, as the eyes of an old dame are shaded by her wrinkled hands, the window of

Pauline. Oh, for the image of the maiden, were it but for one moment, leaning out of the casement to hang her mocking-bird and looking down into the garden—where, above the barrier of old boards, I see the top of the fig-tree, the pale-green clump of bananas, the tall palmetto with its jagged crown, Pauline's own two orange-trees holding up their hands toward the window, heavy with the promises of autumn; the broad, crimson mass of the many-stemmed oleander, and the crisp boughs of the pomegranate, loaded with freckled apples, and with here and there a lingering scarlet blossom!

The *Café des Exilés*, to use a figure, flowered, bore fruit, and dropped it long ago; or, rather, Time and Fate—like some uncursed Adam and Eve—came side by side and cut away its clusters, as we sever the golden burden of the banana from its stem; then, like a banana which has borne its fruit, it was razed to the ground, and made way for a newer, brighter growth. . . . It was in 1835 that the *Café des Exilés* was, as one might say, in full blossom. Old M. d'Hemecourt, father of Pauline, and host of the café, himself a refugee from San Domingo, was the cause, at least the human cause, of its opening. As its white curtained, glazed doors expanded, emitting a little puff of his own cigarette smoke, it was like the bursting of catalpa blossoms, and the exiles came like bees, pushing into the tiny room to sip its rich variety of tropical syrups, its lemonades, its orangeades, its orgeats, its barley-waters, and its outlandish wines, while they talked of dear home—that is to say of Barbadoes, of Martinique, of San Domingo, and of Cuba.

There were Pedro and Benigno, and Fernandez and Francisco, and Benito. Benito was a tall, swarthy man, with immense gray moustachios, and hair as harsh as tropical grass and gray ashes. When he could spare his cigarette from his lips, he would tell you, in a cavernous voice, and with a wrinkled smile, that he was "a-t-thorty-seveng." There was Martinez of San Domingo, yellow as a canary, always sitting with one leg curled under him, and holding the back of his head in his knitted fingers against the back of his rocking chair. Father, mother, brother, sisters, all, had been massacred



in the struggle of '21 and '22 ; he alone was left to tell the tale, and told it often, with that strange, infantile insensibility to the solemnity of his bereavement so peculiar to Latin people.

But besides these, and many who need no mention, there were two in particular, around whom all the story of the Café des Exilés, of old M. d'Hemecourt and of Pauline, turns as on a double centre. First, Manuel Mazaro, whose small, restless eyes were as black and bright as those of a mouse, whose light talk became his dark, girlish face, and whose redundant locks curled so prettily and so wonderfully black under the fine, white brim of his jaunty Panama. He had the hands of a woman, save that the nails were stained with the smoke of cigarettes. He could play the guitar delightfully, and wore his knife down behind his coat collar. The second was "Major" Galahad Shaughnessy. I imagine I can see him, in his white duck, brass-buttoned roundabout, with his sabreless belt peeping out beneath, all his boyishness in his sea-blue eyes, leaning lightly against the door-post of the Café des Exilés as a child leans against his mother, running his fingers over a basketful of fragrant limes, and watching his chance to strike some solemn Creole under the fifth rib with a good old Irish joke.

Old D'Hemecourt drew him close to his bosom. The Spanish Creoles were, as the old man termed it, both cold and hot, but never warm. Major Shaughnessy was warm, and it was no uncommon thing to find these two apart from the others, talking in an undertone, and playing at *confidantes* like two school-girls. The kind old man was at this time drifting close up to his sixtieth year. There was much he could tell of San Domingo, whither he had been carried from Martinique in his childhood, whence he had become a refugee to Cuba, and thence to New Orleans in the flight of 1809.

It fell one day to Manuel Mazaro's lot to discover, sauntering within ear-shot, to Galahad Shaughnessy only, of all the children of the Café des Exilés, the good host spoke long and confidentially concerning his daughter. The words half heard and magnified, like objects seen in a fog, meaning Manuel Mazaro knew

not what, but made portentous by his suspicious nature, were but the old man's recital of the grinding he had got between the millstones of his poverty and his pride, in trying so long to sustain, for little Pauline's sake, that attitude before society which earns respect from a surface-viewing world. It was while he was telling this that Manuel Mazaro drew near; the old man paused, in an embarrassed way; the Major, sitting sidewise in his chair, lifted his cheek from its resting-place on his elbow; and Mazaro, after standing an awkward moment, turned away with such an inward feeling as one may guess would arise in a heart full of Cuban blood, not unmixed with Indian. . . .

Now there are jealousies and jealousies. There are people who rise up quickly and kill, and there are others who turn their hot thoughts over silently in their minds, as a brooding bird turns her eggs in the nest. Thus did Manuel Mazaro, and took it ill that Galahad should see a vision in the temple while he and all the brethren tarried without. Pauline had been to the *Café des Exilés* in some respects what the image of the Virgin was to their churches at home; and for her father to whisper her name to one, and not to another, was, it seemed to Mazaro, as if the old man, were he a sacristan, should say to some single worshipper, "Here, you may have this Madonna; I make it a present to you." Or, if such was not the handsome young Creole's feeling, such at least was the disguise his jealousy put on. If Pauline was to be handed down from her niche, why, then, farewell, *Café des Exilés*. She was its preserving influence, she made the place holy; she was the burning candles on the altar.

She was seldom seen; but sometimes, when the long-exiling exiles would be sitting in their afternoon circle under the eaves, and some old man would tell his tale of fire and blood and capture and escape, and the heads would lean forward from the chair-backs, and a great stillness would follow the ending of the story, old M<sup>r</sup> d'Hemecourt would all at once speak up and say, laying his hands upon the narrator's knee: "Comrade, your throat is dry, here are fresh limes; let my dear child herself make you a lemonade." Then the neighbors,

sitting about their doors, would by and by softly say, 'See, see! there is Pauline!' and all the exiles would rise from their rocking-chairs, take off their hats and stand, as men in church, while Pauline came out, like the moon from a cloud, descended the three steps of the café door, and stood with waiter and glass, like Rebecca with her pitcher before the swarthy wanderer.

What tales that would have been tear-compelling, nay heart-rending, had they not been palpable inventions, the pretty, womanish Mazaro from time to time poured forth, in the ever ungratified hope that the goddess might come down with a draught of nectar for him, it profiteth not to recount; but I should fail to show a family feature of the Café des Exilés did I omit to say that these make-believe adventures were heard with every mark of respect and credence; while, on the other hand, they were never attempted in the presence of the Irishman. He would have moved an eyebrow, or made some barely audible sound, or dropped some seemingly innocent word, and the whole company, spite of themselves, would have smiled. Wherefore it may be doubted whether at any time the curly haired young Cuban had that playful affection for his Celtic comrade which a habit of giving little velvet taps to Galahad's cheek made a show of.—*Old Creole Days.*







CÆDMON, an Anglo-Saxon monk of Whitby, the first writer of note of whom there are any remains who composed in his own language. He is said to have died about 700. According to the legend which has been transmitted to us by the Venerable Bede, he was employed as cowherd to the convent; and on one occasion he had left the dining hall and gone to the stable, where he had fallen asleep. Suddenly a stranger appeared, and said to him, "Cædmon, sing something." "I know nothing to sing," replied the monk. "Nay," said the stranger, "but thou hast something to sing." "What must I sing?" asked Cædmon. "Sing the Creation," replied the celestial visitant. Thereupon, "Cædmon began to sing these verses, which he had never heard before :"

#### ON THE CREATION.

*Nu we sceolan herian  
heofon-rices weard,  
metodes mihte,  
and his mod-ge-thonc,  
wera wuldor fæder !  
swa he wundra ge-hwæs,  
ece dryhten  
oord onstealde.  
He ærest ge-sceop  
ylða bearnum  
heofon to hrófe,  
halig scyppend !  
Tha middan-geard  
mon-cynnes weard,  
ece dryhten,  
æfter teode,  
firum foldan,  
frea ælmihtig,*

Now we shall praise  
the guardian of heaven,  
the might of the creator  
and his counsel,  
the glory-father of men,  
how he of all wonders,  
the eternal lord,  
formed the beginning.  
He first created  
for the children of men  
heaven as a roof,  
the holy creator !  
Then the world  
the guardian of mankind,  
the eternal lord,  
produced afterward,  
the earth for men,  
the almighty master !

The legend goes on to set forth the progress of the enlightenment of Cædmon, the result being that, in the judgment of all who heard him, he had "received the gift of song from Heaven." He thereafter composed many poems based upon Bible histories. The following, rendered into modern English, is given in Turner's *Anglo-Saxons* :

#### SATAN'S HOSTILITY.

The universal Ruler had of the angelic race, through his hand-power—the holy Lord!—a fortress established. To them he well trusted that they his service would follow, would do his will. For this he gave them understanding, and with his hands made them. The holy Lord had stationed them so happily. One he had so strongly made, so mighty in his mind's thought, he let him rule so much—the highest in Heaven's kingdom; he had made him so splendid, so beautiful was his fruit in Heaven, which to him came from the Lord of Hosts, that he was like the brilliant stars. Praise ought he to have made to his Lord; he should have valued dear his joys in Heaven; he should have thanked his Lord for the bounty which in that brightness he shared, when he was permitted so long to govern. But he departed from it to a worse thing. He began to upheave strife against the Governor of the highest heavens that sits on the holy seat. Dear was he to our Lord; from whom it could not be hid that his angel began to be over-proud. He raised himself against his master; he sought inflaming speeches; he began vainglorious words; he would not serve God; he said he was his equal in light and shining, as white and as bright in aspect; nor could he find it in his mind to render obedience to his God; and that of himself he could have subjects of more might and skill than God. Spake many more words this angel of pride. He thought that through these he could make a more strong-like seat higher in the heavens.



CÆSAR, CAIUS JULIUS, a Roman statesman, soldier, and orator, born July 12, 100 (or, according to some reckonings, 102) B.C.; died March 15, 44 B.C. Of the political and military life of Cæsar, we can here give only a bare outline, touching merely upon a few of its salient points. It involves the story of fully a quarter of a century of the most momentous years in the world's history. He sprang from a famous Roman family; distinguished himself as an orator, and was held by his contemporaries as second only to Cicero. The commencement of his political life may be properly dated at 74 B.C., when he was elected Pontifex, and soon attached himself to the party of Pompey—which may be styled the *democratic* in distinction from the *aristocratic* party in Rome. In 66 B.C. he was elected to the curule ædileship, and gained great popularity by the immense sums which he lavished upon public buildings and popular shows. In 63 B.C. he was chosen as Pontifex Maximus, and soon afterward as Prætor. At this time occurred the conspiracy of Catiline, and the aristocratic party vainly endeavored to persuade the consul, Cicero, to include Cæsar among those proscribed as conspirators. In 60 B.C. Cæsar was elected Consul, and in 59 he, in conjunction with Pompey and Crassus, formed the political coalition which is commonly known as the *First Triumvirate*.



JULIUS CAESAR.





Upon the expiration of his consulship, Cæsar received the governorship of the provinces of Gallia Cisalpina and Gallia Transalpina. Beginning in 58 B.C. Cæsar conducted for nine years the series of splendid military campaigns, of which he himself is the historian, and which have given him a place as one of the greatest generals of antiquity—the others being Alexander of Macedon and Hannibal of Carthage. At the close of this period Cæsar was by all odds the most powerful man in the Roman State. Pompey became jealous of him, and went over to the aristocratic or Senatorial party. The Senate ordered Cæsar to disband his army, upon pain of being declared an enemy of the State. Upon his refusing to do so, war was declared against him, and Pompey was placed at the head of the forces. Cæsar thereupon crossed the Rubicon—a small Italian stream, the identity of which is not altogether certain—which separated Italy from the provinces which had been assigned to Cæsar, and thus inaugurated the civil war. This passage of the Rubicon took place about the middle of January, 49 B.C. Pompey was worsted at every point, and in three months Cæsar was undisputed master of the whole of Italy. Pompey, however, managed to get together a powerful army from the East. Cæsar retreated to Pharsalia in Thessaly, closely followed by Pompey, whose force (about 60,000 men) was more than double that of Cæsar. A battle took place here August 9, 48 B.C., in which Pompey was utterly routed. Cæsar returned to Rome and was formally invested with all the

highest functions of State, which he exercised with great moderation for four years. Among his most notable public acts was the reformation of the Roman calendar, which was carried into effect in 46 B.C. A conspiracy was formed against him, the leading conspirators being Brutus and Cassius; and Cæsar was assassinated in the forum on March 15, 44 B.C., at the age of fifty-six, according to the most common reckoning, but perhaps two years more.

Cæsar was a voluminous author. The titles of numerous works of his have been preserved; the only ones, however, of which more than fragments remain are the *Commentaries on the Gallic* and *the Civil Wars*, which are universally esteemed as masterpieces of their kind. The *Commentary on the Civil Wars*, however, as we have it, is quite fragmentary, and some doubts exist as to its genuineness. The life of Cæsar has been written by Plutarch and Suetonius, among the ancients, and by Napoleon III. and Froude among the moderns. He, of course, occupies a large space in all the Histories of Rome which treat of his period, notably in those of Merivale, Long, and Mommsen. The extracts which we give are wholly from the *Gallic War*, the translation being that of Bohn.

#### BRITAIN AND ITS INHABITANTS.

The interior portion of Britain is inhabited by those of whom they say that it is handed down by tradition that they were born in the island itself: the maritime portion by those who passed over from the country of the Belgæ for the purpose of plunder and making war; almost all of whom are called by the names of those

states from which, being sprung, they went thither, and, having waged war, continued there and began to cultivate the lands. The number of the people is countless, and their buildings exceedingly numerous, for the most part very like those of the Gauls; the number of cattle is great. They use either brass or iron rings, determined at a certain weight, as their money. Tin is produced in the midland regions; in the maritime, iron; but the quantity of it is small; they employ brass, which is imported. There, as in Gaul, is timber of every description, except beech and fir. They do not regard it lawful to eat the hare and the cock and the goose; they, however, breed them for amusement and pleasure. The climate is more temperate than in Gaul, the colds being less severe.

The island is triangular in its form, and one of its sides is opposite to Gaul. One angle of this side, which is in Kent, whither almost all ships from Gaul are directed, looks to the east; the lower looks to the south. This side extends about five hundred miles. Another side lies towards Spain and the west, on which part is Ireland—less, as is reckoned, than Britain, by one-half; but the passage from it into Britain is of equal distance with that from Gaul. In the middle of this voyage is an island, which is called Mona; many smaller islands besides are supposed to lie there, of which islands some have written that at the time of the winter solstice it is night there for thirty consecutive days. We, in our inquiries about that matter, ascertained nothing except that, by accurate measurements with the clepsydra, we perceived the nights to be shorter there than on the continent. The length of this side, as their account states, is seven hundred miles. The third side is toward the north, to which portion of the island no land is opposite; but an angle of that side looks principally toward Germany. This side is considered to be eight hundred miles in length. Thus the whole island is about two thousand miles in circumference.

The most civilized of all these nations are they who inhabit Kent, which is entirely a maritime district, nor do they differ much from the Gallic customs. Most of the inland inhabitants do not sow corn, but live on milk



and flesh, and are clad with skins. All the Britons, indeed, dye themselves with woad, which occasions a bluish color, and thereby have a more terrible appearance in fight. They wear their hair long, and have every part of their body shaved except their head and upper lip. Ten and even twelve have wives common to them, and particularly brothers among brothers, and parents among their children ; but if there be any issue by these wives, they are reputed to be the children of those by whom respectively each was first espoused when a virgin.—*Commentaries, V., 12-14.*

#### THE BRITONS' MODE OF WARFARE.

Their mode of fighting with their chariots is this : Firstly, they drive about in all directions and throw their weapons, and generally break the ranks of the enemy with the very dread of their horses and the noise of their wheels, and when they have worked themselves in between the troops and horse, leap from their chariots and engage on foot. The charioteers in the meantime withdraw some little distance from the battle and so place themselves with the chariots that, if their masters are overpowered by the number of the enemy, they may have a ready retreat to their own troops. Thus they display in battle the speed of horse together with the firmness of infantry ; and by daily practice and exercise attain to such expertness that they are accustomed, even on a declining and steep place, to check their horses at full speed, and manage and turn them in an instant, and run along the pole, and stand on the yoke, and thence betake themselves with the greatest celerity to their chariots again.—*Commentaries IV., 23.*

#### THE POLITY OF THE GAULS.

The nation of all the Gauls is extremely devoted to superstitious rites ; and on that account they who are troubled with unusually severe diseases, and they who are engaged in battles and dangers either sacrifice men as victims, or vow that they will sacrifice them, and em-

ploy the Druids as the performers of those sacrifices, because they think that unless the life of a man be offered for the life of a man, the mind of the immortal gods cannot be rendered propitious, and they have sacrifices of that kind ordained for national purposes. Others have figures of vast size, the limbs of which, formed by osiers, they fill with living men, which being set on fire, the men perish in the flames. They consider that the oblation of such as have been taken in theft, or in robbery, or any other offence, is more acceptable to the immortal gods; but when a supply of that class is wanting they have recourse to the oblation even of the innocent. . . . They believe that Jupiter possesses the sovereignty of the heavenly powers; that Mars presides over wars. To him, when they have determined to engage in battle, they commonly vow those things which they shall take in war. When they have conquered, they sacrifice whatever captured animals may have survived the conflict, and collect the other things into one place. In many states you may see piles of these things heaped up in their consecrated spots; nor does it often happen that any one, disregarding the sanctity of the case, dares either to secrete in his house things captured, or take away those deposited; and the most severe punishment, with torture, has been established for such a deed.

All the Gauls assert that they are descended from the god Dis, and say that this tradition has been handed down from the Druids. For that reason they compute the divisions of every season, not by the number of days, but of nights. They keep birthdays and the beginnings of months and years in such an order that the day follows the night. Among the other usages of their life, they differ in this from almost all other nations, that they do not permit their children to approach them openly until they are grown up so as to be able to bear the service of war; and they regard it as indecorous for a son of boyish age to stand in public in the presence of his father.

Whatever sums of money the husbands have received in the name of dowry from their wives, making an estimate of it, they add the same amount out of their own

estates. An account is kept of all this money conjointly, and the profits are laid by: whichever of them shall have survived the other, to that one the portion of both reverts, together with the profits of the previous time. Husbands have a power of life and death over their wives, as well as over their children; and when the father of a family born in a more than commonly distinguished rank has died his relations assemble and, if the circumstances of his death are suspicious, hold an investigation upon the wives in the manner adopted toward slaves; and, if proof be obtained, put them to severe torture and kill them. The funerals—considering the state of civilization among the Gauls—are magnificent and costly; and they cast into the fire all things, including living creatures, which they suppose to have been dear to them when alive; and, a little before this period, slaves and dependants who were ascertained to have been beloved by them were, after the regular funeral rites were completed, burnt together with them.

Those states which are considered to conduct their commonwealth more judiciously have it ordained by their laws that if any person shall have heard by rumor and report from his neighbors anything concerning the commonwealth he shall convey it to the magistrate, and not impart it to any other; because it has been discovered that inconsiderate and inexperienced men were often alarmed by false reports, and driven to some rash act, or else took hasty measures in affairs of the highest importance. The magistrates conceal those things which require to be kept unknown; and they disclose to the people whatever they determine to be expedient. It is not lawful to speak of the commonwealth except in council.—*Commentaries, VI., 16-20.*

#### THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.

The Germans differ much from these usages of the Gauls; for they have neither Druids to preside over sacred offices, nor do they pay great regard to sacrifices. They rank in the number of the gods those alone whom they behold, and by whose instrumentality they are obvi-

ously benefited—namely, the sun, fire, and the moon, they have not heard of the other deities, even by report. Their whole life is occupied in hunting and in the pursuits of the military art; from childhood they devote themselves to fatigue and hardships. Those who have remained chaste for the longest time receive the greatest commendation among their people: they think that by this the physical powers are increased and the sinews are strengthened. And to have had knowledge of a woman before the twentieth year they reckon among the most disgraceful acts; of which matter there is no concealment, because they bathe promiscuously in the rivers, and only use skins or small cloaks of deers' hides, a large portion of the body being in consequence naked.

They do not pay much attention to agriculture, and a large portion of their food consists in milk, cheese, and flesh; nor has anyone a fixed quantity of land or his own individual limits; but the magistrates and the leading men each year apportion to the tribes and families, who have united together, as much land, and in the place in which they think proper, and the year after compel them to move elsewhere. For this enactment they advance many reasons:—lest, seduced by long-continued custom, they may exchange their ardor in waging war for agriculture; lest they may be anxious to acquire extensive estates, and the more powerful drive the weaker from their possessions; lest they construct their houses with too great a desire to avoid cold and heat; lest the desire of wealth spring up, from which cause divisions and discords arise; and that they may keep the common people in a contented state of mind, when each sees his own means placed on an equality with those of the most powerful.

It is the greatest glory to the several states to have as wide deserts as possible around them, their frontiers having been laid waste. They consider this the real evidence of their prowess, that their neighbors should be driven out of their lands and abandon them, and that no one dare settle near them; at the same time they think that they shall be on that account the more secure, because they have removed the apprehension of a sudden incursion.



When a state either repels war waged against it, or wages it against another, magistrates are chosen to preside over that war, with such authority that they have the power of life and death. In peace there is no common magistrate, but the chiefs of provinces and cantons administer justice and determine controversies among their own people. Robberies which are committed beyond the boundaries of each state bear no infamy, and they avow that these are committed for the purpose of disciplining their youth and of preventing sloth. And when any of their chiefs has said in an assembly, "that he will be their leader, let those who are willing to follow give in their names," they who approve of both the enterprise and the man arise and promise their assistance, and are applauded by the people; such of them as have not followed him are accounted in the number of deserters and traitors, and confidence in all matters is afterward refused them. To injure guests they regard as impious; they defend from wrong those who have come to them for any purpose whatever, and esteem them inviolable; to them the houses of all are open, and maintenance is freely supplied.

There was formerly a time when the Gauls excelled the Germans in prowess and waged war on them offensively, and, on account of the great number of their people and the insufficiency of their land, sent colonies over the Rhine. Accordingly the Volcæ Tectosages seized on those parts of Germany which are the most fruitful, and lie around the Hercynian forest (which I perceive was known by report to Erastosthenes and some other Greeks, and which they called Orcynia), and settled there. Which nation to this time retains its position in those settlements, and has a very high character for justice and military merit; now also they continue in the same scarcity, indigence, hardihood as the Germans, and use the same food and dress. But their proximity to the Province, and knowledge of commodities from countries beyond the sea, supply to the Gauls many things tending to luxury, as well as civilization. Accustomed by degrees to be overmatched and worsted in many engagements, they do not even compare themselves to the Germans in prowess.—*Commentaries, VI,*

## CÆSAR WORSTED BY THE GAULS AT GERGOVIA.

The town wall was 1,200 paces distant from the plain and foot of the ascent, in a straight line, if no gap intervened ; whatever circuit was added to this ascent, to make the hill easy, increased the length of the route. But almost in the middle of the hill the Gauls had previously built a wall six feet high, made of large stones and extending in length as far as the nature of the ground permitted, as a barrier to retard the advance of our men ; and, leaving all the lower space empty, they had filled the upper part of the hill, as far as the wall of the town, with camps very close to one another. The soldiers, on the signal being given, quickly advance to this fortification, and passing over it make themselves masters of the separate camps. . . .

Cæsar, having accomplished the object which he had in view, ordered the signal to be sounded for a retreat ; and the soldiers of the tenth legion, by which he was then accompanied, halted. But the soldiers of the other legions, not hearing the sound of the trumpet, because there was a very large valley between them, were however kept back by the tribunes of the soldiers and the lieutenants, according to Cæsar's orders ; but being animated by the prospect of speedy victory, and the flight of the enemy, and the favorable battles of former periods, they thought nothing so difficult that their bravery could not accomplish it ; nor did they put an end to the pursuit until they drew nigh to the wall of the town and the gates. But then, when a shout arose in every quarter of the city, those who were at a distance, being alarmed by the sudden tumult, fled hastily from the town, since they thought that the enemy were within the gates. The matrons began to cast their clothes and silver over the wall, and bending over as far as the lower part of the bosom, with outstretched hands, beseech the Romans to spare them, and not to sacrifice to their resentment even women and children, as they had done at Avaricum. . . .

In the meantime those who had gone to the other part of the town to defend it, aroused by hearing the

shouts, and afterward by frequent accounts that the town was in possession of the Romans, sent forward their cavalry, and hastened in larger numbers to that quarter. As each first came he stood beneath the wall, and increased the number of his countrymen in action. When a great multitude of them had assembled, the matrons, who a little before were stretching their hands from the walls to the Romans, began to beseech their countrymen, and, after the Gallic fashion, to show their dishevelled hair, and bring their children into the public view. Neither in position nor in numbers was the contest an equal one to the Romans; at the same time, being exhausted by running and the long continuation of the fight, they could not easily withstand fresh and vigorous troops.

Cæsar, when he perceived that his soldiers were fighting on unfavorable ground, and that the enemy's forces were increasing, being alarmed for the safety of his troops, sent orders to Titus Sextius, one of his lieutenants, whom he had left to guard the smaller camp, to lead out his cohorts quickly from the camp, and post them at the foot of the hill, on the right wing of the enemy; that if he should see our men driven from the ground, he should deter the enemy from following too closely. He himself, advancing with the legion a little from that place where he had taken his post, awaited the issue of the battle. . . .

Our soldiers, being hard pressed on every side, were dislodged from their position, with the loss of forty-six centurions; but the tenth legion, which had been posted in reserve on ground a little more level, checked the Gauls in their eager pursuit. It was supported by the cohorts of the thirteenth legion, which, being led from the smaller camp, had occupied the higher ground. The legions, as soon as they reached the plain, halted and faced the enemy. Vercingetorix led back his men from the part of the hill within the fortifications. On that day little less than seven hundred of the soldiers were missing.

On the next day, Cæsar, having called a meeting, censured the rashness and avarice of his soldiers, "In that they had judged for themselves how far they ought

to proceed, or what they ought to do, and could not keep back by the tribunes of the soldiers and the lieutenants ;” and stated, “what the disadvantages of the ground could effect, what opinion he himself had entertained at Avaricum, when, having surprised the enemy without either general or cavalry, he had given up a certain victory, lest even a trifling loss should occur in the contest, owing to the disadvantage of position. That, as much as he admired the greatness of their courage, since neither the fortifications of the camp, nor the height of the mountain, nor the wall of the town, could retard them ; at the same degree he censured their licentiousness and arrogance, because they thought that they knew more than their general concerning victory, and the issue of actions: and that he required in his soldiers forbearance and self-command not less than valor and magnanimity.—*Commentaries*, VII., 46-52.

#### FINAL DEFEAT OF VERCINGETORIX.

The Gauls having been twice repulsed with great loss [in their assault upon the Roman lines encircling the stronghold of Alesia], consult what they should do : they avail themselves of the information of those who were well acquainted with the country ; from them they ascertain the position and fortification of the upper camp. There was on the north side a hill which our men could not include in their works, on account of the extent of the circuit, and had necessarily made their camp on ground almost disadvantageous, and pretty steep. Caius Antistius Reginus, and Caius Caninius Rebelius, two of the lieutenants, with two legions, were in possession of this camp. The leaders of the enemy, having reconnoitred the country by the scouts, select from the entire army 60,000 men belonging to those states which bear the highest character for courage : they privately arrange among themselves what they wished to be done, and in what manner ; they decide that the attack should take place when it should seem to be noon. They appoint over their forces Vergasillaunus, the Avernian, one of the four generals, and a near relative of Vercingetorix. He, having issued from



the camp at the first watch, and having almost completed his march a little before the dawn, hid himself behind the mountain, and ordered his soldiers to refresh themselves after their labor during the night. When noon now seemed to draw nigh, he marched hastily against that camp which we have mentioned before; and at the same time the cavalry began to approach the fortifications in the plain, and the rest of the forces to make a demonstration in front of the camp.

Vercingetorix, having beheld his countrymen from the citadel of Alesia, issues forth from the town; he brings forth from the camp long hooks, movable pent-houses, mural hooks, and other things which he had prepared for the purpose of making a sally. They engage on all sides at once, and every expedient is adopted. They flocked to whatever part of the works seemed weakest. The army of the Romans is distributed along their extensive lines, and with difficulty meets the enemy in every quarter. The shouts which were raised by the combatants in their rear had a great tendency to intimidate our men, because they perceived that their danger rested on the valor of others: for generally all evils which are distant most powerfully alarm men's minds.

Cæsar, having selected a commanding situation, sees distinctly what is going on in every quarter, and sends assistance to his troops when hard pressed. The idea uppermost in the minds of both parties is that the present is the time in which they would have the fairest opportunity of making a struggle: the Gauls despairing of all safety unless they should succeed in forcing the lines; the Romans expecting an end to all their labors if they should gain the day. The principal struggle is at the upper lines, to which, we have said, Vergasillanus was sent. The least elevation of ground, added to a declivity, exercises a momentous influence. Some are casting missiles; others, forming a testudo, advance to the attack; fresh men by turns relieve the wearied. The earth, heaped up by all against the fortifications, gives the means of ascent to the Gauls, and covers those works which the Romans had concealed in the ground. Our men have no longer arms or strength.

Cæsar, on observing these movements, sends Labienus with six cohorts to relieve his distressed soldiers ; he orders him, if he should be unable to withstand them, to draw off his cohorts and make a sally, but not to do this except through necessity. He himself goes to the rest, and exhorts them not to succumb to the toil ; he shows them that the fruits of all former engagements depend on that day and hour. The Gauls within, despairing of forcing the fortifications in the plains, on account of the greatness of the works, attempt the places precipitous in ascent ; hither they bring the engines which they had prepared ; by the immense numbers of their missiles they dislodge the defenders from the turrets : they fill the ditches with clay and hurdles, then clear the way ; they tear down the rampart and breastwork with hooks.

Cæsar sends at first young Brutus, with six cohorts, and afterward Caius Fabius, his lieutenant, with seven others ; finally, as they fight more obstinately, he leads up fresh men to the assistance of his soldiers. After renewing the action, and repulsing the enemy, he marches in the direction in which he had sent Labienus, drafts four cohorts from the nearest redoubt, and orders part of the cavalry to follow him, and part to make the circuit of the external fortifications, and attack the enemy in the rear. Labienus, when neither the ramparts nor ditches could check the onset of the enemy, informs Cæsar by messengers of what he intended to do. Cæsar hastens to share in the action.

His arrival being known from the color of his robe, and the troops of cavalry and the cohorts which he had ordered to follow him being seen, as those low and sloping grounds were plainly visible from the eminences, the enemy join battle. A shout being raised by both sides, it was succeeded by a general shout along the ramparts and whole line of fortifications. Our troops, laying aside their javelins, carry on the engagement with their swords. The cavalry is suddenly seen in the rear of the Gauls : the other cohorts advance rapidly ; the enemy turn their backs ; the cavalry intercept them in their flight, and a great slaughter ensues. Sedulius, the general and chief of the Lemovices, is slain ; Vergasil-

launus, the Avernian, is taken alive in the flight ; seventy-four military standards are brought to Cæsar ; and few out of so great a number return safe to their camp. The besieged, beholding from the town the slaughter and flight of their countrymen, despairing of safety, lead back their troops from the fortifications. A flight of the Gaus from the camp immediately ensues on hearing this disaster, and had not the soldiers been wearied by sending frequent reinforcements, and the labor of the entire day, all the enemy's forces might have been destroyed. Immediately after midnight the cavalry are sent out and overtake the rear ; a great number are taken or cut to pieces ; the rest by flight escape in different directions to their respective states.

Vercingetorix, having convened a council the following day, declares, "That he had undertaken that war, not on account of his own exigencies, but on account of the general freedom ; and since he must yield to fortune, he offered himself to them for either purpose, whether they should wish to atone to the Romans by his death, or surrender him alive." Ambassadors are sent to Cæsar on this subject. He orders their chieftains delivered up. He seats himself at the head of the lines in front of the camp. The Gallic chieftains are brought before him. They surrender Vercingetorix, and lay down their arms. Reserving the Ædui and Arverni, to try if he could gain over, through their influence, their respective states, he distributes one of the remaining captives to each soldier throughout the entire army as plunder.

After making these arrangements, he marches into the country of the Ædui and recovers that state. To this place ambassadors are sent by the Arverni, who promise that they will execute his commands. He demands a great number of hostages. He sends the legions to winter quarters ; he restores about twenty thousand captives to the Ædui and Arverni. . . . A supplication of twenty days is decreed by the Senate at Rome, on learning these successes from Cæsar's dispatches.—*Commentaries, VII., 83-90.*







HAIL CAINE.



CAINE, THOMAS HENRY HALL, an English novelist and dramatist of Manx parentage, commonly known as "Hall Caine," was born in Run-corn, Cheshire, England, August 14, 1853. He was educated for an architect and began the practice of his profession at Liverpool, and from being a frequent contributor to the *Builder*, *Building News*, and other architectural periodicals, he entered journalism and became a member of the staff of the *Liverpool Mercury*. In 1880 he abandoned his profession of an architect, to devote himself to literature. In 1881 he went to London, living at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, until the death of Rossetti in 1882. Previous to the publication of his first novel, *The Shadow of a Crime* (1885), he had published *Recollections of Rossetti* and *Sonnets of Three Centuries* (1882), and *Cobwebs of Criticism* (1883). His most recent and important works are: *A Son of Hagar* and *Life of Coleridge* (Great Writers Series, 1886); *The Deemster*, a story of the Isle of Man (1887); *The Bondman* (1888); *The Scapegoat* (1889); *The Little Manx Nation*, three lectures giving a history of the Manx kings, bishops, and people (1891); *The Last Confession* and *The Blind Mother* (1890); *Captain Davy's Honeymoon* (1892); *The Manxman* (1893). In collaboration with Mr. Wilson Barrett he has writ-

ten two plays, *Ben-my-Chree*, dramatized from *The Deemster*, and *Good Old Times*.

In the fall of 1895 Mr. Caine came to America in the interests of the Canadian Copyright Law.

#### THE PESTILENCE.

Through the darkness of that night a woman, young and beautiful, in cloak and hood like a nun's, walked from house to house of the Curraghs where the fires showed that the sickness was still raging. It was Mona. These three days past she had gone hither and thither, partly to tend the sick people, partly in hope of meeting the strange man who had come to cure them. Again and again she had missed him, being sometimes only a few minutes before or after him.

Still she passed on from house to house, looking for him as she went in at every fresh door, yet half dreading the chance that might bring them face to face.

She entered the house where he had received her father's message almost on the instant when he left it. The three men had gone by her in the darkness.

Jabez, the tailor, who sat whimpering in the ingle, told her that the priest had that moment gone off to Ballamona, where the Dempster that was—hadn't she heard the news?—was new down with the Sweat.

Her delicate face whitened at that, and after a pause she turned to follow. But going back to the hearth, she asked if the stranger had been told that the Bishop wanted to see him. Jabez told her yes, and that he had said he would go up to Bishop's Court before leaving the parish.

Then another question trembled on her tongue, but she could not utter it. At last she asked what manner of man the stranger was to look upon.

"Aw, big and straight and tall," said Jabez.

And Billy-the-Gawk, who sat at the opposite side of the ingle, being kin to Jabez's sick wife, said, "Ay, and quiet like, and solemn extraordinary."

"A wonderful man, wonderful, wonderful," said Jabez, still whimpering. "And wherever he comes the Sweat goes down before him with a flood."

"As I say," said Billy-the-Gawk, "the good man's face plagues me mortal. I can't bethink me where I've seen the like of it afore."

Mona's lips quivered at that word, and she seemed to be about to speak ; but she said nothing.

"And the strong he is !" said Jabez ; "I never knew but one man in the island with half the strength of arm as him."

Mona's pale face twitched visibly, and she listened as with every faculty.

"Who d' ye mane ?" asked Billy-the-Gawk.

At that question there was a moment's silence between the men. Then each drew a long breath, dislodged a heavy burden from his throat, glanced significantly up at Mona, and looked into the other's face.

"*Him*," said Jabez, in a faint underbreath speaking behind his hand.

"*Him ?*"

Billy-the-Gawk straightened his crooked back, opened wide his rheumy eyes, pursed up his wizened cheeks and emitted a low, long whistle.

"Lord A'mighty !"

For an instant Jabez looked steadily into the old mendicant's face, and then drew himself up in his seat.

"Lord a-massy !"

Mona's heart leapt to her mouth. She was almost beside herself with suspense, and felt an impulse to scream.—*The Deemster.*







CAIRD, MONA (ALISON), an English miscellaneous writer, was born at Ryde in the Isle of Wight. Her father was John Alison, a Midlothian inventor. From early childhood she wrote plays and stories, but her first acknowledged published work was *Whom Nature Leadeth. One That Wins* followed in 1887, *The Wing of Azraël* in 1889, and *A Romance of the Moors* (1891). In the *Westminster Review* of August, 1888, she published an article on the *Marriage Question*, which brought out an extensive correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph* entitled, *Is Marriage a Failure?* Mrs. Caird claimed that her views in this article were very generally misunderstood, and in November of the same year she completed or more fully stated her position on this subject in the *Review*. Besides being a frequent contributor to English periodicals, Mrs. Caird wrote for the *North American Review* and *Forum*. She informed herself thoroughly on the subjects of German, French, and English literature, philosophy, and poetry, and various departments of science. She married a son of Sir James Caird, and went to reside at Hampstead, a suburb of London.

#### A DANGEROUS PROMISE.

Sunday morning in London. It needs no description; the mere name brings the picture before the mind's eye: the deserted streets. closed shop-windows, clanging

church-bells, and crowds of people in their Sunday best, bent either on holiday or worship. Among these last was no family party of more respectable and comely appearance than the Erskines, as they marched to church in all the panoply of Sabbath glory. Nelly looked much the same as she had looked during that happy time in Rome, but she would have smiled incredulously had one told her so. *Could* she look the same, to whom all the world was changed?

The atmosphere chilled her, the people chilled her, the leaden skies made her heart ache. And then, underlying all this, was another and crueller heartache, for she had received no letter from Launcelot since she left Rome more than a month ago. Sylvia, though she could not say it to her sister, thought that he was glad of the chance of thus breaking off the flirtation—having no doubt gone farther than he meant, and feeling bound to make his proposal on seeing that Nelly's affections had been seriously touched. The family opposition had perhaps been a welcome loophole of which he had cleverly availed himself.

Sometimes, in Nelly's despondent moods, that thought would lay hold even of her, for opinions are strangely infectious even when unexpressed. Her only sheet-anchor was her instinctive faith in Launcelot, which remained always strong in spite of appearances. She found herself forced either to believe in him entirely, or to think him cruel and false; and this she found impossible.

But it did not save her from many a grievous doubt. A woman of her temperament always finds it hard to believe she is beloved; and this incredulity, mingling strangely with her loyal belief, made her state of mind one of perpetual conflict. Launcelot's silence was most incomprehensible and trying to her faith. All her surroundings tended to depress her—the chill days, the rows and rows of grim houses, the commonplace people with their petty interests and vulgar thoughts—oh, how vulgar they seemed after her late experiences! Everything about these people seemed wrong: their manners ungraceful, jerky, insolent; their faces blank, their very voices gibbering, contemptible!

Nelly used to keep Sylvia amused for hours by her vigorous denunciations of their irreproachable associates—in whom, girl-like, she failed to detect a single good quality.

"I did not know how hotly I could hate," she said once when she and Sylvia had returned from a ball at the house of Mrs. Trevelyan, a sister of Sir Rupert Clinton, who was now frequently in town and at Wilchester Terrace.

"Keally, my dear! and one would not have thought it, to look at you to-night. You were smiling away amiably enough."

"Yes, I know," Nelly burst forth; "I am just like the rest of them. I go and smile and grin at things I despise; I subscribe to all the cruelty and coldness and the wickedness of it. Sylvia, to-night as I was coming upstairs on the arm of an idiot with an eye-glass——"

"That nice Captain Brentford!" exclaimed Sylvia, aggrieved.

"Nice, if you will—but an idiot, and with an eye-glass——"

"The poor man is shortsighted," interrupted Sylvia, who had a just soul. "Every man isn't an idiot who wears an eye-glass."

"Captain Brentford is an idiot in spite of it then!" said Nelly. "Well, as I say, we were coming up-stairs, and he took me a new way into the dancing-room, and I saw coming toward us a lady and gentleman. A commonplace drawing-room pair they looked, especially commonplace the woman. I took a fit of dislike to her and her silly tulle dress and fashionable hair—when oh, Sylvia, I found I had been walking into a looking-glass, and it was *myself* I was criticising!"

Sylvia laughed.

"A lesson to you to be less critical in future, my dear."

"No," said Nelly; "a lesson that I am just like the rest—prim, circumspect, hypocritical, vulgar. Oh, it is all so cruel and hideous!"

With sudden passion she had flung herself in her "silly tulle" dress on the sofa, burying her face in the cushions.

"Oh, Nelly, you silly child ! what's the use of taking things in this unnatural way?" cried the elder sister, sitting down beside her calmly.

"What's the use? what's the use?" echoed Nelly. "What's the use of feeling, what's the use of thinking, or doing, or striving, or hoping, or longing? Stop doing everything but what's of *use*, and the world would stop going round, and the sun would be snuffed out."

"You *are* an extraordinary girl!" cried Sylvia.

"I'm not," said Nelly, flatly contradicting; "I'm a young lady in a tulle dress and spangles, and a butterfly in her hair. Don't say we must conform to the customs of society; I know we must—that's what I object to. Oh, how I wish——"

Sylvia rose sighing, finishing that broken sentence in her own mind——

"I wish that Launcelot Sumner were here, instead of in Rome."

Sylvia might have formed such a wish about another person on her own account; and there were times when even this well-regulated young woman felt down-hearted at the separation, but it had not the effect of making her surroundings distasteful to her. She was one of those people who never change. She came back from Rome exactly as she went. The same motives ruled her, the same opinions guided her, the same pleasures attracted her. She went abroad, saw all that was to be seen with intelligent interest, and talked about it intelligently when she returned. But what had these things to do with her and England and Wilchester Terrace? What had they to do with her life? Clearly nothing, and for all the effect they had upon her they might as well never have existed.

"Nelly," said Sylvia, a few days later, "you know you thought Captain Brentford an idiot."

"Yes."

"Well, he is the cleverest man in the British army."

"He might be that without ceasing to be an idiot," said Nelly.

"Nonsense—that is mere prejudice."

Nelly did not deny it.

"Well, why do you give way to it, then?"



She shrugged her shoulders.

"You are the most unaccountable of girls," cried Sylvia. "Does it not interest you to hear that the man you took for an idiot has passed everything that *can* be passed at Cambridge—no end of examinations!"

"He never passed an examination which enabled him to say 'Bo!' to a goose," said Nelly.

"Well, you can put him through it next time you see him," cried Sylvia, angrily, at which the other laughed.

"I gave you that opening because I thought it would please you," she said.

Perverse fits like this used often to take possession of her now, and when they did she stopped at nothing.  
—*One That Wins.*





CAIRNES, JOHN ELLIOTT, a celebrated British writer on political economy, born at Castle Bellingham, Ireland, December 26, 1823; died near London, July 8, 1875. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; studied law, and was admitted to the Irish bar, but devoted most of his time to writing for the press, mainly upon economical questions affecting Ireland. In 1856 he was appointed Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin; and in the next year his professional lectures were published under the title, *Character and Logical Method of Political Economy*. Not long after he contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* a number of valuable essays on *The Gold Question*, induced by the sudden increase in the production of gold in California and Australia. In 1861 he was chosen Professor of Political Economy in Queen's College, and in the following year put forth a thoughtful work on *The Slave Power*, inspired by the great drama which was then being enacted in the United States. In 1866 he received the appointment of Professor of Political Economy and Jurisprudence in the University College of London. The remaining years of his life were mainly devoted to the revisal of the numerous papers which he had already published, and to the preparation of what may be regarded as his chief work, *Some Leading Principles in Political Economy, Newly Expounded*.

## COST OF PRODUCTION AND PRICES.

I venture to lay down broadly this proposition, that when an advance in the price of any of the great staples of industry becomes definitive (monopoly apart), there are two, and only two, adequate explanations of the fact : either the cost of producing the article (understanding by cost not the money outlay, but the real difficulties of production) has increased, or the cost of producing or obtaining money has diminished. A change of supply and demand will, indeed, produce temporary effects on prices ; but, apart from principles already stated, it is incapable of permanently altering them. For example, the present [1873] high price of coal is certainly due to an increased demand for the commodity as its proximate cause. But will this high price become definitive ? Only on one or other, or both, of the conditions I have stated being satisfied. If the increased demand can only be met by incurring increased physical difficulties of production so great as to need the present high rates to compensate them, then the present rates will become the normal rates for coal. Or, again—the cost of producing coal remaining the same—if the present prices, in consequence of the increased abundance of money, do not represent a greater real cost than the lower prices of former years, in this case, too, the present scale of prices will be maintained. Or, once more, if both these conditions are partially satisfied : if the real cost of producing coal be raised in some degree, and the real cost of obtaining money reduced in some degree :—on this assumption, also, we should be justified in expecting a continuance of the present rates. It thus appears that the question of an advance in price—where the advance becomes established and normal—is in all cases (monopoly apart) a question of cost of production. All explanations which fail to trace the phenomenon to one or other—or to some combination of these—are of the kind which would place the earth upon an elephant, and the elephant upon a tortoise, leaving the tortoise to find his footing as best he may.—*Essays on Political Economy.*



CALDERON DE LA BARCA, PEDRO, a distinguished Spanish dramatist and poet, born at Madrid, January 17, 1600; died May 25, 1681. After receiving his early education in the Jesuit College at Madrid, he studied philosophy and scholastic theology in the University of Salamanca. On quitting the university he returned to Madrid, where his poetry and his talent for arranging gorgeous spectacular entertainments gained him the patronage of King Philip IV. In 1625, Calderon joined the army, and served with distinction in the Milanese and Low Countries, after which he was recalled by the King, and was employed to superintend the court amusements and write plays for the Royal Theatre. In 1651 Calderon entered the Church, and was soon appointed to the Royal Chapel at Madrid, that he might be near the King. He continued to arrange the court spectacles, and wrote many dramas (*autos sacramentales*) for representation at the feast of Corpus Christi. His last work was written in his eightieth year. Calderon was the author of one hundred and twenty-two comedies, tragedies, and historical dramas, and seventy-two *autos*, besides three hundred *preludes* and *sayentes* or *divertissements*. Among his works are: *Life Is a Dream*, *The Wonder-Working Magician*, *Two Lovers of Heaven*, *The Constant Prince*, *Zenobia the Great*, *The*



*Locks of Absalom, The Scarf and the Flower, The Brazen Serpent, The Fairy Lady, Love Survives Life, The Physician of His Own Honor, No Monster Like Jealousy, The Mayor of Zelamia, The Devotion of the Cross, The Purgatory of St. Patrick, The Divine Orpheus.*

The subjoined extract is taken from *Life Is a Dream*. The plot of this play is as follows: Basilius, King of Poland, having learned by astrology that he shall one day lie prostrate at the feet of a fierce and cruel son, causes Sigismund, his eldest son, to be confined in a lonely tower, his existence being known to only one person, Clotaldo. Moved by remorse in his old age, he makes known in solemn assembly, and before his next heirs, Astolfo and Estrella, the fact of his son's birth, and declares his intention of giving Sigismund an opportunity to show his disposition. If he bear himself well, he shall yet inherit the kingdom; if ill, it shall be given to Astolfo and Estrella. Sigismund is then transported during sleep from his dungeon to the palace, and on his awakening is assured that he is the son of the King, and in rightful enjoyment of the luxury around him. But he behaves with such arrogance that the King orders that he shall again be put to sleep, and taken to the tower. In the meantime, a great part of the people, learning that there is a rightful heir to the throne, rise in rebellion, find Sigismund in his tower, and demand that he shall lead them. A battle ensues, and Basilius is defeated. He fulfils the prediction by throwing himself at the feet of Sigis-

mund, who raises him, and in turn prostrates himself before him.

BASILIOUS, CLOTALDO, and SIGISMUND, *asleep*.

*Bas.*—Hark, Clotaldo !

*Clot.*— My Lord here ?

Thus disguised, your majesty ?

*Bas.*— Foolish curiosity

Leads me in this lowly gear  
To find out, ah, me ! with fear,  
How the sudden change he bore.

*Clot.*—There behold him, as before,  
In his miserable state.

*Bas.*—Wretched Prince ! unhappy fate !  
Birth by baneful stars watched o'er !—  
Go and wake him cautiously,  
Now that strength and force lie chained  
By the opiate he has drained.

*Clot.*—Muttering something restlessly,  
See, he lies.

*Bas.*— Let's listen ; he  
May some few clear words repeat.

*Sig.*—Perfect Prince is he whose heat  
Smites the tyrant where he stands,  
Yes, Clotaldo dies by my hands,  
Yes, my sire shall kiss my feet.

*Clot.*—Death he threatens in his rage.

*Bas.*—Outrage vile he doth intend.

*Clot.*—He my life has sworn to end.

*Bas.*—He has vowed to insult my age.

*Sig.*—On the mighty world's great stage,  
'Mid the admiring nations' cheer,  
Valor mine, that has no peer,  
Enter thou : the slave so shunned  
Now shall reign Prince Sigismund,  
And his sire his wrath shall fear. [*He awakes.*]  
But, ah me ! Where am I ? Oh !—

*Bas.*—Me I must not let him see. [*To Clotaldo.*]  
Listening I close by will be,  
What you have to do you know. [*He retires.*]  
*Sig.*—Can it possibly be so ?

Is the truth not what it seemed ?  
 Am I chained and unredeemed ?  
 Art not thou my lifelong tomb,  
 Dark old tower ? Yes ! What a doom !  
 God ! what wondrous things I've dreamed :

*Clot.*—Now in this delusive play  
 Must my special part be taken :—  
 Is it not full time to waken ?

*Sig.*—Yes, to waken well it may.

*Clot.*—Wilt thou sleep the livelong day ?  
 Since we, gazing from below,  
 Saw the eagle sailing slow,  
 Soaring through the azure sphere,  
 All the time thou waited here,  
 Didst thou never waken ?

*Sig.*— No,  
 Nor even now am I awake,  
 Since such thoughts my memory fill,  
 That it seems I'm dreaming still ;  
 Nor is this a great mistake ;  
 Since if dreams could phantoms make  
 Things of actual substance seem,  
 I things seen may phantoms deem.  
 Thus a double harvest reaping,  
 I can see when I am sleeping,  
 And when waking I can dream.

*Clot.*—What you may have dreamed of, say.

*Sig.*—If I thought it only seemed,  
 I would tell not what I dreamed,  
 But what I beheld I may.  
 I awoke, and lo ! I lay  
 (Cruel and delusive thing !)  
 In a bed whose covering,  
 Bright with flowers from rosy bowers,  
 Seemed a tapestry of flowers  
 Woven by the hand of Spring.  
 Then a crowd of nobles came,  
 Who addressed me by the name  
 Of their prince, presenting me  
 Gems and robes, on bended knee.  
 Calm soon left me, and my frame  
 Thrilled with joy to hear thee tell

Of the fate that me befell,  
For, though now in this dark den,  
I was Prince of Poland then.

*Clot.*—Doubtless you repaid me well?

*Sig.*—No, not well : for, calling thee  
Traitor vile, in furious strife,  
Twice I strove to take thy life.

*Clot.*—But why all this rage 'gainst me?

*Sig.*—I was master, and would be  
Well revenged on foe and friend.  
Love one woman could defend. . . .  
That, at least, for truth I deem,  
All else ended like a dream,  
That alone can never end. [*The King withdraws.*]

*Clot. (aside).*—From his place the King hath gone,  
Touched by his pathetic words :—  
(*aloud.*) Speaking of the king of birds  
Soaring to ascend his throne,  
Thou didst fancy one thine own ;  
But in dreams, however bright,  
Thou shouldst still have kept in sight  
How for years I tended thee,  
For 'twere well, whoe'er we be,  
Even in dreams to do what's right. [*Exit.*]

*Sig.*—That is true : then let's restrain  
This wild rage, this fierce condition  
Of the mind, this proud ambition,  
Should we ever dream again.  
And we'll do so, since 'tis plain,  
In this world's uncertain gleam,  
That to live is but to dream :  
Man dreams what he is, and wakes  
Only when upon him breaks  
Death's mysterious morning beam.  
The King dreams he is a King,  
And in this delusive way  
Lives and rules with sovereign sway ;  
All the cheers that round him ring,  
Born of air, on air take wing.  
And in ashes (mournful fate !)  
Death dissolves his pride and state :  
Who would wish a crown to take,

Seeing that he must awake  
 In the dream beyond death's gate?  
 And the rich man dreams of gold,  
 Gilding cares it scarce conceals;  
 And the poor man dreams he feels  
 Want and misery and cold;  
 Dreams he, too, who rank would hold;  
 Dreams who bears toil's rough-ribbed hands;  
 Dreams who wrong for wrong demands.  
 And, in fine, throughout the earth,  
 All men dream, whate'er their birth,  
 And yet no one understands.  
 'Tis a dream that I in sadness  
 Here am bound, the scorn of fate;  
 'Twas a dream that once a state  
 I enjoyed of light and gladness.  
 What is life? 'Tis but a madness.  
 What is life? A thing that seems,  
 A mirage that falsely gleams,  
 Phantom joy, delusive rest,  
 Since is life a dream at best,  
 And even dreams themselves are dreams.  
 —*Translation of* DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

THE DYING EUSEBIO'S ADDRESS TO THE CROSS.

Tree, whereon the pitying skies  
 Hang the true fruit love doth sweeten,  
 Antidote of that first eaten,  
 Flower of man's new paradise,  
 Rainbow, that to tearful eyes  
 Sin's receding flood discloses—  
 Pledge that earth in peace reposes,  
 Beauteous plant, all fruitful vine,  
 A newer David's harp divine,  
 Table of a second Moses;—  
 Sinner am I, therefore I  
 Claim thine aid as all mine own,  
 Since for sinful man alone,  
 God came down on thee to die:  
 Praise through me thou hast won thereby,  
 Since for me would God have died,  
 If the world held none beside.



Then, O Cross ! thou 'rt all for me,  
 Since God had not died on thee  
 If sin's depths I had not tried.  
 Ever for thy intercession  
 Hath my faith implored, O Cross !  
 That thou wouldst not, to my loss,  
 Let me die without confession,  
 I, repenting my transgression,  
 Will not the first robber be  
 Who on thee confessed to God ;  
 Since we two the same path trod,  
 And repent, deny not me  
 The redemption wrought on thee.

—*Translation of* MACCARTHY.

POLONIA'S HYMN.

To Thee, O Lord, my spirit climbs,  
 To Thee from every lonely hill  
 I burn to sacrifice my will  
 A thousand and a thousand times.  
 And such my boundless love to Thee  
 I wish each will of mine a living soul could be.

Would that my love I could have shown,  
 By leaving for Thy sake, instead  
 Of that poor crown that press'd my head,  
 Some proud, imperial crown and throne—  
 Some empire which the sun surveys  
 Through all its daily course and gilds with constant  
 rays.

This lowly grot, 'neath rocks uphurled,  
 In which I dwell, though poor and small,  
 A spur of that stupendous wall,  
 The eighth great wonder of the world,  
 Doth in its little space excel  
 The grandest palace where a king doth dwell.

Far better on some natural lawn  
 To see the morn its gems bestrew,  
 Or watch it weeping pearls of dew  
 Within the white arms of the dawn ;

Or view, before the sun, the stars  
Drive o'er the brightening plain their swiftly fading  
cars.

Far better in the mighty main,  
As night comes on, and clouds grow gray,  
To see the golden coach of day  
Drive down amid the waves of Spain.  
But be it dark or be it bright,  
O Lord ! I praise Thy name by day and night.

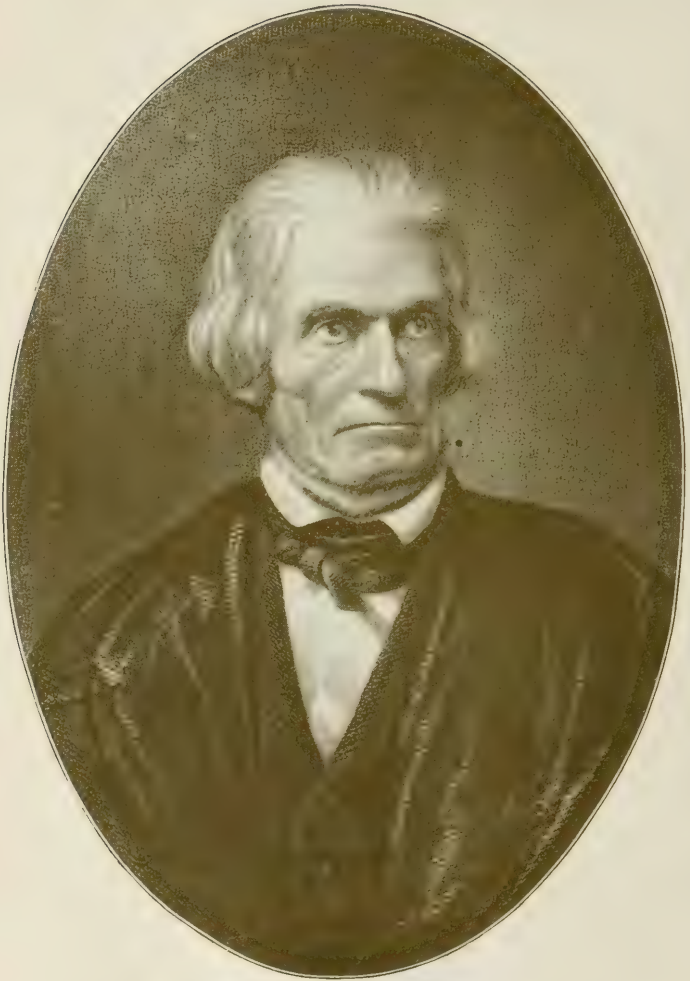
Than to endure the inner strife,  
The specious glare, but real weight  
Of pomp, and power, and pride, and state,  
And all the vanities of life ;  
How would we shudder could we deem  
That life itself, in truth, is but a fleeting dream.  
—*Translation of* MACCARTHY.

#### A STILL POORER MAN.

An ancient sage, once on a time, they say,  
Who lived remote, away from mortal sight,  
Sustained his feeble life as best he might  
With herbs and berries gathered by the way.  
“Can any other one,” said he, one day,  
“So poor, so destitute as I be found ?”  
And when he turned his head to look around—  
He saw the answer : creeping slowly there  
Came an old man who gathered up with care  
The herbs which he had cast upon the ground.  
—*Translation of* HELEN S. CONANT.







*J. C. Calhoun*



**CALHOUN, JOHN CALDWELL**, a noted American statesman, born in Abbeville District, S. C., March 18, 1782; died at Washington, D. C., March 31, 1850. He was graduated at Yale in 1804, studied law at Litchfield, Conn., and began practice in 1807. He was a member of the State Legislature 1808-10; Member of Congress, 1811-17; Secretary of War, 1817-25; Vice-President of the United States, 1825-1831; United States Senator, 1831 and 1845-50; and Secretary of State, 1844-45.

He entered public life as a Democrat and leader of the war party, and as early as 1810 began the dissemination of those doctrines of public policy which have ever since been paramount issues between parties. The matters of slavery and the rights of States in relation to the Federal Government were only settled by the Civil War; the "Monroe Doctrine" is now generally accepted, but the tariff issue remains an open question at this late day. In 1816 Calhoun supported a protective tariff and the United States Bank, for which he introduced a bill in Congress. He was the only member of President Monroe's Cabinet who expressed the opinion that General Jackson transcended his orders in invading Florida in 1818. He was a strong defender of the institution of slavery and the doctrine of nullification,



according to which any State has the right to reject any act of Congress which it may deem unconstitutional. This doctrine was declared by the State of South Carolina in 1829 in a document of which he was the author, and known as the "South Carolina Exposition." Previous to this the people of South Carolina had decided that the tariff was injurious to their commercial interests, and Calhoun thereupon became a free-trader. In 1832 a convention held in South Carolina decided to nullify the tariff and forcibly to resist the collection of revenue. They were dissuaded from this act of rebellion by the declaration of President Jackson that upon their first overt act against the Federal Government Calhoun should be arrested as a traitor. It was he who forced the question of slavery on the North. He was a supporter of the "Missouri Compromise," and was largely instrumental in securing the admission of Texas to the Union.

Calhoun's works consist of a *Disquisition on Government*, a *Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States*, and several volumes of *Speeches*. A collected edition of Calhoun's works, in six volumes, was published in 1853.

#### LIBERTY AND EQUALITY.

To perfect society, it is necessary to develop the faculties, intellectual and moral, with which man is endowed. But the mainspring to their development, and through this to progress, improvement, and civilization, with all their blessings, is the desire of individuals to better their condition. For this purpose liberty and security are indispensable. Liberty leaves each free to

pursue the course he may deem best to promote his interest and happiness, as far as it may be compatible with the primary end for which government is ordained;—while security gives assurance to each that he shall not be deprived of the fruits of his exertions to better his condition. These, combined, give to this desire the strongest impulse of which it is susceptible; for to extend liberty beyond the limits assigned, would be to weaken the government and to render it incompetent to fulfil its primary end—the protection of society against dangers, internal and external. The effect of this would be insecurity; and of insecurity to weaken the impulse of individuals to better their condition, and thereby retard progress and improvement. On the other hand, to extend the powers of the government so as to contract the sphere assigned to liberty would have the same effect, by disabling individuals in their efforts to better their condition.

Herein is to be found the principle which assigns to Power and Liberty their proper spheres, and reconciles each to the other under all circumstances. For, if Power be necessary to secure to Liberty the fruits of its exertions, Liberty, in turn, repays Power with interest by increased population, wealth, and other advantages, which progress and improvement bestow on the community. By thus assigning to each its appropriate sphere, all conflicts between them cease; and each is made to co-operate with and assist the other in fulfilling the great ends for which government is ordained.

But the principle, applied to different communities, will assign to them different limits. It will assign a larger sphere to Power and a more contracted one to Liberty, or the reverse, according to circumstances. To the former there must be allotted, under all circumstances, a sphere sufficiently large to protect the community against danger from without and violence and anarchy within. The residuum belongs to Liberty. More cannot be safely or rightly allotted to it.

But some communities require a far greater amount of Power than others to protect them against anarchy and external dangers; and, of course, the sphere of Lib-

erty in such must be proportionally contracted. The causes calculated to enlarge the one and contract the other are numerous and various. Some are physical ;—such as open and exposed frontiers, surrounded by powerful and hostile neighbors. Others are moral ;—such as the different degrees of intelligence, patriotism, and virtue among the mass of the community, and their experience and proficiency in the art of self-government. Of these, the moral are, by far, the most influential. A community may possess all the necessary moral qualifications in so high a degree as to be capable of self-government under the most adverse circumstances ; while, on the other hand, another may be so sunk in ignorance and vice as to be incapable of forming a conception of Liberty, or of living, even when most favored by circumstances, under any other than an absolute and despotic government. . . .

It follows, from what has been stated, that it is a great and dangerous error to suppose that all people are equally entitled to Liberty. It is a reward to be earned, not a blessing to be gratuitously lavished on all alike ;—a reward reserved for the intelligent, the patriotic, the virtuous and deserving ;—and not a boon to be bestowed on a people too ignorant, degraded and vicious to be capable either of appreciating or of enjoying it. Nor is it any disparagement to Liberty that such is and ought to be the case. On the contrary, its greatest praise—its proudest distinction—is that an all-wise Providence has reserved it as the noblest and highest reward for the development of our faculties, moral and intellectual. A reward more appropriate than Liberty could not be conferred on the deserving ; nor a punishment inflicted on the undeserving more just than to be subjected to lawless and despotic rule. This dispensation seems to be the result of some fixed law ;—and every effort to disturb or defeat it by attempting to elevate a people in the scale of Liberty above the point to which they are entitled to rise must ever prove abortive and end in disappointment. The progress of a people rising from a lower to a higher point in the scale of Liberty is necessarily slow ;—and by attempting to precipitate we either retard or permanently defeat it.

There is another error, not less great and dangerous, usually associated with the one which has just been considered. I refer to the opinion that Liberty and Equality are so intimately united that Liberty cannot be perfect without perfect Equality.

That they are united to a certain extent—and that equality of citizens, in the eyes of the law, is essential to liberty in a popular government, is conceded. But to go further, and make equality of *condition* essential to liberty, would be to destroy both liberty and progress. The reason is that inequality of condition, while it is a necessary consequence of liberty, is, at the same time, indispensable to progress. In order to understand why this is so it is necessary to bear in mind that the mainspring to progress is the desire of individuals to better their condition; and that the strongest impulse which can be given to it is to leave individuals free to exert themselves in the manner they may deem best for that purpose, as far at least as it can be done consistently with the ends for which government is ordained;—and to secure to all the fruits of their exertion. Now, as individuals differ greatly from each other in intelligence, sagacity, energy, perseverance, skill, habits of industry and economy, physical power, position and opportunity—the necessary effect of leaving all free to exert themselves to better their condition must be a corresponding inequality between those who may possess these qualities and advantages in a high degree and those who may be deficient in them. The only means by which this result can be prevented are either to impose such restrictions on the exertions of those who may possess them in a high degree as will place them on a level with those who do not, or to deprive them of the fruits of their exertion. But to impose such restrictions on them would be destructive of liberty;—while to deprive them of the fruits of their exertions would be to destroy the desire of bettering their condition. It is, indeed, this inequality of condition between the front and rear ranks in the march of progress which gives so strong an impulse to the former to maintain their position, and to the latter to press forward into their files. This gives to progress its greatest impulse. To force the front



rank back to the rear, or attempt to push forward the rear into line with the front, by the interposition of the government, would put an end to the impulse and effectually arrest the march of progress.

These great and dangerous errors have their origin in the prevalent opinion that all men are born free and equal ;—than which nothing can be more unfounded and false. It rests upon the assumption of a fact which is contrary to universal observation, in whatever light it may be regarded. It is, indeed, difficult to explain how an opinion so destitute of all sound reason ever could have been so extensively entertained, unless we regard it as being confounded with another, which has some semblance of truth, but which, when properly understood, is not less false and dangerous. I refer to the assertion that all men are equal in the state of nature : meaning, by a state of nature, a state of individuality supposed to have existed prior to the social and political state, and in which men lived apart and independent of each other. If such a state ever did exist, all men would have been, indeed, free and equal to it ; that is, free to do as they pleased, and exempt from the authority or control of others—as, by supposition, it existed anterior to society and government. But such a state is purely hypothetical. It never did or can exist, as it is inconsistent with the preservation and perpetuation of the race. It is, therefore, a great misnomer to call it *the state of nature*. Instead of being the natural state of man, it is, of all conceivable states, the most opposed to his nature—most repugnant to his feelings, and most incompatible with his wants. His natural state is the social and political—the one for which his Creator made him, and the only one in which he can preserve and perfect his race. As, then, there never was such a state as the so-called state of nature, and never can be, it follows that men, instead of being born in it, are born in the social and political state ; and of course, instead of being born free and equal, are born subject not only to parental authority, but to the laws and institutions of the country where born, and under whose protection they draw their first breath.—*A Disquisition on Government*.





**CALLIMACHUS**, a Greek poet, critic, and grammarian, born at Cyrene in Africa ; died at Alexandria, Egypt, about 240 B.C. For twenty years before his death he was at the head of the famous Alexandrian Library. He was the most celebrated of the Alexandrian scholars and poets. His greatest work was a history of Greek literature, *Picture or Account of Writings of All Kinds*, in one hundred and twenty books. His style is elegant, though its beauties are the result of excessive elaboration rather than real poetic genius. This is what might be expected from the greatest grammarian and literary critic of the age living in an atmosphere of the concentrated knowledge of the then known world. Few ancient authors have had more numerous and able commentators. Quintilian ranks him as the prince of Greek elegiac poets. Ovid thought he displayed more art than genius. His writings were numerous; but of them there are now extant only six "Hymns to the Gods," and seventy-four short epigrams. Perhaps the best of these hymns is that to Artemis or Diana.

#### HYMN TO ARTEMIS.

Though great Apollo claim the poet's lyre,  
Yet cold neglect may tempt Artemis's ire :—  
Come, virgin goddess, and inspire my song,  
To you the chase and sylvan dance belong.

And mountain sports ; since first, with accents mild,  
Whilst on his knee the Thunderer held his child :

“ O grant me, Father,” thus the Goddess said,  
“ To reign a virgin, and unspotted maid ;  
To me let temples rise, and altars smoke,  
And men, by many names, my aid invoke.  
Proud Phœbus else might with thy daughter vie,  
And look on Dian with disdainful eye.  
To bend the bow and aim the dart be mine ;  
I ask no thunder nor thy bolts divine.  
At your desire, the Cyclops will bestow  
My pointed shafts, and string my little bow.  
Let silver light my virgin steps attend,  
When to the chase with flying feet I bend ;  
Above the knee be my white garments rolled  
In plaited folds, and fringed around with gold.  
Let Ocean give me sixty little maids  
To join the dance amid surrounding shades ;  
Let twenty more from fair Amnisius come,  
All nine years old, and yet in infant bloom,  
To bear my buskins and my dogs to feed,  
When fawns in safety frisk along the mead,  
Nor yet the spotted lynx is doomed to bleed.  
Be mine the mountains, and each rural bower ;  
And give one city for thy daughter's dower.  
On mountain-tops shall my bright arrows shine,  
And with the mortal race I'll only join  
When matrons, torn by agonizing throes,  
Invoke Lucina to relieve their woes :  
For at my birth the attendant Fates assigned  
This task to me, in mercy to mankind,  
Since fair Latona gave me to thy love,  
And felt no pangs when blest by favoring Jove.”

She spoke, and stretched her hands with infant art,  
To stroke his beard, and gain her father's heart ;  
But oft she raised her little arms in vain.  
At length, with smiles, he thus relieved her pain :  
“ Fair daughter, loved beyond the immortal race,  
If such as you spring from a stolen embrace,  
Let furious Juno burn with jealous ire ;  
Be mine the care to grant your full desire.

And greater gifts beside. From this blest hour  
Shall thirty towns invoke Artemis's power :  
Full thirty towns (for such high Jove's decree),  
Ungirt by walls, shall pay their vows to thee ;  
O'er public ways Artemis shall preside,  
And every port where ships in safety ride.  
Nor shall those towns alone your power obey ;  
But you with other gods divide the sway  
Of distant isles amid the watery main,  
And cities on the continental plain,  
Where mighty nations shall adore your name,  
And groves and altars your protection claim."

The Thunderer spoke, and gave the almighty nod  
That seals his will, and binds the immortal God :—  
Meanwhile the joyful Goddess wings her flight  
To Creta's isle, with snowy mountains bright ;  
Thence from Dictynna's hills, and bending wood,  
She seeks the caverns of the rolling flood ;  
And at her call the attendant virgins come,  
All nine years old, and yet in infant bloom.  
With joy Cæretus views the smiling choir ;  
And hoary Tethys feels reviving fire  
When her bright offspring o'er the enamelled green  
Trip with light footsteps, and surround their queen.

But thence to Melegunis's isle in haste  
(Now Lipara) the sylvan Goddess passed—  
The nymphs attending—and with wondering eyes,  
Saw the brown Cyclops of enormous size,  
Deep in their darksome dwelling under ground,  
On Vulcan's mighty anvil turning round  
A mass of metal hissing from the flame.  
The Sea-god urges, and for him they frame  
A wondrous vase, the liquor to contain  
That fills his coursers on the stormy main.  
With horror chilled, the timorous virgins eye  
Stupendous giants rear their heads on high  
Like cloud-capt Ossa rising o'er the field :  
One eye, that blazed like some refulgent shield,  
From each stern forehead glared pernicious fire.—  
Aghast they gaze, when now the monsters dire

With stubborn strokes shake the resounding shore,  
And the huge bellows through the caverns roar.  
But when from fiercer flames the metal glows,  
And the fixed anvil rings with heavier blows,  
When ponderous hammers break the tortured mass,  
Alternate thundering on the burning brass,  
The nymphs no more endure the dreadful sight ;  
Their ears grow deaf, their dim eyes lose the light ;  
A deeper groan through laboring Ætna runs,  
Appalls the heart of old Sicania's sons,  
Redoubles from Hesperia's coast around,  
And distant Cynus thunders back the sound.  
No wonder that Artemis's tender maids  
Should sink with terror in these gloomy shades,  
For when the daughters of the immortal gods,  
With infant-clamors fill the blest abodes,  
Arges or Steropes the mother calls  
(Two Cyclops grim) from their infernal halls  
To seize the froward child. No Cyclops come,  
But, loudly threatening, from some inner room  
Obsequious Hermes swift before her stands,  
With blackened face, and with extended hands :  
The frightened infant, thus composed to rest,  
Forgets its cries, and sinks upon her breast.

But fair Artemis—scarce three summers old—  
Could, with her mother, these dread scenes behold,  
When Vulcan, won by her enchanting mien,  
With welcome gifts received the sylvan queen :  
Stern Bronté's knee the little Goddess prest,  
And plucked the bristles from his brawny breast,  
As if dire Alopecia's power had torn  
The hairs that shall no more his chest adorn.  
Now undismayed, as then, the Goddess cried,  
“Ye mighty Cyclops, set your tasks aside,  
And for Jove's daughter forge immortal arms,  
To fright the savage race with wild alarms :  
Sharp arrows to pursue the flying foe,  
A sounding quiver, and a dreadful bow,  
Such as Cyclonians use : for know that I  
Descend, like Phœbus, from the realms on high ;  
And when some tusky boar resigns his life

Beneath my darts amid the sylvan strife,  
The unwieldy victim shall reward your toil,  
And hungry Cyclops gorge the grateful spoil."  
She spoke ; the tawny workmen swift obeyed,  
And in one instant armed the immortal maid.

But now the Goddess, sought—nor sought in vain—  
Pan, the protector of the Arcadian plain.  
She found the god dividing 'mongst his hounds  
The flesh of lynxes from Mænalea's grounds.  
Six beauteous dogs, when first she came in view,  
Swift from the pack the bearded shepherd drew :  
One silver spangles round his body bears,  
Two streaked with white, and three with spotted ears—  
All fierce in blood ; the weaker prey they slew,  
And living lions to their kennel drew.  
Seven more he gave of Sparta's hardy race,  
Fleet as the winds, and active in the chase  
Of fawns that climb the mountains' lofty steep,  
And hares that never shut their eyes in sleep ;  
Skilled through the porcupine's dark haunts to go,  
And trace the footsteps of the bounding roe.

The nymph accepting leads her hounds with speed  
To verdant hills above the Arcadian mead ;  
And on the mountain's airy summit finds  
(Sight wondrous to behold) five beauteous hinds,  
That on Anaurus's flowery margin fed  
(Where mossy pebbles filled his ample bed) ;  
In size like bulls, and on their heads divine  
High horns of beaming gold resplendent shine.

Soon as the vision opened on her eyes,  
"These, these," she said, "shall be Artemis's prize !"  
Then o'er the rocks pursued the mountain-winds,  
Outstripped the dogs, and seized the flying hinds.  
One unobserved escaped, but four remain  
To draw her chariot through the ethereal plain.  
The fifth, by Juno's wiles, took swift her way  
Through Celadon's dark flood : the glorious prey  
To Cerynæus's distant mountains run,  
A future prize for great Alcmena's son.



Hail, fair Parthenia, beauteous Queen of Night,  
 Who hurled fierce Tityus from the realms of light :  
 I see the nymph in golden arms appear,  
 Mount the swift car, and join the immortal deer :  
 A golden zone around her waist she binds,  
 And reins of gold confine the bounding hinds.

But whither first, O Sacred Virgin, say,  
 Did your bright chariot whirl its airy way ?—  
 To Hæmus's hills where Boreas fiercely blows  
 On wretched mortals frost and winter snows.  
 But whence the pine, and whence the kindling flame ?—  
 The pine from Mysia's lofty mountain came ;  
 Jove's thunder roared ; red lightning streamed on high  
 To light the torch that blazes through the sky.—

Say, next, how oft the silver bow you drew,  
 And where, bright Queen, your vengeful arrows flew.—  
 An elm received the first, an oak the next ;  
 The third a mountain savage deep transfixed.  
 More swift the fourth, like rattling thunder springs,  
 And hurls destruction from its dreadful wings  
 On realms accursed, where justice ne'er was shown  
 To sons of foreign states, or of their own,  
 Deep sunk in crimes !—How miserable they  
 'Gainst whom thy vengeance wings its distant way !  
 Disease devours the flocks ; dire hail and rain  
 Destroy the harvest, and lay waste the plain.  
 The hoary sire, for guilty deeds undone,  
 Shaves his gray locks, and mourns his dying son.  
 In agonizing pangs—her babe unborn—  
 The matron dies ; or, from her country torn,  
 To some inhospitable clime must fly,  
 And see the abortive birth untimely die.

Thrice happy nations, where, with look benign,  
 Your aspect bends ; beneath your smiles divine  
 The fields are with increasing harvests crowned ;  
 The flocks grow fast, and plenty reigns around ;  
 Nor sire, nor infant son, black Death shall crave,  
 Till ripe with age they drop into the grave ;  
 Nor fell Suspicion, nor relentless Care,  
 Nor peace-destroying Discord enter there :

But friends and brothers, wives and sisters, join  
The feast in concord and in love divine.  
O ! grant your bard, and the distinguished few,  
His chosen friends, these happy climes to view :  
So shall Apollo's love, Artemis's praise,  
And fair Latona's nuptials, grace my lays.

And when my soul-inspiring transport feels,  
Your arms, your labors, and the fervid wheels  
Of your swift car, that flames along the sky  
To yonder courts of thundering Jove on high,  
Your coming Acacesian Hermes waits,  
And great Apollo stands before the gates,  
To lift from off the car the sylvan prey,  
While Hermes joyful bears your arms away ;  
Nor Phœbus e'er his helping hand denies.  
But when Alcides scaled the lofty skies,  
This task to him was by the gods decreed ;  
So, from his ancient labors scarcely freed,  
Before the eternal doors the hero stands,  
Expects the prey, and waits your dread commands.  
In laughing crowds the joyous gods appear ;  
But chief the imperious step-dame's voice you hear  
Loud o'er the rest, to see Tirynthius pull  
The unwieldy weight of some enormous bull,  
That with the hinder foot impatient spurns  
The laboring god, as from the car he turns.  
The brawny hero, though with toil opprest,  
Approached the nymph, and quaintly thus address :  
" Strike sure the savage beast ; and man to thee  
Will give the name before bestowed on me—  
The Great Deliverer ; let the timid hare,  
And bearded goat, to native hills repair,  
And there securely range : what ills proceed  
From hares or goats that on the mountains feed !—  
Wild boars and trampling bulls oft render vain  
The peasants' toil, and waste the ripening grain ;  
Aim there your darts, and let the monsters feel  
The mortal wound, and the sharp-pointed steel."

He spoke, renewed his toil, and heaved away  
With secret gladness the reluctant prey.  
Beneath the Phrygian oak his bones were burned,

And his immortal part to heaven returned :  
Yet still tormented by fierce hunger's rage,  
As when Theiodamas he durst engage ;  
Amnisian virgins from the car unbind  
The sacred deer, and dress each panting hind ;  
Ambrosial herbage by their hands is given  
From meadows sacred to the Queen of Heaven,  
Where Jove's immortal coursers feed. They bring  
Refreshing water from a heavenly spring  
In golden cisterns of ethereal mould,  
The draught more grateful from a vase of gold.  
But you, fair nymph, called by the powers above,  
Ascend the mansions of imperial Jove.—  
The gods rose graceful, when the Virgin Queen,  
With beauteous aspect, and with look serene,  
By Phœbus's side assumed her silver throne,  
Next him in power, and next in glory shone.

But when, with sportive limbs, the nymphs are seen  
To dance in mazy circles round their queen  
Near the cool fountains whence Inopus rose,  
Broad as the Nile, and like the Nile o'erflows ;  
Or when to Pitane or Limnæ's meads,  
Or Alæ's flowery field, the Goddess leads  
The choir from Taurus black with human blood,  
And turns disgustful from the Scythian brood,  
That day my heifers to the stall retire,  
Nor turn the greensward for another's hire.  
Though nine years old, and in Tymphæa born,  
Their limbs though sturdy, and though strong of horn  
To drag the plough and cleave the mellow soil,  
Yet would their necks o'erlabored, bend with toil,  
When God himself leans downward from the sky,  
Beholds the virgins with enraptured eye,  
Detains his chariot, whence new glories pour,  
Prolongs the day, and stops the flying hour.

What city, mountain, or what sacred isle,  
What harbor boasts your most auspicious smile ?  
And of the attendant nymphs, that sportful rove  
Along the hills, who most enjoys your love,  
O Goddess, tell.—If you inspire their praise,  
Admiring nations will attend my lays.

Your favor Perga, green Doliche boasts,  
Taygetus's mountains, and Euripus's coasts ;  
And Britomartis, from Gertynya's grove,  
Of all the nymphs enjoys distinguished love.

Fair Britomartis (skilled to wing the dart,  
And pierce with certain wound the distant hart).-  
Imperial Minos chased with wild desire  
O'er Cretan hills, and made the nymph retire  
To some far distant oak's extended shade,  
Or sheltering grove, or marsh's watery bed.  
Nine months the king pursued, with furious haste,  
O'er rocks abrupt and precipices vast,  
Nor once gave back ; but when the blooming maid  
Was just within his power, and none gave aid,  
His grasp eluding, from the impending steep  
Headlong she plunged amid the swelling deep.  
But friendly fishers on the main displayed  
Their nets wide-stretching to receive the maid,  
And thus preserved her from a watery death,  
Worn out with toil, and panting still for breath.  
And in succeeding times Cydonians hence  
Dyctyna\* called the nymph ; the mountain whence  
She leapt into the sea bears Dicté's name,  
Where annual rites record the virgin's fame.  
On that blest day, fair nymph, is wove for thee  
A garland from the pine or mastich-tree ;  
The myrtle-branch untouched, that durst assail  
The flying maid, and rent her snowy veil :  
And hence the man must bear Artemis's frown,  
Who shall her altars with fresh myrtles crown.  
The name Dyctyna, too, the Cretans gave  
(From her who fearless plunged beneath the wave)  
To you, fair Upis, from whose sacred brows  
Resplendent glory with mild lustre flows.  
But in your breast the nymph Cyrené shares  
An equal place, and equal favor bears,  
To whom in days of old your hands conveyed  
Two beauteous hounds, with which the warlike maid  
Acquired renown before the Iolcian tomb.

\**Dyctyna*, and *Dicté*, from the Greek *δίκτυον*, "a net."

All bright with locks of gold see Procris come,  
Majestic matron—Cephalus's spouse—  
Whom, though no virgin, you, great Goddess chose  
Companion of the chase. But o'er the rest  
Mild Anticlea your regard possest :  
Fair as the light, and dearer in your eyes,  
She claims protection by superior ties.—  
These first bore quivers ; these you taught to wing  
The sounding arrow from the trembling string ;  
With their right shoulders and white bosoms bare  
They lead the chase, and join the sylvan war.

Your praises, too, swift Atalanta charm—  
Jasius's daughter—whose resistless arm  
O'erthrew the boar : you showed the nymph the art,  
To incite the hounds and aim the unerring dart.  
But Calydonian hunters now no more  
Dispute the prize, since the fair Virgin bore  
The glorious trophy to the Arcadian plain,  
Where his white teeth record the monster slain :  
Nor now shall Rhæcus nor Hylæus young  
With lust inflamed, or with fell envy stung,  
Lay hands unhallowed on the beauteous maid,  
Or once approach her in the Elysian shade ;  
Since their torn entrails on Mænalia tell  
How by her arm the incestuous centaurs fell.

Hail, bright Chitoné, hail ! Auspicious queen,  
With robes of gold, and with majestic mien !  
In many temples many climes adore  
Your name, fair guardian of Miletus's shore.—  
The name Imbracia, Chesias, too, is given  
To you, high throned among the powers of heaven,  
Since happy Nelus and the Athenian host  
By your protection reached the fertile coast.  
Great Agamemnon's hand a rudder bore.  
To grace your temple on Bœotia's shore,  
And gain your love, while adverse winds detain  
The impatient Grecians from the roaring main,  
Wild with delay, on rugged rocks they mourn  
Rhamnusian Helen from her country torn.

When sudden frenzy seized the maddening brains  
Of Prætus's daughters on the Achaian plains,  
While o'er the inhospitable hills they roam,



**You sought the maids and safe conducted home :**  
Of this two sacred fanes preserve the fame :  
One to Coresia, from the virgin's name,  
To Hemeresia one in Loussa's shades ;  
Mild Hemeresia cured the furious maids.

Fierce Amazonian dames, to battle bred,  
Along the Ephesian plains by Hippo led,  
With pious hands a golden statue bore  
Of you, bright Upis, to the sacred shore ;  
Placed where a beech-tree's ample shade invites  
The warlike band to join the holy rites :  
Around the tree they clash their maiden shields,  
With sounding strokes that echo through the fields ;  
Swift, o'er the shores, in wider circles spring,  
Join hand in hand to form a mazy ring ;  
And beat, with measured steps, the trembling ground,  
Responsive to the shrill pipe's piercing sound :  
The bones of deer, yet uninspired and mute,  
From which Athena formed a softer flute.  
Discordant notes to lofty Sardis fly,  
And Berecynthus's distant hills reply :  
Hoarse-rattling quivers o'er their shoulders ring,  
While from the ground with bounding feet they spring,  
And after ages saw, with glad surprise,  
A wondrous fabric round the statue rise,\*  
More rich, more beautiful, than Phœbus boasts,  
With all his glory, on the Delphic coasts ;  
Nor yet Aurora's morning beams have shone  
On such a temple or so fair a throne.  
But soon fierce Lygdamis, descending down,  
With impious threats to burn the Ephesian town,  
In numbers like the sand an host prepares  
Of strong Cimmerians, fed with milk of mares ;  
The bands unblest their sudden march began  
From frozen plains where lowing Iö ran.  
Ah ! wretched monarch, fated now no more  
To lead your legions to the northern shore ;  
Who drove their chariots o'er Cayëster's mead  
Shall ne'er in Scythian climes their coursers feed ;  
For bright Artemis guards the sacred towers,  
**And on the approaching foe destruction pours.**

\* The temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Hail ! great Munychia : for the Athenian bay  
 And Pheræ's fertile shores confess your sway.  
 Hail ! bright Pheræa : and let none presume  
 To offend Artemis, lest the avenging doom  
 Fall heavy on their heads, which Ocneus mourned,  
 When, unsuccessful, from the field he turned  
 For vows unpaid. Like her let none pretend  
 To dart the javelin or the bow to bend ;  
 For when Atrides durst her grave profane,  
 No vulgar death removed the fatal stain.  
 Let none with eyes of love the nymph behold,  
 Lest, like fond Otus and Orion bold,  
 They sink beneath her darts. Let none decline  
 The solemn dance, or slight the power divine :  
 Even favored Hippo feels her vengeful ire,  
 If from the unfinished rites she dares retire.  
 Hail ! Virgin Queen : accept my humble praise,  
 And smile propitious on your poet's lays.  
 —*Translation of H. W. TYTLER.*

Some of the shorter poems of Callimachus have been given in the article ANTHOLOGY (*q.v.*). Several other of his monumental epigrams are cleverly expressed :

FOR TIMON OF ATHENS.

" Say, Timon, sunk in night, abhorr'st thou now  
 The light above, or gloomy shades below ? "—  
 " I hate the shades, since filled with human kind  
 In greater numbers than I left behind."

FOR CLEOMBROTUS.

Cleombrotus, high on a rock,  
 Above Ambracia stood,  
 Bade Sol adieu, and, as he spoke,  
 Plunged headlong in the flood.  
 From no mischance the leap he took,  
 But sought the realms beneath,  
 Because he read in Plato's book  
 That souls live after death.

## FOR HIMSELF.

Whoe'er with hallowed feet approaches near,  
Behold, Callimachus lies buried here.  
I drew my breath from famed Cyrene's shore,  
And the same name my son and father bore.  
My warlike sire in arms much glory won,  
But brighter trophies graced his favored son ;  
Loved by the tuneful nine he sweetly sung,  
And stopt the venom of the invidious tongue :—  
For whom the muse beholds with favoring eyes  
In early youth, she'll ne'er in age despise.

—*Translation of* TYTLER.





**CALLISTRATUS**, a Greek poet and grammarian, who flourished at Athens at an uncertain period. Some suppose him to be identified with the famous orator of that name who died in 361 B.C. He was the author of some commentaries on the ancient Greek poets which were held in high esteem by his countrymen, but which are now lost. He is said to have been the first to acquaint the Samians with the alphabet of twenty-four letters. Of the poems attributed to Callistratus, only one is extant—the “Hymn” or rather drinking-song, in honor of Harmodius and Aristogiton, who (514 B.C.) fell in their attempt to put down the dynasty of the Pisistratidæ at Athens.

**HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.**

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,  
The sword that laid tyrant low,  
When patriots, burning to be free,  
To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail ! though 'rest of breath,  
Thou ne'er shall feel the stroke of death ;  
The heroes' happy isle shall be  
The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,  
The sword that laid Hipparchus low,  
When at Athena's adverse fane  
He knelt and never rose again.

While freedom's name is understood,  
You shall delight the wise and good,  
You dared to set your country free,  
And gave her laws equality.

—*Translation of DENHAM.*  
(68)



CALVERLEY, CHARLES STUART, an English barrister and poet, born at Martley, Worcestershire, December 22, 1831; died in London, February 17, 1884. He resumed the family name of Calverley, which his grandfather had changed to Blayds. He was educated at Harrow, at Balliol College, Oxford, and at Christ College, Cambridge, gaining at both universities a great reputation for scholarship, eccentricity, and athletics. His verses and translations at college made him the model of the literary undergraduates with a turn of humor. His scholarly translations both from and into the classical languages are of themselves sufficient to have given him a literary reputation. In the line of "nonsense poetry" and parody he had few, if any, equals. He has written hymns, humorous poems, and *vers de société*, and made numerous clever translations into English and Latin. In 1872 he published a collection of poems under the title of *Fly Leaves*.

LINES FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

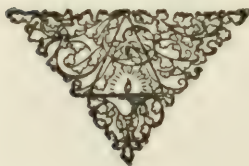
Ere the moon the East hath crimsoned,  
When the stars are twinkling there,  
(As they did in Watts's Hymns and  
Made him wonder what they were :)  
When the forest-nymphs are beading  
Fern and flower with silvery dew—  
My infallible proceeding  
Is to wake and think of you.



When the hunter's ringing bugle  
Sounds farewell to field and copse,  
And I sit before my frugal  
Meal of gravy-soup and chops :  
When (as Gray remarks) " the moping  
Owl doth to the moon complain,"  
And the hour suggests eloping—  
Fly my thoughts to you again.

May my dreams be granted ever ?  
Must I aye endure affliction  
Rarely realized, if ever,  
In our wildest works of fiction ?  
Madly Romeo loved his Juliet ;  
Copperfield began to pine  
When he hadn't been to school yet—  
But their loves were cold to mine.

Give me hope, the least, the dimmest,  
Ere I drain the poison-cup :  
Tell me I may tell the chemist  
Not to make that Arsenic up !  
Else the heart must cease to throb in  
This my breast, and when, in tones  
Hushed, men ask, " Who killed Cock Robin ?"  
They'll be told, " Miss Clara J \* \* \* s."





CALVERT, GEORGE HENRY, an American journalist, poet, and miscellaneous writer, born at Baltimore, Md., January 2, 1803; died at Newport, R. I., May 24, 1889. He was graduated at Harvard in 1823, and afterward studied in Germany. For several years after his return to America he was editor of a newspaper, *The Baltimore American*. In 1843 he made his home at Newport, R. I. His writings cover a wide range of topics, most of them bearing upon the literature of Germany, France, and Italy. He wrote *Author Goethe: His Life and Works*, *Dante and His Latest Translators*, *Count Julian* (a tragedy), and *Don Carlos* (a translation from Schiller). There are also several dramatic sketches. At a later day he wrote essays upon English authors, among whom are Shakespeare, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley. Some of his best writing is contained in the *Scenes and Thoughts in Europe* (First Series, 1846-52; Second Series, 1867). His prose is scholarly and refined, but much of his verse has been subjected to adverse criticism.

WASHINGTON.

Him have they raised, because  
Of his great worth; and he has headed them,  
For that they knew to value him. Had he  
Been less, then they had passed him by; and had  
Their souls lacked nobleness, his towering trunk,

Scanted of genial sap, had failed to reach  
 Its proper altitude. No smiling time  
 Is this for hypocritical ambition  
 To cheat men's minds with virtue's counterfeit.  
 What made him Washington makes him the chief  
 Of this vast league—and that's *Integrity*,  
 The which his regal qualities enlinks  
 In one great arch, to bear the sudden weight  
 Of a new cause, and, strengthening ever, hold  
 Compact 'gainst time's all-'whelming step.

—*Arnold and André*

#### ARNOLD'S SOLILOQUY.

So armed is he with foresight, his broad eye  
 Unknowing balks the cheating future's practice.  
 He cautioned me against the flag of truce :  
 To let it pass might kindle now suspicion.  
 André himself will come, and he shall meet me  
 Within our lines. There is no other way.  
 He's young and venturesome ; and then his risk  
 Is small to mine. And I risk naught : my life.  
 A soldier's life belongs not to himself :  
 'Tis war's light plaything. Mine I've often cast  
 Into the cannon's red-mouthed, deafening rage.  
 And for this unconditional sacrifice,  
 For trophies, victories, hardships, losses, wounds,  
 What have I ? Poverty, neglect, injustice.  
 Defrauded of my pay ; my claims contemned ;  
 My rank, my sword—won rank—long scanted me.  
 My power as foe shall teach this wrangling Congress  
 My worth as friend. England is still my country.  
 I've been a rebel ; and I'll do deep penance  
 For my disloyalty.—But if they win—  
 What sound is that ? *Arnold the traitor !* Ha !  
*The traitor Arnold !* Are my ears asleep  
 And dreaming ? There ! Who spoke ? I'll swear I  
 heard it.  
 And now my eyes abet my ears. See there—  
 A multitude of millions, millions, stretching,  
 Stretching o'er mountains, prairies, endless, endless !  
 One angry voice from all, *Arnold the traitor !*

—*Arnold and André*.

## ALFIERI AND DANTE.

Alfieri tells that he betook himself to writing because, in his miserable age and land, he had no scope for action, and that he remained single because he would not be a breeder of slaves. He utters the despair, to passionate tears, which he felt, when young and deeply moved by the traits of greatness related by Plutarch, to find himself in times and in a country where no great thing could be either said or acted. The feelings here implied are the breath of his dramas. In them a clear, nervous understanding gives rapid utterance to wrath, pride, and impetuous passion. Though great within his sphere, his nature was not ample and complex enough for the highest tragedy. In his composition there was too much of passion and too little of high emotion. Fully to feel and perceive the awful and pathetic in human conjunctions, a deep fund of sentiment is needed. A condensed tale of passion is not of itself a tragedy. To dark feelings, resolves, and deeds, emotion must give breadth and depth and relief. Passion furnishes crimes, but cannot furnish the kind and degree of horror which should accompany their commission. To give Tragedy the grand compass and sublime significance whereof it is susceptible, it is not enough that through the storm is visible the majestic figure of Justice: the blackest clouds must be fringed with the light of Hope and Pity, while through them Religion gives vistas into the Infinite, Beauty keeping watch to repel what is partial or deformed. In Alfieri these great gifts are not commensurate with his power of intellect and passion. Hence, like the French classic dramatists, he is obliged to bind his personages into too narrow a circle. They have not enough of moral liberty. They are not swayed merely, they are tyrannized over, by the passions. Hence they want elasticity and color. They are like hard engravings.

Alfieri does not cut deep into character: he gives a clean outline, but broad, flat surfaces without finish of parts. It is this throbbing movement in details which

imparts buoyancy and expression. Wanting it, Alfieri is mostly hard. The effect of the whole is imposing, but does not invite or bear close inspection. Hence, though he is clear and rapid, and tells a story vividly, his tragedies are not life-like. In Alfieri there is vigorous rhetoric, sustained vivacity, fervent passion; but no depth of sentiment, no play of a fleet, rejoicing imagination, nothing "visionary," and none of the "golden cadence of poetry." But his heart was full of nobleness. He was a proud, lofty man, severe but truth-loving and scornful of littleness. He delighted to depict characters that are manly and energetic. He makes them wrathful against tyranny, hardy, urgent for freedom, reclaiming with burning words the lost rights of man, protesting fiercely against oppression. There is in Alfieri a stern virility that contrasts strongly with Italian effeminateness. An indignant frown sets ever on his brow, as if rebuking the passivity of his countrymen. His verse is swollen with wrath. It has the clangor of a trumpet, that would shame the soft piping of flutes.

Above Alfieri, far above him and all other Italian greatness, solitary in the earliness of his rise, ere the modern mind had worked itself open, and still as solitary amidst the after-splendors of Italy's fruitfulness, is Dante. Take away any other great Poet or Artist, and in the broad, shining rampart wherewith genius has beautified and fortified Italy there would be a mournful chasm: take away Dante, and you level the citadel itself, under whose shelter the whole compact cincture has grown into strength and beauty. Conceive the statuesque, grand imagination of Michael Angelo united to the vivid, homely particularity of Defoe, making pictures out of materials drawn from a heart whose rapturous sympathies ranged with Orphean power through the whole gamut of human feeling, from the blackest hate up to the brightest love, and you will understand what is meant by the term *Dantesque*. In the epitaph for himself, written by Dante and inscribed on his tomb at Ravenna, he says: "I have sung while traversing them, the abode of God, Phlegethon and the foul pits." Traversing must be taken literally. Dante almost believed that he had traversed them; and so does his reader, too,



such is the control the Poet gains over the reader through his burning intensity and graphic picturesqueness. Like the mark of the fierce, jagged lightning upon the black night-cloud are some of his touches, as awful, as fearfully distinct, but not as momentary. . . . Dante's work is untranslatable. Not merely because the style, form, and rhythm of every great Poem being the incarnation of inspired thought, you cannot but lacerate the thought in disembodiment; but because, moreover, much of the elements of its body, the words namely in which the spirit made itself visible, have passed away. To get a faithful English transcript of the great Florentine, we should need a diction of the fourteenth century, moulded by a more fiery and potent genius than Chaucer. Not the thoughts solely, as in every true poem, are so often virgin thoughts: the words, too, many of them, are virgin words. Their freshness and unworn vigor are there alone in Dante's Italian. Of the modern intellectual movement Dante was the majestic herald. In his poems are the mysterious shadows, the glow, the fragrance, the young, life-promising splendors of the dawn. The broad day has its strength and its blessings; but it can give only a faint image of the glories of its birth.—*Scenes and Thoughts in Europe.*





CALVIN, JOHN, a distinguished Franco-Swiss ecclesiastical Reformer, born at Noyon, France, July 10, 1509; died at Geneva, Switzerland, May 27, 1564. The family name seems to have been written, almost indifferently, Chauve, Chauvin, Cauvin, Caulvin, and otherwise. This, in accordance with a custom then prevalent among scholars, was somewhat Latinized into Calvus, or Calvinus. Calvin himself, when writing in French, usually signed his name "Jean Calvin." The name, however, in all its forms, has the same significance. It is simply the Latin *calvus*, the French *chauve*, "bald." The family of Calvin was in every way a respectable one. His father held a good civil and ecclesiastical position at Noyon. At the age of fourteen John Calvin became a pupil at the College de la March, in Paris, where he mastered the Latin language so thoroughly that it became almost vernacular to him. At first his attention was especially directed toward the study of law; but before long he turned more to theological studies, and as early as 1533 we find him strongly tinctured with the "new learning," which had sprung up in France, almost independently of the Lutheran movement in Germany. The "Protestants"—to use a term which has come to designate all those who in any way set themselves in opposition to the authority of



JOHN CALVIN.



the Church of Rome—were exposed to many persecutions, to elude which Calvin fled from place to place. In 1535 we find him at Basel, in Switzerland, where he seems to have prepared the first edition of his famous *Institutio Christianæ Religionis*. At all events, the book was first printed at Basel in the next year, and contained a notable preface addressed to King Francis I. of France. For a couple of years more Calvin led a wandering life, until 1537, when, almost by accident, he found himself, at the age of twenty-eight, at Geneva, which was thenceforth his home during the greater part of his subsequent life.

The “Reformed Church” at Geneva—of which Calvin soon came to be the acknowledged head—was the State. It aimed to be a theocracy, which should not only direct all the public affairs of the city, but should also modify and control the social and religious life of the citizens. This predominant aim was pretty fairly attained during the remaining twenty-seven years of Calvin’s life. There was for a while a sharp opposition; but an end was put to it in 1555, when the leaders of the opposition party were expelled from the city, and executed in effigy; and thereafter Calvin’s authority in Geneva came to be an absolute political and religious supremacy.

The episode of the affair of Michael Servetus belongs mainly to the year 1553. Servetus had for many years promulgated doctrines which, in Calvin’s view, were not only heretical but blasphemous. As early as 1546 Calvin had announced that if Servetus should ever come to Geneva, he



would do all that in him lay to bring him to condign punishment—that “condign punishment,” according to the ideas of the age, meaning the putting of him to death. In 1553 Servetus was found at Geneva, endeavoring, it is said, to make his way from Germany to Italy. He was apprehended, and brought to trial, beyond all question through the exertions of Calvin. The trial lasted two months, Calvin taking a prominent part in it. Servetus was found guilty and sentenced to the stake. Calvin thoroughly approved of the death punishment, but made some efforts to have the form of it changed from burning to some less painful mode of execution. These efforts, however, were unavailing, and Servetus was burned October 27, 1553.

Calvin held full sway at Geneva for nine years after his decisive victory in 1555. His health, however, began sensibly to fail in 1561; but his tenacity of will buoyed him up for two years, and he died in May, 1564, at the age of fifty-five. It had been alleged that he had come to be enormously rich. Referring to these statements he says: “I see what incites my enemies to urge these falsehoods. They measure me according to their own dispositions, believing that I must be heaping up money on all sides because I enjoy such favorable opportunities for doing so. But, assuredly, if I have not been able to avoid the reputation of being rich during my life, death will at last free me from this stain.” And so it was. In his last will he disposed of all his property; it amounted in all to only \$225—equal in our day to

some eight or ten times as much. He was buried, according to his own special request, without any public display ; and no monument marks his resting-place.

Calvin's works are very numerous, and nearly all of them have been translated into English. The collection of these put forth at Edinburgh by "The Calvin Translation Society" comprises more than fifty octavo volumes, including Letters. The works relating to Calvin, including biographies, would constitute a considerable library. An adequate Bibliography of Calvin is furnished in McClintock and Strong's *Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature*.

To Calvin's great work, *The Institutes of the Christian Religion*, is prefixed a long Dedication, or properly Defence, addressed to "His Most Christian Majesty, Francis, King of the French :"

#### DEDICATION OF THE INSTITUTES.

When I began this work, Sire, nothing was farther from my thoughts than writing a book which would afterward be presented to your Majesty. My intention was only to lay down some elementary principles by which inquirers on the subject of religion might be instructed in the nature of true piety. And this labor I undertook chiefly for my countrymen, the French, of whom I apprehended multitudes to be hungering and thirsting after Christ, but saw very few possessing any real knowledge of him. But when I perceived that the fury of certain men in the kingdom had grown to such a height as to leave no room in the land for sound doctrine, I thought I should be usefully employed, if in the same work I delivered my instructions to them, and exhibited my Confession to you, that you may know the nature of that doctrine which is the object of such unbounded rage to those madmen who are now disturbing

the country with fire and sword. For I shall not be afraid to acknowledge that this treatise contains a summary of that very doctrine which, according to their clamors, deserves to be punished with imprisonment, banishment, proscription, and flames, and to be exterminated from the face of the earth. I well know with what atrocious insinuations your ears have been filled by them, in order to render our cause most odious in your esteem; but your clemency should lead you to consider that if accusation be accounted a sufficient evidence of guilt, there will be an end of all innocence in words and actions. . . .

Therefore, I beseech you, Sire—and surely it is not an unreasonable request—to take upon yourself the entire cognizance of this cause, which has hitherto been confusedly and carelessly agitated, without any order of law, and with outrageous passion rather than judicial gravity. Think not that I am now meditating my own individual defence, in order to effect a safe return to my native country: for, though I feel the affection which every man ought to feel for it, yet, under the existing circumstances, I regret not my removal from it. But I plead the cause of all the godly, and consequently of Christ himself, which, having been in these days persecuted and trampled on in all ways in your kingdom, now lies in a deplorable state; and this, indeed, rather through the tyranny of certain Pharisees than with your knowledge. . . . This is a cause worthy of your attention, worthy of your cognizance, worthy of your throne. This consideration constitutes true royalty, to acknowledge yourself in the government of your kingdom to be the minister of God. For where the glory of God is not made the end of the government it is not a legitimate sovereignty, but an usurpation. And he is deceived who expects lasting prosperity in that kingdom which is not ruled by the sceptre of God—that is, his holy word; for that heavenly oracle cannot fail, who declares that “where there is no vision the people perish.” . . .

Let not your Majesty be at all moved by those groundless accusations with which our adversaries endeavor to terrify you: as, that the sole tendency and design of this new gospel—for so they call it—is to furnish a pre-

text for seditions and to gain impunity for all crimes. . . . It is unjust to charge us with such motives and designs, of which we have never given cause for the least suspicion. Is it probable that we are meditating the subversion of kingdoms?—we who were never heard to utter a factious word; whose lives were ever known to be peaceable and honest while we lived under your government; and who now, even in our exile, cease not to pray for all prosperity to attend yourself and your kingdom. . . . But if the gospel be made a pretext for tumults—which has not yet happened in your kingdom; if any persons make the liberty of divine grace an excuse for the licentiousness of their vices—of whom I have known many—there are laws and legal penalties by which they may be punished according to their deserts: only let not the gospel of God be reproached for the crimes of wicked men. . . .

But if your ears are so preoccupied with the whispers of the malevolent as to leave no opportunity for the accused to speak for themselves; and if these outrageous furies, with your connivance, continue to persecute with imprisonments, scourgings, tortures, confiscations, and flames, we shall, indeed, like sheep destined to the slaughter, be reduced to the greatest extremities. Yet shall we in patience possess our souls, and wait for the mighty hand of the Lord, which undoubtedly will in time appear, and show itself armed for the deliverance of the poor from their affliction, and for the punishment of their despisers, who now exult in such perfect security.—May the Lord, the King of kings, establish your throne in righteousness, and your kingdom with equity.—*Translation of* JOHN ALLEN.

The subjoined extracts from the *Institutes* are given in the translation of Allen:

THE HUMAN MIND NATURALLY ENDUED WITH THE  
KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

We lay it down as a position not to be controverted that the human mind, even by natural instinct, possesses some sense of a deity. For, that no man might shelter himself under the pretext of ignorance, God hath given



to all some apprehension of his existence, the memory of which he frequently and insensibly renews ; so that as men universally know that there is a God, and that He is their Maker, they must be condemned by their own testimony for not having worshipped him, and consecrated their lives to his service. If we seek for ignorance of a deity, it is nowhere more likely to be found than among tribes the most stupid and farthest from civilization. But, as the celebrated Cicero observes, there is no nation so barbarous, no race so savage, as not to be firmly persuaded of the being of a God. Even those who in other respects appear to differ but little from brutes always retain some sense of religion, so fully are the minds of men possessed with this common principle, which is closely interwoven with their original composition. Now, since there has never been a country or family, from the beginning of the world, totally destitute of religion, it is a tacit confession that some sense of the divinity is inscribed on every heart. Of this opinion idolatry itself furnishes ample proof ; for we know how reluctantly man would degrade himself to exalt other creatures above him.—*Institutes, Book I., Chap. I., Sec. 1.*

#### THE HUMYN WILL AND CHOICE.

God hath furnished the soul of man with a mind capable of discerning good from evil, just from unjust ; and of discovering, by the light of reason, what ought to be pursued or avoided. To this he hath annexed the Will, on which depends the Choice. The primitive condition of man was ennobled with these eminent faculties. He possessed Reason, Understanding, Prudence, and Judgment, not only for the government of his life on earth, but to enable him to ascend even to God and eternal felicity. To these were added Choice, to direct the appetites, and regulate all the organic motions ; so that the Will was left entirely to the government of reason. In his integrity man was endowed with Free Will, by which, if he had chosen, he might have obtained eternal life. Adam, therefore, could have stood if he would, since he fell merely by his own Will ; but because his Will was flexible to either side, and he was not



endued with constancy to persevere, therefore he so easily fell. Yet his choice of good and evil was free ; and not only so, but his Mind and Will were possessed of consummate rectitude, and all his organic parts were rightly disposed to obedience, till, destroying himself, he corrupted all his excellencies. . . .

If any object that he was placed in a dangerous situation on account of the imbecility of this faculty of Free Will, I reply that the station in which he was placed was sufficient to deprive him of all excuse. For it would have been unreasonable that God should be confined to this condition of making man so as to be incapable either of choosing or of committing any sin. It is true that such a nature would have been more excellent ; but to expostulate with God as though he had been under any obligation to bestow this upon man were unreasonable and unjust in the extreme, since it was at his choice to bestow as little as He pleased. But why He did not sustain him with the power of perseverance remains concealed in his mind. Man had received the power, indeed, if he chose to exert it ; but he had not the will to use that power : for the consequence of this will would have been perseverance. Yet there is no excuse for him. He received so much that he was the voluntary procurer of his own destruction ; but God was under no necessity to give him any other than an indifferent and mutable will, that from his fall He might educe matter for His own glory.—*Institutes, Book I., Chap. XV., Sec. 7.*

#### THE DOCTRINE OF ORIGINAL SIN.

It is not my intention to discuss all the definitions given by writers ; I shall only produce one which I think perfectly consistent with the truth. Original Sin, therefore, appears to be an hereditary pravity and corruption of our nature, diffused through all the parts of the soul ; rendering us obnoxious to the Divine wrath, and producing in us those works which the Scripture calls “works of the flesh.” These two things should be distinctly observed : first, our nature being so totally vitiated and depraved, we are, on account of this very corruption, considered as convicted and justly con-

demned in the sight of God, to whom nothing is acceptable but righteousness, innocence, and purity. And this liability to punishment arises not from the delinquency of another; for when it is said that the sin of Adam renders us obnoxious to the Divine judgment, it is not to be understood as if we, though innocent, were undeservedly loaded with the guilt of sin; but because we are all subject to a curse in consequence of his transgression he is therefore said to have involved us in guilt. Nevertheless, we derive from him not only the punishment, but also the pollution to which the punishment is justly due. And therefore infants themselves, as they bring their condemnation into the world with them, are rendered obnoxious to punishment by their own sinfulness, not by the sinfulness of another. For though they have not yet produced the fruits of their iniquity, yet they have the seed of it within them; even their whole nature is, as it were, a seed of sin, and therefore cannot but be odious and abominable to God. Whence it follows that it is properly accounted sin in the sight of God, because there could be no guilt without crime.

The other thing to be remarked is that this depravity never ceases in us, but is perpetually producing new fruits—those “works of the flesh” which we have before described—like the emission of flame and sparks from a heated furnace, or like the streams of water from a never-failing spring. Therefore, those who have defined original sin as a deprivation of the original righteousness which we ought to possess, though they comprise the whole of the subject, yet have not used language sufficiently expressive of its operation and influence. For our nature is not only destitute of all good, but it is so fertile in all evils that it cannot remain inactive. Those who have called it *concupiscence* have used an expression not improper, if it were only added (which is far from being conceded by most persons) that everything in man—the understanding and will, the soul and body—is polluted and engrossed by this concupiscence; or, to express it more briefly, that man is, of himself, nothing but concupiscence.—*Institutes, Book II., Chap. X., Sec. 10.*

## THE ETERNAL ELECTION, OR PREDESTINATION.

The Covenant of Life not being equally preached to all, and among those to whom it is preached not always finding the same reception, this diversity discovers the wonderful depth of the Divine judgment. Nor is it to be doubted that this variety always follows, subject to the decision of God's eternal election. If it be evidently the result of the Divine will that salvation is freely offered to some and others are prevented from attaining it, this immediately gives rise to important and difficult questions, which are incapable of any other explanation than by the establishment of pious minds in what ought to be received concerning election and predestination: a question, in the opinion of many, full of perplexity: for they consider nothing more unreasonable than that of the common mass of mankind some should be predestined to salvation and others to destruction. But how unreasonably they perplex themselves will afterward appear from the sequel of our discourse. Besides, the very obscurity which excites such dread not only displays the utility of this doctrine, but shows it to be productive of the most delightful benefit. We shall never be clearly convinced, as we ought to be, that our salvation flows from the fountain of God's free mercy, till we are acquainted with his eternal election, which illustrates the grace of God by this comparison—that he adopts not all promiscuously to the hope of salvation, but gives to some what he refuses to others. Ignorance of this principle evidently detracts from the divine glory, and diminishes real humility. . . . In ascribing the salvation of the "remnant" of the people to "the election of grace," Paul clearly testifies that it is then only known that God saves whom he will of his mere good pleasure. . . . And hence the Church rises to our view, which otherwise, as Bernard justly observes, could neither be discovered nor recognized among creatures, being in two respects wonderfully concealed in the bosom of a blessed predestination and in the mass of a miserable damnation. . . .

The discussion of predestination is made very per-

plexed, and therefore dangerous by human curiosity, which no barriers can restrain from wandering into forbidden labyrinths, and soaring beyond its sphere, as if determined to leave none of the Divine secrets unscrutinized or unexplored. As we see multitudes guilty of this arrogance and presumption, it is proper to admonish them of their duty in this respect. Let them remember that when they inquire into predestination they penetrate into the inmost recesses of the Divine wisdom, where the careless and confident intruder will obtain no satisfaction to his curiosity, but will enter a labyrinth from which he will find no way to depart. For it is unreasonable that man should scrutinize with impunity those things which the Lord hath determined to be hidden in himself; and investigate, even from eternity, that sublimity of wisdom which God would have us to adore, not comprehend, to promote our admiration of his glory. The secrets of his will which he determined to reveal to us he discovers in his word, and these are all that he foresaw would concern us or conduce to our advantage. . . .

In conformity to the clear doctrine of Scripture, we assert that, by an eternal and immutable counsel, God hath once for all determined both whom he would admit to salvation, and whom he would condemn to destruction. We affirm that this counsel, as far as concerns the elect, is founded on his gratuitous mercy, totally irrespective of human merit; but that to those whom he devotes to condemnation the gate of life is closed by a just and irreprehensible but incomprehensible judgment. In the elect we consider calling as an evidence of election, and justification as another token of its manifestation, till they arrive in glory, which constitutes its completion. As God seals his elect by vocation and justification, so, by excluding the reprobate from the knowledge of his name and the sanctification of his Spirit, he affords an indication of the judgment that awaits them.—*Institutes, Book III., Chap. XXI., Sec. 1-7.*

#### THE SACRAMENTS.

Our two Sacraments [Baptism and the Lord's Supper] present us with a clearer exhibition of Christ, in pro-



portion to the nearer view of him which men have enjoyed since he was really manifested by the Father in the manner in which he had been promised. For baptism testifies to us our purgation and ablution; the eucharistic supper testifies our redemption. Water is a figure of ablution, and blood of satisfaction. These things are both found in Christ, who, as the Scripture says, "came by water and blood;" that is, to purify and redeem. Of this the Spirit of God is a witness; or, rather, there are three that bear witness—the Spirit, the Water, and the Blood. In the Water and the Blood we have a testimony of purgation and redemption; and the Spirit, as the principal witness, confirms and secures our reception and belief of this testimony. This sublime mystery was strikingly exhibited on the cross, when blood and water issued from Christ's sacred side; which, on this account, Augustine has justly called "the fountain of our sacraments." And there is no doubt, if we compare one time with another, but that the more abundant grace of the Spirit is also here displayed. For that belongs to the glory of the Kingdom of Christ; as we gather from various places, and especially from the seventh chapter of John. In this sense we must understand that passage where Paul, speaking of the legal institutions, says, "which are a shadow of things to come, but the body is of Christ." His design in this declaration is not to deny the efficacy of those testimonies of grace in which God was formerly pleased to attest his veracity to the fathers, as he does to us now in baptism and the sacred supper; but to represent the comparative superiority of what has been given to us, that no one might wonder at the ceremonies of the law having been abolished at the advent of Christ.—*Institutes, Book IV., Chap. XV., Sec. 22.*

#### OBEDIENCE TO RULERS.

But in the obedience which we have shown to be due to the authority of governors, it is always necessary to make one exception; and this is entitled to our first attention: that it do not seduce us from our obedience to Him to whose will the desires of all kings ought to be subject, to whose decrees all their com-



mands ought to yield, to whose majesty all their sceptres ought to submit. And, indeed, how preposterous it would be for us, with a view to satisfy men, to incur the displeasure of Him on whose account we yield obedience to men? The Lord, therefore, is the King of kings, who, when He hath opened his sacred mouth, is to be heard alone—above all, for all, and before all. In the next place, we are subject to those men who preside over us; but no otherwise than in Him. If they command anything against Him, it ought not to have the least attention. Nor in this case ought we to pay any regard to all that dignity attached to magistrates; to which no injury is done when it is subjected to the unrivalled and supreme power of God. On this principle Daniel denied that he had committed any crime against the King in disobeying his impious decree; because the King had exceeded the limits of his office, and had not only done an injury to men, but by raising his arm against God had degraded his own authority. . . .

Courtly flatterers excuse themselves and delude the unwary when they deny that it is lawful for them to refuse compliance with any command of their kings: as if God had resigned his right to mortal men when He made them rulers of mankind; or as if earthly power were diminished by being subordinated to its Author, before whom even the principalities of heaven tremble with awe. I know what great and present danger awaits this constancy, for kings cannot bear to be disregarded without the greatest indignation; and “the wrath of a king,” says Solomon, “is as messengers of death.” But since this edict has been proclaimed by that celestial herald, Peter, “We ought to obey God rather than men,” let us console ourselves with this thought, that we truly perform the obedience which God requires of us when we suffer anything rather than deviate from piety. And that our hearts may not fail us, Paul stimulates us with another consideration: that Christ has redeemed us at the immense price which our redemption cost Him, that we may not be submissive to the corrupt desires of men, much less be slaves to their impiety.—*Institutes, Book IV., Chap. XX. Sec. 22.*

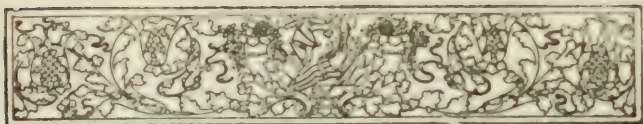
In some of his private letters Calvin briefly describes his connection with the arrest, trial, and condemnation of Servetus. Writing to Farel, under date of August 20, 1553, he says:

#### ARREST AND CONDEMNATION OF SERVETUS.

We have now new business in hand with Servetus. He intended, perhaps, passing through the city ; for it is not yet known with what design he came. But after he had been recognized, I thought that he should be detained. My friend Nicholas summoned him on a capital charge. On the following day he adduced against him forty written charges. He at first sought to evade them. Accordingly we were summoned. He impudently reviled me, just as if he regarded me as obnoxious to him. I answered him as he deserved. At length the Senate pronounced all the charges proven. Of the man's effrontery I will say nothing ; but such was his madness that he did not hesitate to say that devils possessed divinity ; yea, that many gods were individual devils, inasmuch as deity had been substantially communicated to those equally with wood and stone. I hope that sentence of death will at least be passed upon him ; but I desire that the severity of the punishment may be mitigated.

Three months later Calvin again writes to Farel, giving him information as to the fate of Servetus:

Behold what will give you some gratification. The messenger has returned from the Swiss Churches. They are unanimous in pronouncing that Servetus has now renewed those impious errors with which Satan formerly disturbed the Church, and that he is a monster not to be borne. . . . He was condemned ; he will be led forth to punishment to-morrow. We endeavored to alter the mode of his death, but in vain. Why we did not succeed I defer for narration till I see you.—*Letters, translation of* DAVID CAMPBELL.



CAMDEN, WILLIAM, a noted English historian and antiquary, born at London, May 2, 1551; died at Chiselhurst, Kent, November 9, 1623. Having received his early education at Christ's Hospital and St. Paul's School, he entered Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1575 he became second master of Westminster School. He devoted his leisure to the study of British antiquities, and in 1586 published a Latin work under a title signifying *Britain; or a Chorographical Description of the Most Flourishing Kingdom of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Adjacent Islands, from Remote Antiquity*. In 1593 Camden was made head-master of Westminster School, and in 1597 Clarencieux King-at-Arms. The year before his death he founded a professorship of history at Oxford. Besides *Britannia* he published *An Account of the Monuments and Inscriptions in Westminster Abbey*, *A Collection of Ancient English Historians*, *Remains of a Greater Work Concerning Britain*, and a Latin work, the *Annals of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*. He also, at the direction of James I., wrote a Latin *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*. *Britannia* was translated into English by Dr. Philemon Holland in 1610. The last edition is that of Mr. Gough, 1789. It is a treasury of antiquarian knowledge.

#### THE DERIVATION OF THE NAME BRITAIN.

Who were the oldest, and consequently first inhabitants of this island, and whence the name of Britain is

derived, has given rise to a variety of opinions, and many (as one expresses it) have with little ground taken upon them to determine this point. Nor can we expect greater certainty on this head than other nations, who (except those whose original is assigned in Scripture) as well as ourselves, lie under a cloud of darkness, error, and ignorance about their origin. Nor, indeed, can it be otherwise considering how deeply the truth must be sunk in the revolutions of so many ages. The first inhabitants of countries had something else to attend to than transmitting their history to posterity. And had they been ever so much inclined to do it, they were very ill qualified for it, from their uncivilized, unsettled life, engaged in war, and consequently unassisted by letters, the attendants of civilization, peace, and leisure, and the only means of preserving the memory of transactions, and transmitting them to the latest posterity. Besides, the Druids, who were the ancient priests of the Britons and Gauls, and were supposed to preserve past facts, and the Bards, who celebrated great exploits, did not think it lawful to commit anything to writing and books; and if they had done so, length of time and the many great changes and devastations would certainly have destroyed all memorials, when stones, pyramids, obelisks, and other monuments, which seem more calculated than brass itself to preserve such memorials, have long fallen a prey to the ravages of time. But in succeeding ages there were not wanting in many nations persons who wished to supply these defects, and, not being able to relate the truth, endeavored at least to amuse their readers by inventing stories, dressed up with an agreeable variety, and founded on certain opinions of their own about the origin and names of nations. Many persons, neglecting the pursuit of truth, presently embraced these, and more adopted them as true on account of the agreeableness of the fiction.

Not to mention one writer among ourselves (whom I wish I could not charge with this suspicion) Geoffrey ap Arthur of Monmouth, in the reign of Henry II., published a *History of Britain*, translated, as he pretends, from the British language, in which he relates



that Brute, of Trojan extraction, son of Silvius, grandson of Ascanius, great-grandson of the great Æneas (who derived his descent from Jupiter himself, having the goddess Venus for his mother), having killed his mother at his birth, and his father accidentally in hunting, as had been foretold by the magicians, flying his country, made his way to Greece. There he rescued from slavery the descendants of Helenus, son of Priam, defeated King Pandrasus, married his daughter, and setting sail with the remains of the Trojans, and landing in the island Leogetia, was warned by the oracle of Diana to come to this Western island. Sailing thence by the pillars of Hercules, where he escaped the Sirens, and afterwards by the Tyrrhenian sea, he came into Aquitain, routed in a pitched battle Golfar the Piet, King of Aquitain, with twelve princes of Gaul, and founded the city of Tours (for which last he cites Homer), and, after overrunning Gaul, crossed over to this island, then inhabited by giants, whom he defeated, with their monstrous chieftain Gogmagog, and left his name to Britain in the year of the world 2855—334 years before the first Olympiad, and 1108 before Christ. Thus Geoffrey. Others give other derivations of the name of Britain. Sir Thomas Eliot, a person of great learning, fetches it from the Greek *Prutaneis*, by which name he finds the Athenians called the administrators of their public revenues. Humphrey Lloyd, who in the knowledge of antiquity has established a superior reputation among us, most confidently refers it to the British word *Pridcain*, *q. d.* "*white figure.*" Pomponius Lætus says the Bretons from Armorica in France gave it its name. Goropius Becanus mentions that the Danes made a settlement here and called it *Bridanium*, *q. d.* *Free Denmark*. Others deduce it from *Brutenia*, a country in Germany, Bodinus from the Spanish word *Bretta*, signifying "*Land*," Forcatulus from *Brithin*, a word used, as we learn from Athenæus, by the Greeks as a sort of drink; others from the Brutii in Italy. . . . As to those silly sciolists who pretend it derived from the *brutal* manners of the inhabitants, they are beneath our notice.—*Britannia*.





CAMERON, VERNEY LOVETT, a famous English naval officer and explorer, born July 1, 1844; died March 26, 1894. He received the appointment of Naval Cadet in 1857, became Midshipman in 1860, Sub-lieutenant in 1863, Lieutenant in 1865, and Commander in 1876. He served for several years on the East Coast of Africa, where he had occasion to witness the atrocities connected with the slave-trade in that quarter. In 1872 an expedition was projected under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society for the relief of Livingstone, then supposed to be lost somewhere in the interior of equatorial Africa; and, after some changes, the command of this expedition finally devolved upon Lieutenant Cameron. The expedition left Zanzibar in February, 1873. They arrived at Unyanyembe near Lake Tanganyika, in October, and there learned that Livingstone had died the preceding May. The original purpose of the expedition having been thus thwarted, Cameron resolved to cross the continent of Africa. The journey occupied in all about three years, during which Cameron traversed nearly 3,000 miles on foot between the east and west shores of Africa. The greater part of this journey lay through regions which had been visited by no white man except a few Portuguese slave-hunters

from the west coast. Upon his return to England Cameron put forth, under the title of *Across Africa*, an elaborately illustrated narrative of this long journey, which procured for him the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, the Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, the Grande Medaille d'Or of the French Geographical Society, the Gold Medal of the Portuguese Geographical Society, a gold medal from the King of Italy, and numerous other distinctions. In the Autumn of 1878 Commander Cameron set out on a tour, through Asia Minor and Persia, to India, with the object of showing the feasibility of constructing a railroad from the Mediterranean to India without following the course of the Euphrates.

#### HAVOC OF THE SLAVE-TRADE IN THE INTERIOR.

We passed the sites of many deserted villages which had been destroyed quite lately, once the homes of happy and contented people. Where now were those who built them and cultivated the surrounding fields? Driven off as slaves, massacred by villains engaged in a war in which these poor wretches had no interest, or dead of starvation and disease in the jungle. Africa is bleeding out her life-blood at every pore. A rich country, requiring only labor to render it one of the greatest producers in the world, is having its population—already far too scanty for its needs—daily depleted by the slave-trade and internecine war. Should the present state of affairs be allowed to continue, the country will gradually relapse into jungles and wilds, and will become more and more impenetrable to the merchant and traveller.—*Across Africa, Chap. XII.*

This description belongs more especially to the region east of Lake Tanganyika, nominally, at

least, subject to the Sultan of Zanzibar. As Cameron went further west the horrors of slave-hunting became even more atrocious. Kawélé, on Lake Tanganyika, is the great emporium of the traffic between the east and the west coasts.

#### TRADE AND BUSINESS AT KAWÉLÉ.

One of the sights here is the market, held daily between half-past seven and ten in the morning, and again in the afternoon, in an open space in the town close to the shore. Among the crowd of buyers and sellers there circulate parties who have travelled from a distance to this central mart to endeavor to dispose of their slaves and ivory; and, the whole of the bargaining being carried on at the top of the voice, the noise is almost deafening. A curious currency is in vogue here—everything being priced in beads called *sofi*, something in appearance like small pieces of broken pipe-stem. At the commencement of the market, men with walletsful of these beads deal them out in exchange for others to people desirous of making purchases; and when the mart is closed they receive them again from the market-people, and make a profit on both transactions, after the manner usual among money-changers.

To obtain boats to proceed on my Tanganyika cruise was my first consideration. I discovered a good one belonging to Syde ibn Habib, and managed to hire it from his agent, though at an exorbitant rate. The arrangement of the hiring was rather amusing. Syde's agent wished to be paid in ivory, of which I had none; but I found that Mohammed ibn Sahib had ivory, and wanted cloth. Still, as I had no cloth, this did not assist me greatly until I heard that Mohammed ibn Gharib had cloth, and wanted wire. This I fortunately possessed. So I gave Mohammed ibn Gharib the requisite amount in wire, upon which he handed over the cloth to Mohammed ibn Sahib, who, in his turn, gave Syde ibn Habib's agent the wished-for ivory. Then he allowed me to have the boat.—*Across Africa, Chap. XIV.*

## AN AFRICAN POTTER AT WORK.

I was much interested at Kisungi, on Lake Tanganyika, by watching a potter at her work. She first pounded with a pestle, such as they use in beating corn, enough earth and water for making one pot, until it formed a perfectly homogeneous mass. Then putting it on a flat stone, she gave it a blow with her fist, to form a hollow in the middle, and worked it roughly into shape with her hands, keeping them constantly wet. She then smoothed out the finger marks with a corn-cob, and polished the pot with pieces of gourd and wood—the gourd giving it the proper curves; finally ornamenting it with a sharp-pointed stick. I went to examine the work, wondering how it would be taken off the stone, and the bottom shaped, and found that no bottom had yet been formed. But after the vessel had been drying four or five hours in a shady place, it was sufficiently stiff to be handled carefully, and a bottom was then worked in. From beginning to pound the clay till the pot—holding about three gallons—was put aside to dry occupied thirty-five minutes, and providing it with a bottom might take five or ten minutes more. The shapes are very graceful, and wonderfully truly formed, many being like the amphora in the Villa Diomed at Pompeii.—*Across Africa, Chap. XVI.*

Cameron and his party left the Tanganyika region in May, 1874, and, in company with a slave-caravan, set out for Nyangwé, on the river Luabala, which Stanley has shown to be the upper course of the Kongo, though Livingstone, who had tracked its windings for perhaps two thousand miles, died in the firm persuasion that this river was none other than the upper course of the Nile. Nyangwé is about 5 degrees south of the equator, and almost midway between the eastern and western coasts of Africa. This is the extreme point to the north and west reached by Living-

stone in either of his last journeys. Cameron soon found convincing proof that the Lualaba could be the Nile. The volume of water was at least five times greater than that of the White Nile at Gondokoro, after it has received the last of its affluents; and, moreover, the elevation of Nyangwé is considerably lower than that of Gondokoro; so that if the Lualaba were indeed the Nile, it would have to run uphill for wellnigh a thousand miles, and lose four-fifths of its water on the way. He therefore came theoretically to the conclusion, soon to be practically demonstrated by Stanley, that "This great stream must be one of the head-waters of the Kongo, for where else could that giant among rivers—second only to the Amazon in its volume—obtain the two million cubic feet of water which it unceasingly pours each second into the Atlantic."

Cameron was eager to descend the Lualaba from Nyangwé to its mouth, but for many reasons found it impossible to do so; and finally, in September, 1874, set out southwestward upon that long journey which was after fifteen months to bring him to the Portuguese settlement of Benguela, on the western coast. During the most of this journey he travelled in company, or, in a fashion, under the escort, of gangs of slave-hunters; at one time being detained for months by Kasongo, a native king through whose territory he was trying to make his way.

#### KING KASONGO OF URUA.

The vast territory claimed by Kasongo is divided into many districts, each governed by a *kilolo* or captain.



Some of these are hereditary governors, and others are appointed by Kasongo for a term of four years. At the expiration of that time they may either be reappointed or transferred to another district, if they have given satisfaction, or be relegated to private life; but if Kasongo is displeased with them, he orders them to be deprived of noses, ears, or hands. The punishments inflicted by Kasongo and those in high authority among his chiefs are death and mutilation. A nose, finger, lip, half or the whole of an ear, are cut off for mere peccadilloes; while for serious offences hands, toes, ears, nose, and all are taken.

In addition to his chief wife, and the harem maintained in his private enclosure, Kasongo boasts that he exercises a right to any woman who may please his fancy when on his journeys about the country; and if any of them become *enceinte* he gives them a monkey-skin for the child to wear, if a male, as this confers a right to live by taking provisions, cloth, etc., from any one not of royal blood. Into the enclosure of his harem no male but himself is allowed between sunset and sunrise, on pain of death or mutilation; and even if one of the harem should give birth to a male child during the night, the mother and infant are bundled out immediately. His principal wife and the four or five ranking next to her, are all of royal blood, being either his sisters or first cousins; and among his harem are to be found his step-mothers, aunts, sisters, nieces, cousins, and, still more horrible, his own children. When Kasongo sleeps at home, his bedroom furniture consists of members of his harem. Some on hands and knees, form a couch with their backs; and others lying flat upon the ground, provide a soft carpet.—*Across Africa, Chap. XXIII.*

#### BURIAL OF A CHIEF OF URUA.

The first proceeding is to divert the course of a stream, and in its bed to dig an enormous pit, the bottom of which is then covered with living women. At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, and upon her back the dead chief, covered with his beads and other treasures, is seated, being supported on

either side by one of his wives, while his second wife sits at his feet. The earth is then shovelled in on them, and all the women are buried alive, with the exception of the second wife. To her custom is more merciful than to her companions, and grants her the privilege of being killed before the huge grave is filled in. This being completed, a number of male slaves—sometimes forty or fifty—are slaughtered, and their blood poured over the grave ; after which the river is allowed to resume its course. Stories are rife that no fewer than a hundred women were buried alive with Bambarré, Kasongo's father ; but let us hope that this may be an exaggeration. Smaller chiefs are buried with two or three wives, and a few slaves only are killed, that their blood may be shed on the grave ; while one of the common herd has to be content with solitary burial ; being placed in a sitting posture, with the right forefinger pointing heavenward, just level with the top of the mound over his grave.—*Across Africa, Chap. XXV.*

#### A PORTUGUESE SLAVE-HUNTER.

Coimbra arrived in the afternoon with a gang of *fifty-two women* tied together in lots of seventeen or eighteen. Some held children in arms, others were far advanced in pregnancy, and all were laden with huge bundles of grass-cloth and other plunder. These poor, weary, and foot-sore creatures were covered with weals and scars, showing how unmercifully cruel had been the treatment received at the hands of the savage who called himself their owner. Besides these unfortunate women, the party consisted only of two men belonging to Coimbra ; two wives given him by Kasongo, who proved quite equal to looking after the slaves ; and three children, one of whom carried an idol presented by Kasongo to Coimbra, which worthy thought it as good a god as any other, though he professed to be a Christian. His Christianity, like that of the majority of the half-breeds of Bihé, consisted in having been baptized by some rogue calling himself a priest, but who being far too bad to be endured either at Loanda or Benguela, had retired into the interior, and managed to subsist on fees given

him for going through the form of baptizing any children that might be brought to him.

The misery and loss of life entailed by the capture of these women are far greater than can be imagined except by those who have witnessed some such heart-rending scenes. Indeed, the cruelties perpetrated in the heart of Africa by men calling themselves Christians, and carrying the Portuguese flag, can scarcely be credited by those living in a civilized land; and the Government of Portugal cannot be cognizant of the atrocities committed by men claiming to be her subjects. To obtain these fifty-two women, at least ten villages had been destroyed, each having a population of from one to two hundred, or about fifteen hundred in all. Some may, perchance, have escaped to neighboring villages; but the greater portion were undoubtedly burned when their villages were surprised, shot while attempting to save their wives and families, or doomed to die of starvation in the jungle, unless some wild beast put a more speedy end to their miseries.—*Across Africa, Chap. XXVII.*

#### A SLAVE CARAVAN.

The place I had chosen for my camp was near the path, and the whole of the caravan passed on in front, the mournful procession lasting for more than two hours. Women and children, footsore and overburdened, were urged on unremittingly by their barbarous masters; and even when they reached the camp it was no haven of rest for the poor creatures. They were compelled to fetch water, cook, build huts, and collect firewood for those who owned them, and were comparatively favored if they had contrived some sort of shelter for themselves before night set in. The loss of labor entailed by working gangs of slaves tied together is monstrous; for if one pot of water is wanted twenty people are obliged to fetch it from the stream, and for one bundle of grass to thatch a hut, the whole gang must be employed. On the road, too, if one of a gang requires to halt, the whole must follow motions; and when one falls five or six are dragged down.—*Across Africa, Chap. XXVII.*

## APPROACHING THE PORTUGUESE COAST.

When day had dawned, I saw on the other side of the plain a range of sterile-looking mountains, which we reached after two hours' marching across the broken level. On the right of the entrance to a pass there was a precipitous bluff, with great masses of rock perched upon its summit. On the left, on the opposite side of a deep ravine, with a rapid stream flowing through it, were enormous, dome-like mounts apparently formed of single masses of smooth granite. Their surface was washed clean by the rains, and they were devoid of vegetation, excepting a few cacti which had taken root in slight fissures near the summit. Farther down the pass were other masses, many of which had the appearance of bastions of some Titan forts. Our path was along the northern side of this pass, over sheets of steep and slippery granite divided from each other by patches of thorny scrub, with rills raining down to join the stream we heard murmuring in the depths of the gorge, hundreds of feet below us. At times we were obliged to clamber over huge masses of stone on our hands and knees, and at others to descend into the gorge to avoid some giant block jutting out beyond the path; and then to clamber again to our old level with the assistance of the creepers which grew in the crevices.

Graves and numerous skeletons testified to the numbers whose lives had been sacrificed on this trying march; while slave-clogs and forks, still attached to some bleached bones, or lying by their sides, gave only too convincing a proof that the demon of the slave-trade still exerted his influence in this part of Africa. Clogs and forks were also hanging on trees, some being so slightly affected by the weather that it was evident they had not been there longer than a month or two. Doubtless they had been removed from some flagging wretches in the belief that weakness of body had extinguished all idea of escape, and in the hope that the strength which was insufficient to bear the weight of the clog might still prove enough to drag the unfortunate human chattel to the coast.—*Across Africa, Chap. XXXII.*





CAMOENS, LUIS DE, a renowned Portuguese poet, born at Lisbon in 1524 (?); died there, June 10, 1580. He was educated at the University of Coimbra. On his return to Lisbon he fell in love with Dona Catherina de Attayda, a Lady of Honor at Court, for which offence he was banished to Santarem. Seeing no prospect of restoration to favor, he joined an expedition against the Moors, and lost his right eye in a naval battle in the Straits of Gibraltar. He afterward went to India, fought against the Mohammedans in the Red Sea, and on his return to Goa, wrote a satire on the Portuguese authorities in India which caused his banishment to Macao. During his residence at Macao he wrote his great epic poem, *Os Lusíadas* ("The Lusitanians"), the leading subject of which is the voyage of Vasco da Gama in 1497, when he doubled the Cape of Good Hope, thus making known the existence of an ocean passage between Europe and India.

After shipwreck, in which Camoens lost all his possessions except his poem, after imprisonment and other vicissitudes, he returned to Lisbon, and succeeded in publishing *The Lusíads*, which he dedicated to the young King Sebastian. It attracted much attention, but was unrewarded except by a small pension, which was withdrawn on the death of Sebastian. The remainder of Camoens's





LUIS DE CAMÖENS.



life was passed in obscurity and poverty, of which his lyric poems often make complaint. He died in a hospital, depending on charity for his very winding-sheet; and when, at last, his country sought to honor him with a monument, it was not without difficulty that his grave was discovered.

A STORM AT SEA.

But at this moment, while they ready stand,  
Behold the master, watching o'er the sky.  
The whistle blows; the sailors, every hand,  
Starting, awaken; and on deck they fly.  
And as the wind increased he gave command,  
In lowering foresails all their strength to ply;  
"Alert! alert! from yon black cloud," he cries,  
"That hangs above, the wind begins to rise."

But, ere the foresails are well gathered in,  
A vast and sudden storm around them roar'd;  
"Strike sail!" the master shouts amidst the din,  
"Strike, strike the mainsail, lend all hands aboard!"  
But the indignant winds the fight begin,  
And, joined in fury ere it could be lowered,  
With blustering noise the sail in pieces rend,  
As if the world were coming to an end.

With this the sailors wound the heaven with cries,  
From sudden terror and disunion blind;  
For, sails all torn, the vessel over lies,  
And ships a mass of water in the wind;  
"Cast overboard," the master's order flies;  
"Cast overboard, together, with a mind!  
Others to work the pumps! no slackening!  
The pumps, and quick! for we are foundering."

The soldiers, all alive, now hasten fast  
To work the pumps, but scarcely had essayed  
When the dread seas, in which the ship was cast,  
So tossed her that they all were prostrate laid;  
Three hardy, powerful soldiers, to the last,  
To guide the wheel but fruitless efforts made;

With cords on either side it must be bound,  
For force and art of man but vain are found.

The winds were such that scarcely could they show  
With greater force or greater rage around  
Than if it were their purpose, then, to blow  
The mighty tower of Babel to the ground.  
Upon the aspiring seas, which higher grow,  
Like a small boat the valiant ship doth bound :  
Exciting wonder that on such a main  
She can her striving course so long sustain.

The valiant ship, with Gama's brother Paul,  
With mast asunder snapped by wind and wave,  
Half under water lies ; the sailors call  
On Him Who once appeared the world to save ;  
Nor less, vain cries from Coelho's vessel all  
Pour on the air, fearing a watery grave,  
Although the master had such caution shown,  
That ere the wind arose the sails were down.

Now rising to the clouds they seem to go,  
O'er the wild waves of Neptune borne on end ;  
Now to the bowels of the depths below,  
It seems to all their senses they descend ;  
Notus and Auster, Boreas, Aquilo,  
The very world's machinery would rend ;  
While flashings fire the black and ugly night,  
And shed from pole to pole a dazzling light.

The halcyon birds their notes of mourning told  
Along the roaring coast, sad scene of woe,  
Calling to mind their agonies of old,  
Which to the like tempestuous waves they owe ;  
The amorous dolphins, all, from sports withhold,  
And to their ocean-caves' recesses go,  
Such storms and winds unable to endure,  
Which, e'en in refuge, leave them not secure.

Never such living thunderbolts were framed  
Against the Giants' fierce, rebellious pride,  
By the great, sordid forger, who is famed  
His step-son's brilliant arms to have supplied :

Nor ever 'gainst the world such lightnings flamed,  
Hurled by the mighty Thunderer far and wide,  
In the great flood which spared those only two,  
Who, casting stones, did humankind renew.

How many mountains, then, were downward borne  
By the persistent waves that 'gainst them strove :  
How many aged trees were upward torn  
By fury of wild winds that 'gainst them drove !  
But little dreamed their roots that, thus forlorn,  
They e'er would be reversed toward heaven above,  
Nor the deep sands that seas such power could show,  
As e'en to cast them upward from below !

— *The Lusiads, Translation of AUBERTIN.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE.

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas swelled ;  
From these rude shores our fearless course we held,  
Beneath the glistening wave the god of day  
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,  
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,  
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head  
A black cloud hovered ; nor appeared from far  
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star ;  
So deep a gloom the lowering vapor cast,  
Transfixed with awe, the bravest stood aghast.  
Meanwhile a hollow, bursting roar resounds,  
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds ;  
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,  
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.  
Amazed we stood.—“O thou, our fortune's guide,  
Avert this omen, mighty God.” I cried.  
“Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,  
Have the secrets of the deep surveyed,  
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky  
Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye ?  
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more  
Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar  
Where sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.”

I spoke ;—when, rising through the darkened air,  
Appalled, we saw an hideous phantom glare :  
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered.



And 'thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered.  
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread ;  
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red ;  
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,  
Sharp and disjoined, his gnashing teeth's blue rows ;  
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,  
Revenge and horror in his mien combined ;  
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scarred,  
The inward anguish of his soul declared ;  
His red eyes, glowing from their dusky caves,  
Shot livid fires ; far echoing o'er the waves  
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore  
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.  
Cold-gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast ;  
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed  
Wild dread ;—the while, with visage ghastly, wan,  
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began :—

“O you, the boldest of the nations fired  
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired ;  
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,  
Through these my waves advance your fearless prow,  
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,  
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway ;  
Who, 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves, explore  
Where never hero braved my rage before ;—  
Ye sons of Lusú, who with eyes profane  
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,  
Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew  
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view :  
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,  
And, bursting, soon shall o'er your race descend !  
With every bounding keel that dares my rage  
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage ;  
The next proud fleet that through my drear domain  
With daring search, shall hoist the streaming vane—  
That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds tossed,  
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast ;  
Then he who first my secret reign descried  
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide  
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,  
O, Lusú, oft shalt thou thy children wail ;

Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,  
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.

“With trophies plumed behold a hero come !  
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb !  
Though smiling fortune blessed his youthful morn,  
Though glory's rays his laurelled brows adorn,  
Full oft though he beheld with sparkling eye  
The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,  
While he, proud victor, thundered in the rear—  
All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here :  
Quiloa's sons, and thine, Mombaze, shall see  
Their conqueror bend his laurelled head to me ;  
While, proudly mingling with the tempest's sound,  
Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.

“The howling blast, ye slumbering storms prepare !  
A youthful lover and his beauteous fair  
Triumphant sail from India's ravaged land ;  
His evil angel leads him to my strand.  
Through the torn hulk the dashing waves shall roar,  
The shattered wrecks shall blacken all my shore.  
Themselves escaped, despoiled by savage hands,  
Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands,  
Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,  
Woes even by me acknowledged with a tear,  
Their infant race, the promised heirs of joy,  
Shall now no more a hundred hands employ ;  
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,  
In these wide wastes their infant race shall die.  
Through dreary wilds, where never pilgrim trod,  
Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,  
The hapless lover and his bride shall stray,  
By night unsheltered, and forlorn by day.  
In vain the lover o'er the trackless plain  
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain ;  
Her tender limbs and breast of mountain snow,  
Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,  
Parched by the sun, and shrivelled by the cold  
Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold.  
Thus, wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpassed,  
In fond embraces they shall sink at last ;  
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow.

And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe.  
Some few, the sad companions of their fate,  
Shall yet survive, protected by my hate,  
On Tagus' banks the dismal tale to tell  
How, blasted by my frown, your heroes fell."

He paused, in act still further to disclose  
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes ;  
When, springing onward, loud my voice resounds,  
And 'midst his rage the threatening shade confounds :  
"What art thou, horrid form, that rid'st the air ?  
By heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare !"  
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,  
And from his breast deep, hollow groans arose ;  
Sternly askance he stood : with wounded pride  
And anguish torn, "In me, behold," he cried,  
While dark-red sparkles from his eyeballs rolled,  
"In me, the Spirit of the Cape behold—  
That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,  
By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,  
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.  
With wide-stretched piles I guard the pathless strand,  
And Afric's southern mound, unmoved, I stand :  
Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar,  
E'er dashed the white wave foaming to my shore ;  
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail  
On these my seas to catch the trading gale ;—  
You, you alone, have dared to plough my main,  
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign."

He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,  
A doleful sound, and vanished from the view :  
The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,  
And distant far prolonged the dismal yell ;  
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,  
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.  
High to the angel host, whose guardian care  
Had ever round us watched, my hands I rear,  
And heaven's dread King implore—"As o'er our head  
The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow, fled ;  
So may his curses by the winds of heaven  
Far o'er the deep, their idle sport, be driven !"

—*The Lusiads, translation of MICKLE.*

ON THE DEATH OF CATHERINA DE ATTAYDA.

Spirit beloved ! whose wing so soon hath flown  
 The joyless precincts of this earthly sphere,  
 Now is yon heaven eternally thine own—  
 Whilst I deplore thy loss, a captive here.  
 O, if allowed in thy divine abode  
 Of aught on earth an image to retain,  
 Remember still the fervent love which glowed  
 In my fond bosom, pure from every stain !  
 And if thou deem that all my faithful grief,  
 Caused by thy loss and hopeless of relief,  
 Can merit thee, sweet native of the skies—  
 O, ask of Heaven, which called thee soon away,  
 That I may join thee in those realms of day,  
 Swiftly as thou hast vanished from mine eyes !  
 —*Translation of MRS. HEMANS.*

ON THE SAME.

While, pressed with woes from which it cannot flee,  
 My fancy sinks, and slumber seals my eyes,  
 Her spirit hastens in my dreams to rise,  
 Who was in life but as a dream to me.  
 O'er the drear waste, so wide no eye can see  
 How far its sense-evading limit lies,  
 I follow her quick step ; but, ah, she flies !  
 Our distance widening by fate's stern decree.  
 " Fly not from me, kind shadow ! " I exclaim ;—  
 She, with fixed eyes, that her soft thoughts reveal,  
 And seemed to say, " Forbear thy fond design "—  
 Still flies. I call her, but her half-formed name  
 Dies on my faltering tongue ;—I wake, and feel  
 Not e'en one short delusion can be mine.  
 —*Translation of HAYLEY.*

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY IN HER YOUTH.

Beneath this monumental stone enshrined,  
 There lies this world's most noble cynosure,  
 Whom death of sheerest envy did immure,  
 Stealing the life, untimely and unkind ;

According no respect to that refined  
Sweetness of light, which e'en the night obscure  
Turned to clear day, and whose refulgence pure  
The brightness of the sun left far behind.

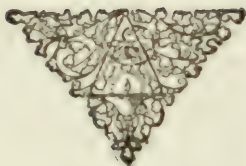
Thou, cruel Death, wast bribèd by the sun.  
To save his beams from hers who brighter burned.  
And by the moon, that faded quite away.

How camest thou such mighty power to own?

And, owning it, why hast so quickly turned

The great light of the world to this cold clay?

—*Translation of AUBERTIN.*







CAMPAN, JEANNE LOUISE HENRIETTE (GENEST), a French teacher, born at Paris, October 6, 1752; died at Mantes, May 16, 1822. She was a sister of Edmond Genest, French ambassador to the United States in 1792; was well educated under her father's care, and at the age of fifteen was appointed reader to the princesses, the daughters of Louis XV. Soon after her marriage she was nominated first lady of the bed-chamber by Marie Antoinette, in whose service she continued until forcibly separated from her in 1792. After the fall of Robespierre she established a school at St. Germain. Napoleon appointed her superintendent of the academy at Ecouen for the education of the daughters and sisters of members of the Legion of Honor. When, at the restoration of the Bourbons, this school was abolished, Madame Campan retired to Mantes, where she spent the remainder of her life. She wrote *Mémoires sur la Vie Privée de Marie Antoinette*; *Journal Anecdotique*; *Correspondence inédite avec la Reine Hortense*; a treatise, *De l'Education des Femmes*, and several small didactic works.

#### ETIQUETTE AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XVI.

Fashion continued its fluctuating progress; and head-dresses, with their superstructure of gauze, flowers, and feathers, became so lofty that the women could not find carriages high enough to admit them; and they were often seen either stooping or holding their heads

out of the windows. Others knelt down, in order to manage these elevated objects of ridicule with less danger. Innumerable caricatures, exhibited in all directions, and some of which artfully gave the features of the Queen, attacked the extravagance of fashion, but with very little effect. It changed only, as is always the case, through the influence of inconstancy and time.

The Queen's toilet was a masterpiece of etiquette; everything was done in a prescribed form. Both the *dame d'honneur* and the *dame d'atours* usually attended and officiated, assisted by the first *femme de chambre* and two ordinary women. The *dame d'atours* put on the petticoat, and handed the gown to the Queen. The *dame d'honneur* poured out the water for her hands, and put on her linen. When a Princess of the royal family happened to be present while the Queen was dressing, the *dame d'honneur* yielded to her the latter act of office, but still did not yield it directly to the Princess of the blood; in such a case the *dame d'honneur* was accustomed to present the linen to the first *femme de chambre*, who, in her turn, handed it to the Princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously as affecting her rights. One winter's day it happened that the Queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her shift; I held it ready unfolded for her; the *dame d'honneur* came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A scratching was heard at the door; it was opened, and in came the Duchesse d'Orléans: her gloves were taken off, and she came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong in the *dame d'honneur* to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the Princess. More scratching. It was Madame the Comtesse de Provence; the Duchesse d'Orléans handed her the linen. All this while the Queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold; Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and, merely laying down her handkerchief without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and in doing so, knocked the Queen's cap off. The Queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not until she had muttered several times, "How disagreeable! how tiresome!"

All this etiquette, however inconvenient, was suitable to the royal dignity, which expects to find servants in all classes of persons, beginning even with the brothers and sisters of the monarch.

Speaking here of etiquette, I do not allude to majestic state, appointed for days of ceremony in all Courts. I mean those minute ceremonies that were pursued toward our Kings in their inmost privacies, in their hours of pleasure, in those of pain, and even during the most revolting of human infirmities. These servile rules were drawn up in a kind of code; they offered to a Richelieu, a La Rochefoucauld, and a Duras, in the exercise of their domestic functions, opportunities of intimacy useful to their interests; and their vanity was flattered by customs which converted the right to give a glass of water, to put on a dress, and to remove a basin, into honorable prerogatives. . . .

This sort of etiquette, which led our Princes to be treated in private as idols, made them in public martyrs to decorum. Marie Antoinette found in the Château of Versailles a multitude of established customs which appeared to her insupportable. . . . One of the customs most disagreeable to the Queen was that of dining every day in public. Maria Leczinska [Queen of Louis XV.] had always submitted to this wearisome practice; Marie Antoinette followed it as long as she was Dauphiness. The Dauphin dined with her, and each branch of the family had its public dinner daily. The ushers suffered all decently dressed people to enter: the sight was the delight of persons from the country. At the dinner-hour there were none to be met upon the stairs but honest folk, who, after having seen the Dauphiness take her soup, went to see the Princes eat their bouilli, and then ran themselves out of breath to behold Mesdames at their dessert.—*Private Life of Marie Antoinette.*

#### MARIE ANTOINETTE IN PRISON.

The royal family occupied a small suit of apartments consisting of four cells formerly belonging to the ancient monastery of the Feuillans. In the first were the men who had accompanied the King: the Prince de

Poix, the Baron d'Aubier, M. de Saint Pardou, equerry to Madame Elizabeth, MM. de Goguelat, de Chantilly, and de Huë. In the second we found the King; he was having his hair dressed; he took two locks of it, and gave one to my sister and one to me. We offered to kiss his hand; he opposed it, and embraced us without saying anything. In the third was the Queen, in bed and in indescribable affliction. We found her accompanied only by a stout woman, who appeared tolerably civil; she was the Keeper of the Apartments. She waited upon the Queen, who as yet had none of her own people about her. Her Majesty stretched out her arms to us, saying, "Come, unfortunate women; come and see one still more unhappy than yourselves, since she has been the cause of all your misfortunes. We are ruined," continued she, "we have arrived at that point to which they have been leading us for three years, through all possible outrages; we shall fall in this dreadful revolution, and many others will perish after us. All have contributed to our downfall; the reformers have urged it like mad people, and others through ambition, for the wildest Jacobin seeks wealth and office, and the mob is eager for plunder. There is not one lover of his country among all this infamous horde. The emigrant party had their intrigues and schemes; foreigners sought to profit by the dissensions of France; every one had a share in our misfortunes."

The Dauphin came in with Madame and the Marquise de Tourzel. On seeing them the Queen said to me, "Poor children! how heart-rending it is, instead of handing down to them so fine an inheritance, to say it ends with us!" She afterward conversed with me about the Tuileries and the persons who had fallen, she condescended also to mention the burning of my house. I looked upon that loss as a mischance which ought not to dwell upon her mind, and I told her so. . . . I asked the Queen what the ambassadors from foreign Powers had done under existing circumstances? She told me that they could do nothing; and that the wife of the English ambassador had just given her a proof of the personal interest she took in her welfare by sending her linen for her son. I in-



formed her that, in the pillaging of my house, all my accounts with her had been thrown into the Carrousel, and that every sheet of my month's expenditure was signed by her, sometimes leaving four or five inches of blank paper above her signature, a circumstance which rendered me very uneasy, from an apprehension that an improper use might be made of those signatures. She desired me to demand admission to the Committee of General Safety, and to make this declaration there. I repaired there instantly and found a deputy with whose name I have never become acquainted. After hearing me he said that he would not receive my deposition; that Marie Antoinette was now nothing more than any other Frenchwoman; and that if any of those detached papers bearing her signature should be misapplied, she would have, at a future period, a right to make a complaint, and to support her declaration by the facts which I had just related. The Queen regretted having sent me, and feared that she had, by her very caution, pointed out a method of fabricating forgeries which might be dangerous to her: then again she exclaimed, "My apprehensions are as absurd as the step I made you take. They need nothing more for our ruin; all has been told."

I still see in imagination, and shall always see, that narrow cell at the Feuillans, hung with green paper, that wretched couch whence the dethroned Queen stretched out her arms to us, saying that our misfortunes, of which she was the cause, increased her own. There, for the last time, I saw the tears, I heard the sobs of her whom high birth, natural endowments, and, above all, goodness of heart, had seemed to destine to adorn any throne, and be the happiness of any people! It is impossible for those who lived with Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette not to be fully convinced, while doing justice to the King's virtues, that if the Queen had been from the moment of her arrival in France the object of the care and affection of a Prince of decision and authority, she would have only added to the glory of his reign.—*Private Life of Marie Antoinette.*





CAMPBELL, ALEXANDER, an American theologian and religious writer, born near Ballymena, County Antrim, Ireland, September 12, 1788 ; died at Bethany, W. Va., March 4, 1866. He was educated at Glasgow University, and in 1809 emigrated to America, following his father, a minister of the Secession church of Ireland, who, two years earlier, had settled in Western Pennsylvania. The theological views of both father and son had changed, and in 1809 they withdrew from the Seceders, and founded a new society, whose sole guide and rule of faith should be the Bible. Of this society, now known as the "Disciples or Christ," or "Campbellites," Alexander was the first minister. The remainder of his life was spent in disseminating his views. He travelled much in the South and Southwest, preaching, and debating in public with his opponents. In 1823 he established a monthly magazine, first entitled *The Christian Baptist*, and afterward *The Millennial Harbinger*, which extended to forty-one volumes and to which Mr. Campbell was a prolific contributor. In 1841 Dr. Campbell founded Bethany College, in Virginia, of which he was for a long time president. He was the author of many works on religious subjects. Among them are *The Christian System, or Christianity Restored* ; *The Christian Preacher's Companion, or Infidelity*

*Refuted by Infidels; Christian Baptism; Popular Lectures and Addresses, and a Life of Thomas Campbell.*

## MEMORY.

Let us not, however, lose ourselves or our subject in the curious labyrinth of fanciful speculations. The palpable fact is before us. The tablet of human memory is neither a tablet of brass, of stone, nor of flesh; it has neither length, breadth, nor thickness; it has neither solidity nor gravity; yet are inscribed on it not only the words of many languages, but the history of nations, their origin, progress, and fall. The actions of their kings and their princes, their heroes and their statesmen, their philosophers and their sages, their orators and their poets—with all their arts of war and of peace—are recorded not only on the same mysterious and unearthly substratum, but are repeated many quadrillions of times, and yet are clearly legible and unambiguous.

The art of reading these monuments and inscriptions of the past is as mysterious and inexplicable as the art of writing upon the same substance and upon the same lines, already written over so unspeakably often, the scenes and the transactions, the thoughts and the emotions, of the present. Who of the prosing materialists, so profoundly read in the secret operations of nature, can explain to us, on their own philosophy, that imponderable, intangible, immeasurable, invisible point, or line, or substance, on which can be written, and from which can be read, so many millions of ideas and impressions? With what curious magnifying microscope shall its dimensions or its location be ascertained? If it be a lonely pilgrim, wandering from organ to organ—having neither sympathy, homopathy nor antipathy in common with flesh, blood, or bones—who can describe its most peculiar personality, or draw out the lineaments of its singular physiognomy, that we may distinguish and honor it with appropriate regards?

It is found in the heart, and yet in no part of it. Its presence or its absence affects not in the least its di-

mensions or its gravity. What a new and sublime chapter in intellectual chemistry will the development of this singular fact afford!—the exposition of the reason why one head in the balance, without a single idea, and destitute of life, will weigh just as much as one of the same dimensions, density and solidity having within it life, and in legible characters, imprinted, a hundred or thousand volumes. Who can survey that curious point, or line, or surface on which may be engraven the history of a world and the experiences of an eternity—itsself, too, subject to impressions from every sense and from everything, real and imaginary, commanded by something called *attention*, and controlled by something called *volition*? Where now the materialist, the skeptic, the atheist? Let them expatiate on matter, solid, fluid, gaseous, aeriform; let them bring their intactible crucibles, their hypothetical laboratories, their imponderable agencies, and distil the quintessence of that substratum on which are legibly inscribed all that is written upon the tomes of an Alexandrian Library; let them demonstrate the peculiar attributes, essential and accidental, that belong to that nameless substance, more durable than marble or brass, and yet of so delicate a texture and so fine a surface as to receive the most gentle touch of the softest pencil in Fancy's palette when portraying upon it the phantoms of some imaginative scene.

I presume not to speculate on a subject so incomprehensible. I only affirm the conviction that a more instructive exemplification of the infinite superiority of mind to all earthly matter, and a more soul-subduing demonstration of the fact that there is a spirit in a man composed of no earthly elements, cannot, in my humble opinion, be afforded, than are deducible from the philosophy of memory, and the art of recollecting or reading off whatever may have been fairly inscribed on it.—*Lectures and Addresses.*



CAMPBELL, GEORGE, a Scottish divine, born at Aberdeen, Christmas day, 1719; died March 31, 1796. His father, the Rev. Colin Campbell, died when George was nine years old, leaving a widow and six children in straitened circumstances. George studied law, but abandoned the legal for the clerical profession, and in 1746 became minister of a parish near Aberdeen. In 1759 he was appointed Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and in 1771 Professor of Divinity there. A year before his death a pension of £300 was granted to him by the Crown. His principal works are: *A Dissertation on Miracles*, being an examination of the principles advanced by Hume (1762); *Philosophy of Rhetoric* (1776); *A Translation of the Four Gospels* (1790), and *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History*, published soon after his death. He also published a number of *Sermons*. Most of his works have been several times reprinted, and a complete edition in six volumes appeared in 1840. Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric* was begun during his early ministerial career, and consists of a series of papers read before the Aberdeen Philosophical Society. His work at once took a high place among works on the subject, which it still maintains. It is as a theologian and scholar, the most



cultivated and acute that the Church of Scotland has produced, that he will be remembered.

#### CHRISTIANITY AND ITS OPPONENTS.

I do not hesitate to affirm that our religion has been indebted to the *attempts*, though not to the *intentions*, of its bitterest enemies. They have tried its strength, indeed ; and, by trying, they have displayed its strength—and that in so clear a light as we could never have hoped, without such a trial, to have viewed it in. Let them, therefore, write ; let them argue ; and, when arguments fail, let them cavil against religion as much as they please. I should be heartily sorry that even in this island, the asylum of liberty, where the spirit of Christianity is better understood (however defective the inhabitants are in the observance of its precepts) than in any other part of the Christian world ; I should, I say, be sorry that in this island so great a disservice should be done to religion as to check its adversaries in any other way than by returning a candid answer to their objections. I must at the same time acknowledge that I am both ashamed and grieved when I observe any friends of religion betray so great a diffidence in the goodness of their cause—for to this diffidence alone can it be imputed—as to show an inclination for recurring to more forcible methods. The assaults of infidels, I may venture to prophesy, will never overturn our religion. They will prove not more hurtful to the Christian system—if it be allowed to compare small things with the greatest—than the boisterous winds are said to prove to the sturdy oak. They shake it impetuously for a time, and loudly threaten its subversion ; whilst, in effect, they only serve to make it strike its roots the deeper, and stand the firmer ever after.—*Dissertation on Miracles.*





CAMPBELL, HELEN (STUART), an American novelist and miscellaneous writer, born in Lockport, N. Y., July 4, 1839. She received her education in the schools of Warren, R. I., and in Bloomfield, N. J. She began writing for newspapers and magazines at a very early age. For several years she studied closely and wrote on the subject of the poor in large cities, and on cooking and general housekeeping from a scientific basis, and with special regard to health. In 1886 she contributed a series of articles to the *New York Tribune* on the *Working Women of New York*, which was subsequently published as *Prisoners of Poverty*. The following year she visited London, Paris, and some of the large cities of Germany and Italy, making observations on the working-women of these cities, the results of which were later embodied in her *Prisoners of Poverty Abroad*. From 1881 to 1884 she was one of the editors of the *Continent*, a Philadelphia weekly paper. Among her published works are *The What-to-do Club* (1885); *Miss Melinda's Opportunity* (1886); *Prisoners of Poverty* (1887); *Prisoners of Poverty Abroad* (1889); *Darkness and Daylight* (1892), and *Dr. Martha Scarborough* (1893); also *Anne Bradstreet*; *The Easiest Way in Housekeeping and in Cooking*; *In Foreign Kitchens*; *American*

*Girls' Home Book of Work and Play; Woman Wage Earners; Under Green Apple Boughs.*

LONG ISLAND VILLAGE.

The people moved in a leisurely, altogether un-American manner, and, as in all fossil communities, each had his own form and distinctive peculiarities. For many years opposition had been the chief business and chief bond of union. Opposition to public schools, to gas, to fire companies, and, last and bitterest of all, to the railroad, slow as the people it hoped to carry, and built in spite of a cold fury of defiance and remonstrance. The fact of its completion brought an influx of city people, who expected to carry everything before them but made as much real progress as waves against a Holland dyke. The village held its own, looking straight over the heads of these audacious foreigners, with their nineteenth-century madness; and the foreigners, in turn, disgusted with the exclusiveness and ancient and fish-like modes of thought of the villagers, ceased the useless struggle to mingle, and were their own society.

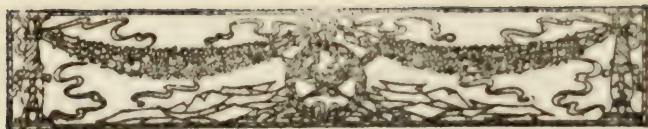
Beyond the village lay farms, the great market gardens for New York, toward which, through the summer and fall, heavily loaded wagons of fresh vegetables plodded nightly, drawn by steady old horses knowing the road so well that their owners could sleep securely two-thirds of the way. Dozens of men who drove to the city two or three times a week had never explored it beyond Washington or Fulton Market, and others, even more conservative, declined to go at all, and dwelling almost within the sound of the great Babel knew no more of it than of the original Babylon, to which it was in their minds the worthy successor. One ambition possessed them all alike: to accumulate money enough to buy a square white house in the village, pass the farm over to their sons, and end their days in those sacred precincts, seen now only on Sundays or in occasional visits to the store, where each man, as he eyed the gossiping circle, anticipated with a sort of solemn joy the time when his heels also should find place on that

counter, and his pipe lend its quota to the blue cloud through which one barely distinguished the smokers.

One degree lower in the scale were the fishermen on the bay, who came inland with clams, oysters, and fish ; gray, barnacle-like men and women, silent and close-mouthed as their own great stand-by, the clam, and not to be ranged under any head past or present. About them, as about the village life and that of the low-roofed farm-houses between, was a suggestion of remote antiquity.

The most stagnant New England community has its strong, vital interests, if in nothing more than the fortunes of the young men and women who leave it to make careers. Here nobody left or wanted to leave. All lived under a spell of established custom and routine. Seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, found them the same, and when the uneventful years had brought them to the eighties or nineties, people went out quietly like a snuffed candle, and were buried without any useless mourning and lamenting.—*Under Green Apple Boughs.*





CAMPBELL, JOHN, LORD, a British lawyer, politician, and biographer, born in Scotland, September 15, 1779; died at London, June 23, 1861. He was the son of a Scottish clergyman, and was destined to the profession of his father, for which he had no inclination, but at the age of nineteen went to London, where he became a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. Meanwhile he studied law, was called to the bar in 1806, and in time secured a large practice. In 1830, through the aid of a relative, he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Stafford, where he took a prominent part in the advocacy of several important measures. Subsequently he represented other constituencies, the last being that of Edinburgh (1834-41). In 1841 he was created a peer, under the title of Baron Campbell of St. Andrews, and was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a position which he held for only sixteen days, when his party went out of power, and he was forced to resign it; but this brief possession entitled him to a retiring pension of £4,000. During the next ten years he had no public duties except to draw his pension, and take his seat in the House of Lords when he was disposed to do so. During this period he wrote the series of legal biographies by which he is to be remembered. These are: *Lives of the Lord Chancellors* (7 vols., 1845-48) and *Lives of the Chief*

*Justices of England* (2 vols., 1849, to which was added a third volume in 1859). These works were extravagantly praised at the time of their appearance; and have subsequently been sharply criticised. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* (9th edition, 1877), after dwelling severely upon their manifold defects, is yet forced to add, "And yet the work is an invaluable repertory of facts, and must endure until it is superseded by something better." In 1850 Lord Campbell was made Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench; and in 1859 received the dignity of Lord Chancellor of Great Britain—the highest honor which can be attained by a member of the legal profession.

#### THE DEATH OF WOLSEY.

For some days he was afflicted with a dysentery, but as soon as he was able to travel he set forward for London, although so much reduced in strength that he could hardly support himself on his mule. When his servants saw him in such a lamentable plight they expressed their pity for him with weeping eyes; but he took them by the hand as he rode, and kindly conversed with them. In the evening of the third day, after dark, he arrived with difficulty at the Abbey of Leicester. The Abbot and monks met him at the gates, with many torches. As he entered he said, "Father Abbot, I am come to lay my weary bones among you." He was immediately carried to his chamber, and put into a bed, from which he never rose. This was on Saturday night, and on Monday he foretold to his servants, "that by eight of the clock next morning they should lose their master, as the time drew near that he must depart out of this world." Next morning, about seven, when he had confessed to a priest, Kingston asked him how he did. "Sir," quoth he, "I tarry but the will and pleasure of God to render my simple soul into his divine hands. If I had served God as diligently as I have done the King,



## JOHN CAMPBELL

He would not have given me over in my gray hairs. Howbeit, this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do him service ; only to satisfy his main pleasure, not regarding my godly duty. . . . Master Kingston, farewell. I can do no more, but wish all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast. I may not tarry with you. And forget not, I pray you, what I have said, and charged you withal, for when I am dead ye shall, peradventure, remember my words much better."

He was then anointed by the Father Abbot, and as the clock struck eight he expired. His body was immediately laid in a coffin, dressed in his pontificals, with mitre, crosses, ring, and pall ; and, lying there all day open and barefaced, was viewed by the Mayor of Leicester and the surrounding gentry, that there might be no suspicion as to the manner of his death. It was then carried into the Lady Chapel, and watched, with many torches, all night ; whilst the monks sung dirges and other devout orisons. At six in the morning mass was celebrated for his soul ; and as they committed the body of the proud Cardinal to its last abode, the words were chanted, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust !" No stone was erected to his memory ; and the spot of his interment is unknown.—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors, Vol. I.*

### FRANCIS BACON AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS PROSPERITY.

In 1620 his worldly prosperity was at its height, and he seemed in the full enjoyment of almost everything that man can desire. He was courted and flattered by all classes of the community. The multitude—dazzled by the splendor of his reputation as a statesman, an orator, a judge, a fine writer, a philosopher—for a time were blind to the faults in his character, and overlooked the evil arts by which he had risen. He was on the best terms both with the King and the Favorite ; and it was generally expected that, like his father, he would keep his office while he lived.

He had a villa at Kew, to which he could retire for a day in seasons of business ; and his vacations he spent at Gorhambury, "in studies, arts, and sciences, to which,

in his own nature, he was most inclined," and in gardening, "the purest of human pleasures." Here, at a cost of £10,000, he erected a private retreat, furnished with every intellectual luxury, to which he repaired when he wished to avoid visitors, except a few choice spirits, whom he occasionally selected as the companions of his retirement and his lucubrations.

From thence, in January, 1621, he was drawn, not unwillingly, to the King's Court at Theobalds; for there he was raised in the Peerage by the title of Viscount St. Albans—his patent being expressed in the most flattering language, particularly celebrating his integrity in the administration of justice; and he was, with great ceremony, according to the custom of the times, invested by the King with his new dignity, Buckingham supporting his robe of state, while his coronet was borne by the Lord Wentworth. In answer to a complimentary address from the King, he delivered a studied oration, enumerating the successive favors he had received from the Crown, and shadowing forth the fresh services he was to render, in his future career, as evidence of his gratitude. In little more than three months from this day he was a prisoner in the Tower—stripped of his office for confessed corruption—and condemned to spend the remainder of his days in disgrace and penury.—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors, Vol. II.*

#### CLARENDON'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.

It is easy to point out faults in the *History of the Rebellion*: its redundancies, its omissions, its inaccuracies, its misrepresentations, its careless style, and its immethodical arrangement. But of all history, contemporary history is the most valuable; and of contemporary histories that is to be preferred which is written by one who took a part in the events related; and of all such contemporary histories, in our own or any other language, this great work is the most to be admired, for graphic narration of facts, for just exposition of motives, and for true and striking delineation of character. We find in it a freshness, a spirit, a raciness, which induce us, in spite of all its imperfections, to lay it down with

regret, and to resume it with new pleasure. With regard to its *sincerity*, which has been so much contested, perhaps the author may be acquitted of wilfully asserting what is false ; but he seems to have considered himself fully justified in suppressing what is true when he thought he could do so for the advantage of his party. Perhaps unconsciously, he makes his history the vehicle for his personal partialities and antipathies ; and what it thus gains in liveliness it certainly loses in authority. There are likewise to be found in the work statements of dates, speeches, and occurrences entirely at variance with the Journals of the two Houses and other authentic records ; and which, being against his party as often as in favor of it, we can only account for by his want of opportunity to consult original papers. His memory failing him, he seems, occasionally, to have filled up the interval with what he deemed probable and characteristic, as if he had been writing an historical romance. With all these abatements, the *History of the Rebellion* was a great accession to English Literature : and it will continue to be read when Hume may be superseded by another compiler, equally lively and engaging, and more painstaking and impartial.—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors, Vol. III.*

#### CHARACTER OF LORD SOMERS.

Unlike Lord Thurlow, and others, who, having contrived to be celebrated in their own age, have been undervalued by posterity, the fame of Somers has gone on increasing from generation to generation, in proportion as his character and public services have been examined, and as the science of government has been better understood. Says Mackintosh : "Lord Somers seems to have nearly realized the perfect model of a wise statesman in a free community. His end was public liberty ; he employed every talent and resource which were necessary for his end, and not prohibited by the rules of morality. His regulating principle was usefulness. His quiet and refined mind rather shrunk from popular applause. He preserved the most intrepid steadiness, with a disposition so mild that his friends

thought its mildness excessive, and his enemies supposed it could be scarcely natural." Lord John Russell observes that "Somers is a bright example of a statesman who could live in times of revolution without rancor, who could hold the highest post in a Court without meanness, and who could unite mildness and charity to his opponents with the firmest attachment to the great principles of liberty, civil and religious, which he had early espoused, long promoted, and never abandoned." And Lord Mahon, in language more impressive than a labored panegyric, referring to Lord Somers, exclaims: "I know not where to find a more upright and unsullied character than his. He had contracted nothing of the venality and baseness of the age."—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors, Vol. IV.*

#### A GLIMPSE OF LORD THURLOW.

With these eyes have I closely beheld the lineaments of Edward, Lord Thurlow; with these ears have I distinctly heard the deep tones of his voice. Thurlow had resigned the Great Seal while I was still a child residing in my native land; but when I had been entered a few days a student at Lincoln's Inn it was rumored that, after a long absence from Parliament, he was to attend in the House of Lords, to express his opinion upon the very important question "whether a divorce bill should be passed on the petition of a wife, in a case where her husband had been guilty of incest with her sister?"—there never hitherto having been an instance of a divorce bill in England except on the petition of a husband for the adultery of a wife.—When I was admitted below the bar, Lord Chancellor Eldon was sitting on the wool-sack; but he excited comparatively little interest, and all eyes were impatiently looking round for him who had occupied it under Lord North, under Lord Rockingham, under Lord Shelburne, and under Mr. Pitt. At last there walked in, supported by a staff, a figure bent with age, dressed in an old-fashioned gray coat, with breeches and gaiters of the same stuff, a brown scratch wig, tremendous white, bushy eyebrows, eyes still sparkling with intelligence, dreadful "crow's

feet " around them, very deep lines in his countenance, and shrivelled complexion of a sallow hue ;—all indicating much greater senility than was to be expected from the date of his birth, as laid down in *The Peerage*. The debate was begun by his Royal Highness, the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., who moved the rejection of the bill, on the ground that marriage had never been dissolved in this country—and never ought to be dissolved—unless for the adultery of the wife ; which alone forever frustrated the purposes for which marriage had been instituted. Lord Thurlow then rose, and the fall of a feather might have been heard in the House while he spoke. At this distance of time I retain the most lively recollection of his appearance, his manner and his reasoning. . . . I never again had an opportunity of making any personal observation of Thurlow ; but this glimpse of him renders his appearance familiar to me, and I can always imagine that I see before me and that I listen to the voice of this great imitator of Gargantua. I must confess, however, that my recent study of his career and his character has considerably lowered him in my estimation ; and I have come to the conclusion that, although he certainly had a very vigorous understanding and no inconsiderable acquirements, he imposed by his assuming manner upon the age in which he lived.—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors, Vol. V.*







CAMPBELL, THOMAS, a British poet, critic, and miscellaneous writer, born at Glasgow, Scotland, July 27, 1777; died at Boulogne, France, June 15, 1844. After graduating at the University of Glasgow, he became for a short time a tutor. Then he went to Edinburgh with the design of studying law; but in the meanwhile he had written his poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*, which was published in 1799, and was received with extraordinary favor. Campbell—now barely twenty-two—assumed literature as his vocation. He made a trip to the Continent, and on December 3, 1800, from a safe position, had a glimpse of a cavalry charge—a mere episode preparatory to the famous battle of Hohenlinden. This chance incident gave occasion to one of Campbell's best-known lyrics, beginning "On Linden, when the sun was low." Campbell returned to Scotland in 1801, having in the meantime written several of the most spirited of his minor poems. In 1803 he took up his residence at Sydenham, near London. He married about this time, and, having no adequate income, fell into pecuniary straits; but in 1805 a Government pension of £200 was granted him. In 1809 he put forth *Gertrude of Wyoming*, his second considerable poem. From 1810 to 1820 he was, at least nominally, the editor of *The New Monthly Magazine*, to which he furnished a few

noble poems, among which are *The Last Man*. In 1819 he put forth *Specimens of the British Poets*, which finally extended to seven octavo volumes, with biographical and critical notices, and an *Essay on English Poetry*, a work which was highly lauded at the time. In 1824 he put forth *Theodoric and other Poems*, which, notwithstanding a few fine lines, may be regarded as a failure. A still more decided failure was his latest considerable poem, *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, put forth only a year before his death. Campbell had by this time fairly broken down under the pressure of some domestic sorrows. His wife had passed away; his eldest son had died in early childhood, and his other son was infirm in body and mind; and his own personal way of life was not a healthful one. Broken in health, physical and mental, he went to Boulogne, hoping to gain recuperation. He died there, and his remains were brought back to England, and laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, with all the honors of a public funeral.

Campbell wrote no little prose during his long literary career. None of this, however, deserves to live. The mere titles of his chief prose works may here be preserved. They are: *Annals of Great Britain* (1806); *Lectures on Poetry* (1820); *Life of Mrs. Siddons* (1834); *Letters from Algiers, etc.*, originally published in *The New Monthly Magazine* (1837); *Life and Times of Petrarch* (1841); *Frederick the Great*, a mere compilation, to which Campbell furnished little more than an Introduction; a work which, however, furnished a kind of text for one of Macaulay's best essays (1842). Campbell's

fame in literature rests upon several short poems, and upon some passages embodied in three or four longer ones.

#### HOPE THE CHARMER OF HUMAN LIFE.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;  
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,  
And every form that Fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion glows divinely there. . . .

Primeval Hope, the Aöonian Muses say,  
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;  
When every form of death and every woe,  
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;  
When Murder bared her arm and rampant War  
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;  
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,  
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again:  
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind—  
But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.

—*The Pleasures of Hope, Part I.*

#### THE INVADERS OF INDIA.

Ye orient realms, where Ganges's waters run!  
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!  
How long your tribes have trembled and obeyed!  
How long was Timour's iron sceptre swayed,  
Whose marshalled hosts, the lions of the plain,  
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,  
Raged o'er your plundered shrines and altars bare,  
With blazing torch and gory cimeter—

Stunned with the cries of death each gentle gale,  
 And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale !  
 Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,  
 When Brama's children perished for his name,  
 The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,  
 And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour !

#### THE BRITISH IN INDIA.

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,  
 And stretched her giant sceptre o'er the main,  
 Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,  
 And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape ;  
 Children of Brama ! then was Mercy nigh  
 To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye ?  
 Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,  
 When freeborn Britons crossed the Indian wave ?  
 Ah, no !—to more than Rome's ambition true,  
 The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you !  
 She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,  
 And in the march of nations led the van !

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,  
 And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,  
 Degenerate trade ! thy minions could despise  
 The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries ;  
 Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,  
 While famished nations died along the shore :  
 Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear  
 The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair ;  
 Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,  
 And barter, with their gold, eternal shame !

#### THE COMING RETRIBUTION.

But hark ! as bowed to earth the Bramin kneels,  
 From Heavenly climes propitious thunder peals !  
 Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,  
 Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,  
 And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,  
 Roll on the azure paths of every wind,  
 "Foes of mankind !" (her guardian spirits say,)
 "Revolving ages bring the bitter day,  
 When heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,  
 And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew ;

Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled  
 His awful presence o'er the alarmed world ;  
 Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,  
 Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ;  
 Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—  
 But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again !  
 He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky  
 With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,  
 Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,  
 Paws the light clouds and gallops on the storm !  
 Wide waves his flickering sword ; his bright arms glow  
 Like summer suns, and light the world below !  
 Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,  
 Are shook ; and Nature rocks beneath his tread !

“ To pour redress on India's injured realm,  
 The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ;  
 To chase destruction from her plundered shore  
 With arts and arms that triumphed once before,  
 The tenth Avatar comes ; at Heaven's command  
 Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand !  
 And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,  
 Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime !—  
 Come, Heavenly Powers ! primeval peace restore !  
 Love—Mercy—Wisdom !—rule for evermore ! ”

*The Pleasures of Hope, Part I.*

#### THE IMMORTALITY OF HOPE.

Unfading Hope ! When life's last embers burn,  
 And soul to soul, and dust to dust return !  
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !  
 Oh ! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power !  
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye ?  
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
 The morning dream of Life's eternal day :—  
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,  
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep-enchanting prelude to repose  
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !  
 Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,  
 It is a dread and awful thing to die !  
 Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun,



Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,  
 From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,  
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears,  
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,  
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !  
 While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,  
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;  
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod  
 The roaring waves, and called upon his God,  
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss.

Daughter of Faith ! awake, arise, illumine  
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;  
 Melt and disperse, ye spectre-doubts that roll  
 Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul !  
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,  
 Chased on his night-steed by the Star of Day !  
 The strife is o'er ; the pangs of Nature close,  
 And Life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.  
 Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
 The noon of Heaven, undazzled by the blaze,  
 On heavenly wings that waft her to the sky,  
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;  
 Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail  
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale  
 When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still  
 Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill. . . .

Oh ! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread ex-  
 panse

One hopeless, dark idolator of Chance,  
 Content to feel, with pleasures unrefined,  
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;  
 Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,  
 In joyless union wedded to the dust  
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,  
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss ? . . .

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,  
 Lights of the world, and demigods of Fame ?  
 Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,  
 Children of Truth, and champions of her cause ?—  
 For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,  
 By shore and sea, each mute and living thing ?

Launched, with Iberia's pilot from the steep,  
 To worlds unknown and isles beyond the deep?  
 Or round the cope her living chariot driven.  
 And wheeled in triumph through the Signs of Heaven?  
 Oh! star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,  
 To waft us home the message of despair?  
 Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,  
 Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit! . . . .

Cease, every joy to glimmer on my mind;  
 But leave, oh leave, the light of Hope behind!  
 What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been,  
 Like angels' visits, few and far between:  
 Her musing mood shall every pang appease,  
 And charm, when pleasures lose the power to please.  
 Yes, let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:  
 Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea,—  
 Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,  
 Chase every care, and charm a little while;  
 Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,  
 And all her strings are harmonized to joy. . . .

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime  
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,  
 Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade:—  
 When all the sister planets have decayed;  
 When, wrapped in fire, the realms of ether glow,  
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,  
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

—*Pleasures of Hope, Part II.*

#### GERTRUDE TO WALDEGRAVE.

Clasp me a little longer on the brink  
 Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;  
 And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,  
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,  
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
 And friend to more than human friendship just.  
 Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,  
 And by the hopes of an immortal trust,  
 God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,  
 The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,  
 Where my dear father took thee to his heart,  
 And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove  
 With thee, as with an angel, through the grove  
 Of peace, imagining her lot was cast  
 In heaven ; for ours was not like earthly love.  
 And must this parting be our very last ?  
 No ! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.  
 Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—  
 And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,  
 If I had lived to smile but on the birth  
 Of one dear pledge ;—but shall there then be none  
 In future times—no gentle little one,  
 To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me ?  
 Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,  
 A sweetness in the cup of death to be,  
 Lord of my bosom's love ! to die beholding thee !  
 —*Gertrude of Wyoming, Part III.*

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England !  
 That guard our native seas ;  
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze !  
 Your glorious standard launch again  
 To match another foe !  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.  
 The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave !—  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And Ocean was their grave :  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
 No towers along the steep ;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
 Her home is on the deep ;  
 With thunders from her native oak,  
 She quells the floods below—  
 As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy winds do blow ;  
 When the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn ;  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,  
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
 The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain ;  
 At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw,  
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;  
 'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way  
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,  
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part  
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn ;  
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay :—  
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

#### A DRINKING SONG.

Drink to her that each loves best,  
 And if you nurse a flame  
 That's told but to her mutual breast,  
 We will not ask her name.

Enough, while Memory, tranced and glad,  
 Paints silently the fair,  
 That each should dream of joys he's had,  
 Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence, be jest or boast  
 From hallowed thoughts so dear :—  
 But drink to her that each loves most,  
 As she would wish to hear.

#### THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
 The Sun himself must die,  
 Before this mortal shall assume  
 Its Immortality !

I saw a vision in my sleep,  
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
 Adown the gulf of Time !  
 I saw the last of human mould,  
 That shall Creation's death behold,  
 As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
 The Earth with age was wan,  
 The skeletons of nations were  
 Around that lonely man !



Some had expired in fight—the brands  
Still rested in their bony hands ;  
    In plague and famine some !  
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;  
And ships were drifting with the dead  
    To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood  
    With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sere leaves from the wood  
    As if a storm passed by,  
Saying, “ We are twins in death, proud Sun,  
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
    ’Tis Mercy bids thee go,  
For thou ten thousand thousand years  
Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
    That shall no longer flow.

“ What though beneath thee man put forth  
    His pomp, his pride, his skill ;  
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,  
    The vassals of his will ;—  
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
Thou dim discrownèd king of day :  
    For all those trophied arts  
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
Healed not a passion or a pang  
    Entailed on human hearts.

“ Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
    Upon the stage of men,  
Nor with thy rising beams recall  
    Life's tragedy again.  
Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
    Of pain anew to writhe ;  
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
    Like grass beneath the scythe.

“ Even I am weary in yon skies  
    To watch thy fading fire ;  
Test of all sumless agonies,  
    Behold not me expire.

My lips that speak thy dirge of death—  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see thou shalt not boast.  
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall—  
The majesty of Darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost !

“ This spirit shall return to Him  
Who gave its heavenly spark ;  
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
When thou thyself art dark !  
No ! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recalled to breath,  
Who captive led captivity,  
Who robbed the grave of Victory—  
And took the sting from Death !

“ Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
On Nature's awful waste  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that men shall taste—  
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
On Earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his Immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God ! ”





CAMPIAN, EDMUND, a renowned English Jesuit and scholar, was born at London, January 25, 1540; died at Tyburn, December 1, 1581. He came of humble parentage, was educated at Oxford University, where he took a degree and became a fellow of St. John's; he was admitted to holy orders in the English Church and was ordained deacon in 1567. His conviction underwent a change shortly afterward, however, and feeling that he could not assent to the Protestant formulary required by the English Church, he resigned his position at Oxford and journeyed to Ireland, where he wrote a history of the country. Having met Allen and others at Douay, he joined the Society of Jesus, or Jesuits. He resided for awhile at Brünn, Vienna, and Prague, teaching philosophy and rhetoric, but was subsequently sent by Gregory XIII., with Father Parsons, on a mission to England. He landed in England in 1580, and immediately began to perform the duties of his mission by making challenges to the Universities and clergy to dispute with him. In July of the next year, he with his companion were seized with two other agents at Lyford in Berks, and confined in the Tower, charged with having excited the populace to rebellion and carrying on a treasonable correspondence with foreign powers. He was tried, found guilty, condemned to

death and executed at Tyburn, with a number of other agents of his order.

He was a man of admitted ability, eloquent as an orator, a subtle reasoner in the field of philosophy, and a diplomat of remarkable ability. His disposition was amiable and he is held in high esteem by all writers, whether of the Protestant or Roman Catholic faith, on account of his acquirements and proficiency.

His principal works include *History of Ireland*, (1571) and *Decem Rationes* (Ten Reasons for denouncing the Protestant and embracing the Catholic Religion), 1581, and translated into English in 1827. A *Life of Campian* was published in 1867, by Richard Simpson.

"QUEENS SHALL BE THY NURSING MOTHERS."

Listen, Elizabeth, mighty queen. The prophet is speaking to thee, is teaching thee thy duty. I tell thee one heaven cannot receive Calvin and these thy ancestors; join thyself, therefore to them, be worthy of thy name, of thy genius, of thy learning, of thy fame, of thy fortune. Thus only do I conspire, thus only will I conspire against thee, whatever becomes of me, who am so often threatened with the gallows as a conspirator against thy life. Hail, thou good cross! The day shall come, Elizabeth, the day that will show thee clearly who loved thee best—the Society of Jesus or the brood of Luther.

—*From Biography by Richard Simpson.*







GEORGE CANNING.



CANNING, GEORGE, a distinguished English statesman and orator, born near London, April 11, 1770; died at London, August 8, 1827. His parents died while he was a mere child; but a wealthy uncle took charge of the boy, and had him educated at Eton and Oxford, where he acquired a splendid reputation for ability. In 1793, at the age of twenty-three, he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Newport. Of his subsequent brilliant political career we can here give only a few dates. In 1807 he was made Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In 1809 a dispute arose between him and his colleague, Lord Castlereagh, the Secretary-at-War, which resulted in a duel, in which neither party was hurt; but both combatants resigned their offices, and for a while Canning kept aloof from general politics. Still his great capacities were recognized. From 1814 to 1816 he was ambassador at Lisbon, and from 1817 to 1820, President of the Board of Control for India. He had already been named as Governor-general of India, when the suicide of Castlereagh opened up new political complications, the result of which was that Canning did not go to India, but remained at home, taking an active part in the stirring events of the succeeding years. The upshot of all was that, early in 1827, Lord Liverpool, who had for fifteen years been the nominal head of the government, broke down physically and mentally.

and Canning was made Premier. It was a thankless post. Those upon whose aid he had counted failed him, and he had to encounter a fierce parliamentary opposition; which told severely upon him. A severe cold brought a sudden close to his life. The British nation accorded to him its highest honors—honors due alike to his grand political career and to his unblemished private life. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the “Statesmen’s Corner,” his grave being close by that of Pitt.

Canning’s name in literature rests mainly upon a few clever squibs contributed in early life to a periodical entitled *The Anti-Jacobin*. These were parodies upon poems by Southey and others. Southey had published a laudatory “Inscription for the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Marten, the regicide, was imprisoned thirty years.” Canning cleverly parodied this by “An Inscription for the door of the Cell in Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg, the ‘Prentice-cide, was confined previous to her execution.”

INSCRIPTION FOR MRS. BROWNRIGG’S CELL.

For one long term, or ere her trial came,  
Here Brownrigg lingered. Often have these cells  
Echoed her blasphemies, as, with shrill voice,  
She screamed for fresh geneva. Not to her  
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,  
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand,  
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went  
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?  
She whipped two female ‘prentices to death,  
And hid them in the coal-hole; for her mind  
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!

Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine  
 Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog  
 The little Spartans ; such as erst chastised  
 Our Milton when at college. For this act  
 Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws ! But time shall come  
 When France shall reign, and laws be all repealed !

Canning projected *The Rovers*, a burlesque drama levelled at *The Robbers* of Schiller and the *Stella* of Goethe. It opens with a soliloquy by Rogero, "a student who has been immured eleven years in a subterraneous vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburg."

## ROGERO'S SONG.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view  
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,  
 I think of those companions true  
 Who studied with me at the U-  
                   niversity of Gottingen—  
                   niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps and pulls out a blue kerchief with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—*]

Sweet kerchief, checqued with heavenly blue,  
 Which once my love sat knotting in !  
 Alas ! Matilda *then* was true !—  
 At least I thought so at the U-  
                   niversity of Gottingen—  
                   niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line, Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.*]

Barbs ! barbs ! alas ! how swift you flew,  
 Her neat post-wagon trotting in !  
 Ye bore Matilda from my view ;  
 Forlorn I languished at the U-  
                   niversity of Gottingen—  
                   niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form ! this pallid hue !  
 This blood my veins is clotting in !  
 My years are many—they were few

When first I entered at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen—  
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew  
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen !  
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-  
tor, Law Professor at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen—  
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,  
That kings and priests are plotting in !  
Here doomed to starve on water-gru-  
el, never shall I see the U-  
niversity of Gottingen—  
niversity of Gottingen.

*[During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison ; and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music continuing to play.]*

#### ON THE DEATH OF HIS ELDEST SON.

Though short thy space, God's unimpeached decrees,  
Which made that shortened span one long disease ;  
Yet merciful in chastening, gave thee scope  
For mild redeeming virtues—faith and hope,  
Meek resignation, pious charity ;  
And since this world was not the world for thee,  
Far from thy path removed with partial care  
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare,  
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,  
And fixed on heaven thine unreverted eye !  
Oh, marked from birth, and nurtured for the skies !  
In youth with more than learning's wisdom wise !  
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure !  
Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure—  
Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,  
Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away !)  
By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed,  
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest !  
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—  
Pour forth a father's sorrow on thy tomb.





CANTÙ, CESARE, an Italian historian, novelist, and poet, born at Brivio, near Milan, December 2, 1805; died March 11, 1895. He was educated at Sondrio, and appointed Professor of belles-lettres there. He afterward went to Como and to Milan. The liberal opinions expressed in his *Reflections on the History of Lombardy*, caused his imprisonment, during which he wrote a historical romance entitled *Margherita Pusterla*. This work, published in 1845, became very popular. Cantù was the author of the following works: *Storia Universale*, 35 vols. (1831-42); *History of Italian Literature* (1851); *History of the Last Hundred Years* (1852); *History of the Italians* (1859); *Milano, Storia del Popolo e pel Popolo* (1871); *Cronisteria della Indipendenza Italiana* (1873); and *Caratteri Storici* (1881). He was also the author of several popular hymns and poems, and of articles in the *Biblioteca Italiana*, and the *Indicatore* of Milan.

#### TRIALS OF MARGHERITA.

Luchino awaited Margherita in a small saloon, seated in an arm-chair adorned with carvings and covered with damask. He had taken off his cuirass, his helmet and all his armor, and with legs crossed, leaned on his left elbow against an arm of the chair, his cheek resting on the back of his hand. Two brilliant eyes sparkled in a face of that masculine beauty shared by all the Visconti, a face on which strength had rendered ineffaceable the wrinkle first imprinted by pride and contempt. Rich

curling hair fell from his uncovered head upon the broad shoulders. He waited with eyes fixed on the door, and a mingled expression of villainous hope and satisfied vengeance in his face.

Margherita appeared before him, dressed in a brown robe, neglected and torn, but in the folds of which as well as in her head-gear were revealed the graceful habits of a refined woman, who, in time past, had drawn a murmur of admiration from every one who saw her. Since that time, how she had changed! Nevertheless, amid the deep traces of suffering, she still appeared far more beautiful than she would have wished to be in order to escape the wicked desires of her persecutor. But what added to her beauty was that aspect of superiority which the face of innocence preserves when—through the not rare combination of circumstances, it is called upon to justify its own virtue in the midst of prevalent iniquity—superiority so sublime that a wise man has pronounced it the most wonderful spectacle in the sight of Heaven.

To a man habituated to crime a new wickedness counts little. Luchino awaited Margherita with the indolent air of the fowler awaiting his prey in the net. Perhaps, learned as he was, there came into his mind the Roman emperor, who caressing his wife, said to her: "Thou pleasest me the more because I think that with a word I could cause thy head to roll at my feet." It is true that he had not planned to use violence toward her. To tell the truth, he had not thought it would be necessary. The corrupt soul believes all others like itself. Seldom, if ever, had Luchino found beauty proof against the flattery of wealth, vanity, or power. How could he, then, believe that she would be so to whom past sufferings should have made clear that on him depended all her future; that a sign from him could reduce her to misery or raise her to surpass her equals at court—more than that, could restore to her her husband and her son. . . . Hence he saluted her courteously, and said:

"In how different a state do I see you again, lady."

"In that state," replied Margherita, "to which your Highness has been pleased to reduce me."

"Look!" cried Luchino, raising his head, and striking his palm on the arm of his chair. "Look! at the very first moment a proud, disdainful word! The prisons, then, have not abated your pride! Why not rather acknowledge your error? Why not say, 'I am in that state to which my follies have brought me—mine and those of others?'"

"Prince," replied the lady, with touching dignity, "I beg you to remember that I am not yet judged, and that the court of justice will show that, in order to injure me, faults of which I am ignorant have been attributed to me. For the rest, the assurance in my face ought to attest my innocence."

He smiled with the cold and cruel pride which ribald power feels at the name of virtue, and rejoined: "That assurance is the sign also of the robber, guilty of the blood of many. I have never seen a rebel who did not at first show, in every action, innocence that disappeared at the trial. They must be very strong reasons which would move me to bring hither a person whom *you* know whether I esteem—whether I love;" and, rising, he advanced toward her with an air of insolent familiarity. She retreated backward, silent and sighing. . . . "But you," continued Luchino, "how do you respond to the proofs of my affection? With ostentatious pride, wearisome contempt and derision, and afterward—easy transition—with conspiracy and treason. Who are you to hope to stand against your master? Miserable creature! he blows upon you, and you are dust!"

Thus, now gentle, now severe, he approached her from all sides, probing her spirit, and she, always noble, did not confute his arguments, and let his anger exhale. She was right, and he begged her pardon whilst he reviled her. He spoke of love, and when he persisted she said:

"But, prince, if it is true that you care for me, why not listen to my prayer, the first, and perhaps the last, that I shall make to you? Save my husband! save my son!" And, throwing herself at his feet, she embraced his knees, repeating, with all the eloquence of innocent and unhappy beauty, "Save them!"

"Yes," replied he : "it rests with you. A little less pride on your part, and I will restore them to you."

The fear that her dear ones had already fallen victims to their enemy had always tormented the poor woman. I do not know whether she had artfully uttered this prayer in order to learn the truth ; but the reply assured her that they were alive. With an exulting heart, whose joy she could not conceal, she exclaimed :

"Then they live ! O prince, O lord, restore them to me ! they are innocent ; I alone am guilty : punish me—me ; not them. O master, I beseech you with the fervor with which, at the point of death, you will ask God to pardon you. Pray grant me to see them once, only once ; then torture me as you please."

He had come to torment her, and, against his will, he had consoled her. He had reckoned upon disheartening her, and, without perceiving it, he had been the means of raising her spirit—of exalting her. Luchino was not a little disquieted by this, and, as often happens to him who receives an unexpected check, he became more confused when he endeavored to disentangle himself, and lost his habitual coolness. Wishing to make a merit of his involuntary revelation, and trying to snatch away the hope wherewith she had let herself be flattered, he replied :

"Doubt not that you shall see them. Oh, you shall see them, and you shall be sorry for it. Wherever they have fled, I shall not be slow to catch them. And then—and then——"

"Fled ! have they then fled ?" exclaimed the woman, almost beside herself with joy, "Then they are not in your power, not in your power, and alive ! Oh, joy !" She sprang up, raised her hands to heaven, her tearful face shining with ineffable content. "Great God !" she cried, "I thank thee, I thank thee ! I complained that Thou hadst forgotten me in the depths of my misery, and it was not so ; Thou hadst not abandoned me ! What are sufferings to me now ? O prince, I will grieve no more, I will suffer what pains you will. I will hold my peace though you double, though you refine, my torments. If they are safe, I care not for my life !"

With her joy increased the fury of the tyrant, piqued



at having revealed a thing of which he had not supposed her ignorant ; at seeing himself exposed and taunted with injustice. . . . Now he redoubled his threats, now he sought to turn her perturbation to account for his unworthy designs ; but if at the first she had withstood flattery and fear, now that she thought her dear ones alive and free she felt herself secure from his wrath since those for whom she trembled were secure. . . .

"Tremble ! you know not how far my vengeance can reach," were the last words which he shrieked in his anger, while she, with upraised eyes beaming with spotless serenity, the light of heaven on the face of virtue saved from peril, thanked God and took the way to her prison.

Luchino, fuming, stamping, grinding his teeth and biting his finger, strode up and down the apartment ; then resumed his armor and went out, taciturn, agitated. . . . No need to say that a good part of the severe orders of that day were directed against Margherita. Not only did he prohibit her daily nourishing food, but he cast her into a worse and deeper prison than before. The jailer, miserable being, pleased openly to ill-treat the persons consigned to him, as he saw the food carried away which had been a welcome sacrifice to his gluttony, became beyond measure severe, as if to revenge himself on her who had forfeited a favor profitable to him alone. Whereas at first his venal soul had descended to some courtesy, in words and manner at least, he now endeavored to render the vengeance of his master still more insupportable by disrespectful actions and low jests.

The prison to which she had been removed was situated within the tower of the Roman gate. It was a prison fitting for the times in which were constructed the Zilie of Padua, by Ezzolino, and the Forni of Monza, by Galeazzo, into which the condemned were let down through a hole in the ceiling, and were deposited upon a rough, convex pavement, in so cramped a situation that they could neither stand upright nor lie at full length. . . . In her cell Margherita could take three or four steps : the only light was the stunted gleam from a high window, looking out on a garden in the court-yard, in such



a manner that on rainy days the dampness trickled down from it, and covered the walls with saltpetre.

The winter days had passed. It was now the beginning of May, when the warm airs set astir the life of the fields, and infuse an ineffable joy into animals and men. From her former chamber Margherita had cheered her sight with the greenness of the fields, the swelling buds of the trees and the opening leaves on their highest branches. With the love and satisfaction that only prisoners know, she had observed and measured, day by day, the growth, the dilation, the deeper green : she had felt the fertilizing zephyrs blowing upon her face, had heard the garrulous flocks of birds renewing their songs and their loves under the soft beams of the sun.

. . . But here, nothing of all this : no more roaming through the distance, over the immense country, far, far toward the west, no rest upon the mountains, scarcely distinct from the horizon. Here not one plant, not one grassy clod, not the sight of one human form to which her fancy might turn ; no power to gaze on the melancholy splendors of the moon ; nothing but darkness, stench, and the silence of the desert. And now Margherita's tears flowed more freely, less painfully.

At her first entrance into that dungeon she had thrown herself on her knees to thank the Virgin. She had preserved her honor, and she had learned that life-giving news. How it mitigated her sufferings ! How fancy smiled ! The imagination of the prisoner loved to wander afar, and stay itself upon what might happen after many years, rather than to dwell upon her present cruel situation. In thought and hope she dwelt upon the day when, with husband and son, she would return free to the city ; and bathed herself, so to speak, in the waves of light which the sun pours upon the earth of Lombardy. She saw again the shores of Lake Maggiore, full of youthful memories of an age most joyful because most careless. She saw herself growing old in her own house, her age filled with sweetness by a son worthy of all her love, and with him grandsons who should be born from him to repeat in peace the journey of life. Dreaming of this, she thanked God, and already seemed to be with her Francisco, her Veturino. . . .

In the morning, when a tardy ray of light fell across the bars of her prison, with her first thought she flew to her beloved ones who rejoiced in the full beams of the sun ; a thousand times during the monotonous days she thought of them, but chiefly at the close of the day—that hour burdened with the sighs of the exile, the solitary, all those who suffer. She knew they were free ; she followed in their track—where—with whom ? She could not divine, but it was where the tyranny of the Visconte could not overtake them. Over what a vast expanse did the fancy of the sufferer rove ! The thoughts soothed her through the day, they were reproduced even in sleep, and gladdened her slumber. She still suffered ; nevertheless from time to time a tranquil ray brightened the gloom, so that at length she might be called happy. More than once Macaruffo came listening at the entrance to the prison, wishing, perhaps, to hear murmuring and railing : instead of that he heard her singing, with a voice soft and sweet as a flute sounding from afar through the silence of the night—singing the litany—imploring the Mother of Sorrows to pray for her. . . . One day, just at the edge of night, her song was interrupted by a louder tramping than usual in the courtyard, the sound of derisive laughter, and of insults, among which were distinguished softer lamentations than are usually heard among prisoners, making a discord among the sharper voices which could only be heard by an ear accustomed to listen. The troubled heart is always open to fear. With the anxiety of a dove which sees the cuckoo fix its eyes upon her nest, Margherita sprang to the dungeon window, with her delicate hands caught the great bars, directed her gaze toward that confused crowd, and saw a child with disordered blond hair hanging over his eyes, who struggled, shrieking, in the arms of the soldiers, and cried “Father, father !” to another, who, all in chains and with downcast face, followed him. Margherita shrieked like one struck to the heart, and fell fainting to the pavement. Her eyes, her ears, although at a distance, and by an uncertain light, had recognized in those two unhappy ones her Francisco, her Veturino.

—*Margherita Pusterla.*



CAPEL, THOMAS JOHN, MONSIGNOR, an English Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, born at Hastings, October 28, 1836. He was educated under private tutors at Oxford, and was ordained priest by Cardinal Wiseman in 1860. Soon after his ordination the state of his health obliged him to go to a warmer climate. He took up his residence at Pau, in Southern France, where he established an English Catholic Mission, of which he became chaplain. While here engaged in the work of "conversion," he was named private chamberlain to Pope Pius IX., and in 1873, after his return to England, was made domestic prelate. In England he acquired great celebrity as a preacher, especially as a defender of the doctrines of his Church. In 1873 he established the Catholic Public School at Kensington, and in the following year was appointed Rector of the College of Higher Studies at Kensington, which was the nucleus of the Catholic English University, a position which he held until 1878. Upon several occasions he visited Rome, where, by the express command of the Pope, he delivered courses of sermons in English. In 1874 he published *A Reply to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone's Political Expostulation*, in consequence of which he became involved in a sharp newspaper controversy with Canon Liddon. In 1884-85 Monsignor Capel

made an extended visit to the United States, and put forth a little volume entitled, "*Catholic : an Essential and Exclusive Attribute of the True Church*," from which the following passages are taken :

#### THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE VISIBLE CHURCH.

It is plain that the promise [of the coming of the Paraclete] refers to a *new* office which would be super-added to that which the Holy Ghost already holds. He was the Inspirer of the Prophets. He is the Sanctifier of Men. But the promise declares him to be from that time and forever the Vivifier of the Body of Christ. The promise thus made was fulfilled ten days after the Ascension : "Suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them cloven tongues as it were of fire ; and it sat upon each of them, and they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak."—So was born the Church of the Living God : Pentecost Day is her birthday. Her organization was conceived and fashioned by *divine* wisdom ; She received a *divine* life ; She has to fulfil a *divine* mission ; She is possessed of *divine* power ; She is the appointed guardian of the *divine* revelation. From that moment, and henceforth to the consummation of ages, is this Human Divine Society to have a continuous life in this world. No power of earth or hell can destroy it, for Jesus is its invisible Head, the Holy Spirit its invisible and active principle of life, and God's power is pledged that "against it the gates of hell shall not prevail." Indestructible, because of the divine element within, yet composed of human beings without, it bears outwardly the manifestations of man's weakness. In the outward visible body of the Church the good and the bad will ever be commingled till the harvest-time come. But this destroys not her divine life no more than sickly or delicate flesh destroys the life of the human being. In the language of Origen we affirm that "the sacred Scriptures assert the whole



Church to be the Body of Christ, endowed with life by the Son of God. Of this Body, which is to be regarded as a whole, the members are individual believers. For, as the soul gives life and motion to the body, which of itself could have no living motion, so the Word, giving a right motion and energy, moves the whole Body, the Church, and each one of its members." On Pentecost night this Visible Human Divine Society, having perfect organization, was commensurate with Christianity. None other save itself has the doctrine of Christ; it alone was the duly appointed Organ for teaching Revelation to man, and for dispensing the Mysteries of God. This is the Kingdom of Christ, the City seated on a Mountain, the Pillar and Ground of Truth, the Temple and Church of the Living God, the Bride of the Lamb.

#### THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCH.

The law of her growth is fixed by God. It is by incorporation, not by accretion. Of the food taken by the human body are blood, bone, and tissue made; these by assimilation expand or augment the already existing members. So the Mystic Body of Christ absorbs by holy baptism the souls of men, receiving them by ones or in numbers. But these additions increase without altering the organization; they are assimilated to the Body of the Church. Thus is preserved the *identity* of her being, although the individuals composing the visible body are ever varying by death and by spiritual birth. As truly as man—notwithstanding the varying change of the particles of his body—is able to say *Ego* every day of his life, so, too, can the Church, the Spouse of Christ, speak of her unchanging quasi-personality.

#### GROWTH OF THE MINISTRY OF THE CHURCH.

With the growth of her disciples, there was necessarily a growth of her ministers—the *ecclesia docens*; but here again it is by a fixed law. As the Father sent the Son to preach the Gospel, so did the Son send the Apostles. They, in turn, sent others—bishops, priests, and deacons—commissioned with the same divine authority, to



preach and fulfil the Ministry. . . . Knowing that they were possessed of this divine authority, in virtue of which Christ had said, "He that heareth you heareth me; he that despiseth you despiseth me," the pastors were able to speak as men having authority, and to exact subjection to their teachings and government in things spiritual. Their Master's words were ever in their minds: "Whoever shall not hear you or receive your words, when you depart out of that city, shake off the dust from your feet; verily, I say unto you it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city." Hence could St. Paul say: "Remember your Prelates and be subject to them, for they watch as being to render an account of your souls."

#### ORDERS AND JURISDICTION IN THE CHURCH.

"The 'imposition of hands' is the sacrament of Orders; and, common with the other sacraments, its effect is conferred direct by God. But the 'Commission,' or 'being sent,' is derived direct from the Apostles. It specifies when, how, and where the divine authority is to be exercised by the individual pastor. . . . These two powers are distinguished as the power of Order, and the power of Jurisdiction. Both are of God. The one comes direct through the Sacrament of Orders; the other indirectly from God, through the Church by appointment. The power of Jurisdiction is not necessarily attached to Orders; though for some acts—such as absolution from sin—both are necessary. . . . The power of Order gives capacity; the power of Jurisdiction permits the use of the authority. The dispenser of the power of Order is but an instrument; the grantor of the power of Jurisdiction exercises authority and dominion. The first—coming directly from Christ—is abiding, unchangeable, and is conferred in equal measure on each priest and bishop. The second—coming not immediately, but through the Church from Christ to individuals—is conferred in varying proportions, as may be deemed expedient for the good of souls. . . .

## THE UNITY AND PERPETUITY OF THE CHURCH.

Such, then, is the nature, the constitution, the principle of life, and the law of growth of that Body of Christ divinely appointed to be the sole Guardian and Teacher of the Christian Revelation. A living Divine Organism whose unity is to be the criterion of the mission of Jesus, and a visible mark whereby his disciples may be known. . . . Fashioned during our Lord's public life, as to its external organization ; born, with its divine internal principle of life, on Pentecost Day ; this Church is ever to live, sitting in the midst of the nations, day by day instructing and training souls in the way of salvation. So is her Life to be *indefectible*, her Voice *infallible*, and her Presence *visible*.





CARDUCCI, GIOSUÈ, an Italian poet, was born at Baldicastello, Tuscany, July 27, 1836. The son of a physician, he spent his youth in study; and was appointed to a professorship in the University of Pisa at the age of twenty-five. In 1861 he became professor of Italian literature at the University of Bologna. From this he was suspended for a short time in 1867 for having, as a Republican, signed an address to Mazzini. In 1876 he was elected to parliament for Lugo di Romagna. His *Juvenilia* and *Levia Gravia*, written in early life in imitation of Alfieri and Manzoni, gave little indication of the fire and force of expression which began to be seen in the later political poems of the *Decennalia*, and which were fully revealed in the *Nuove Poesie*. These latter are remarkable for sustained power and dignity of language, and for nobility of thought. His *Odi Barbare* excited the most enthusiastic admiration of his countrymen, who generally regard him as the foremost of contemporary Italian poets. Among the numerous literary works of Carducci have been *Il Poliziano*, a review founded in 1858 with some youthful fellow-poets; a series of criticisms entitled *Studii Letterarii* (1874) and *Bozzetti Critici e Discorsi Letterarii* (1875); critical editions of Ariosto's *Poesie Latine* (1875) and Petrarch's *Rime* (1879); and a collection of the popular songs of the Middle Ages.

## CLASSIC PAGANISM.

As I studied the revolutionary movement in history and literature, gradually there manifested itself in my mind, not an innovation, but an explanation, which surprised and comforted me. How content was I with myself (forgive the word!) when I perceived that my obstinate classicism had been a just aversion to the literary and philosophic reaction of 1815; when I was able to justify it by the doctrines and the examples of so many illustrious artists and thinkers; when I found that my sins of paganism had been already committed—but in how far more splendid a guise!—by many of the noblest minds and souls in Europe; and that this paganism, this worship of form, was in fact nothing else than the love of glorious nature, from which the solitary Semitic abstraction had so long and so ferociously divorced the spirit of man!

—*Translated from the Preface to His Poems.*

## PERUGIA.

Hail, human creatures, weary and oppressed!  
 Nothing is lost, nothing can perish wholly.  
 Too long we've hated. Love alone is blessed.  
 Love; for the world is fair, the future holy.

Who shines upon the summit with a face  
 Bright as Aurora's, in the morning ray?  
 Once more along these mountains' rosy trace  
 Do meek Madonnas' footsteps deign to stray?

Madonnas such as Perugino saw  
 In the pure sunset of an April sky  
 Stretch wide above the Babe, in gentle awe,  
 Adoring arms, with sweet divinity?

No; 'tis another goddess! From her brow  
 Justice and mercy shed effulgent splendor.  
 Blessings on him who lives to serve her now!  
 Blessings on him who perished to defend her!

—*Translated from Il Canto dell' Amore.*



CAREW, THOMAS, an English poet, was born about 1598; and died, probably at London, about 1639. He was a younger son of Sir Matthew Carew; but of his early life little is known, for he seems to have fallen into dissipated habits. He entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford, but did not graduate; and in 1613 his father, writing to a friend, complains that while one of his sons is roving after hounds and hawks, the other is doing little at his work. Thomas became secretary to Sir Dudley Carleton about this time, and appears to have gone with him on his embassy to Venice and Turin, returning in 1615 to London. He went in the same capacity to the Continent once more; but suddenly returned in a fit of irritation. Again we find his father describing him as wandering idly about without employment; but in 1619 he went with Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the French court. He afterward obtained some post at the British court; and beyond this little is known of his life. He is said to have stood high in the favor of Charles I., who had a high opinion of his wit and abilities. Carew was associated more or less closely with almost all the eminent literary men of his time. Some of Sir John Suckling's poems are addressed to him, and are by no means creditable to either. Carew's longest performance was *Cælum Britannicum*, a  
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masque performed at Whitehall in 1633; his other poems are chiefly songs and society verses, composed, it is said, with great difficulty, but melodious and highly polished, though characterized by the conceits and affectations of his time. Four editions of his works were printed between 1640 and 1671; a fifth in 1772; and four have been published during the present century, by far the most complete and elaborate being that of W. C. Hazlitt, published in quarto in 1870. Bolton Corney, writing to *Notes and Queries* in 1868, says: "The biographic information of Carew is very scanty. Ellis asserts that his death *certainly* happened in 1634; Ritson, with more probability, assigns the event to 1639. In 1638 he resided in King Street, Westminster—*much out of health*. I can trace him no further. I doubt his claim to the authorship of the *Masque*."

## DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,  
 Or a coral lip admires:  
 Or from starlike eyes doth seek  
 Fuel to maintain his fires:  
 As old time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires;  
 Hearts with equal love combined;  
 Kindle never-dying fires.  
 Where these are not, I despise  
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win  
 My resolved heart to return;  
 I have searched thy soul within,  
 And find nought but pride and scorn;

I have learned thy arts, and now  
Can disdain as much as thou.  
Some power, in my revenge, convey  
That love to her I cast away.

## RED AND WHITE ROSES.

Read in these roses the sad story  
Of my hard fate and your own glory ;  
In the white you may discover  
The paleness of a fainting lover ;  
In the red, the flames still feeding  
On my heart with fresh love bleeding.  
The white will tell you how I languish,  
And the red express my anguish :  
The white my innocence displaying,  
The red my martyrdom betraying.  
The frowns that on your brow resided,  
Have these roses thus divided ;  
Oh ! let your smiles but clear the weather,  
And then they both shall grow together.

## EPITAPH.

The purest soul that e'er was sent  
Into a clayey tenement  
Inform'd this dust ; but the weak mould  
Could the great guest no longer hold ;  
The substance was too pure ; the flame  
Too glorious that thither came :  
Ten thousand Cupids brought along  
A grace on each wing, that did throng  
For place there till they all oppress'd  
The seat in which they sought to rest ;  
So the fair model broke, for want  
Of room to lodge th' inhabitant.

## THE SPRING.

Now that the winter's gone, the Earth hath lost  
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost  
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream  
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream :  
But the warm Sun thaws the benumbed Earth  
And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth

To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree  
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.  
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring ;  
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring  
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,  
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.  
Now all things smile : only my love doth low'r  
Nor hath the scalding noon-day Sun the pow'r  
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold  
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.  
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly  
Into the stall, doth now securely lie  
In open fields : and love no more is made  
By the fireside ; but in the cooler shade  
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep  
Under a sycamore, and all things keep  
Time with the season ; only she doth carry  
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

## ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,  
When June is past, the fading rose ;  
For in your beauties, orient deep  
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray  
The golden atoms of the day ;  
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare  
These powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste  
The Nightingale, when May is past ;  
For in your sweet, dividing throat  
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light,  
That downward fall at dead of night,  
For in your eyes they sit, and there  
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west,  
The phoenix builds her spicy nest ;  
For unto you at last she flies,  
And in your fragrant bosom dies.



CAREY, HENRY CHARLES, an American political economist, born at Philadelphia, Pa., December 15, 1793; died there, October 13, 1879. He was the son of Matthew Carey, whom he succeeded in the publishing business in 1821 as the head of the firm of Carey & Lea. His first work was an essay on *The Rate of Wages*, published in 1836. *The Principles of Political Economy* appeared in 1837-40. Among his other works are *The Credit System of France, Great Britain, and the United States* (1838); *The Past, the Present, and the Future* (1848); *The Harmony of Interests, Agricultural, Manufacturing and Commercial* (1851); *Letters on the International Copyright, Letters on the Currency, and Letters on the Slave-Trade* (1853); *Principles of Social Science* (1858); *Review of the Decade 1857-67* (1867); *The Unity of Law* (1873). Mr. Carey was an original and vigorous thinker, and his writings have been translated into several European languages. He is recognized as the founder of a new school of political economy which substitutes for the "dismal science" of Malthus and Ricardo a philosophy of physical, social, and political progress.

#### THE FIRST CULTIVATOR.

The first cultivator, the Robinson Crusoe of his day, provided, however, with a wife, has neither axe nor spade. He works alone. Population being small, land

is, of course, abundant, and he may select for himself, fearless of any question of his title. He is surrounded by soils possessed in the highest degree of qualities fitting them for yielding large returns to labor, but they are covered with immense trees that he cannot fell, or they are swamps that he cannot drain. To pass through them, even, is a work of serious labor, the first being a mass of roots, stumps, decaying logs, and shrubs, while into the other he sinks knee-deep at every step. The atmosphere, too, is impure, as fogs settle upon the lowlands, and the dense foliage of the wood prevents the circulation of the air. He has no axe, but had he one he would not venture there, for to do so would be attended with risk of health and almost certain loss of life. Vegetation, too, is so luxuriant that before he could, with the imperfect machinery at his command, clear a single acre, a portion of it would be again so overgrown that he would have to recommence his Sisyphean labor. The higher lands, comparatively bare of timber, are little fitted for yielding a return to his exertions. There are, however, places on the hill where the thinness of the soil has prevented the growth of trees and shrubs, or there are spaces among the trees that can be cultivated while they still remain; and when pulling up by the roots the few shrubs scattered over the surface, he is alarmed by no apprehension of their speedy reproduction. With his hands he may even succeed in barking the trees, or, by the aid of fire he may so far destroy them that time alone will be required for giving him a few cleared acres, upon which to sow his seed with little fear of weeds. To attempt these things upon the richer lands would be a loss of labor. In some places the ground is always wet, while in others the trees are too large to be seriously injured by fire, and its only effect would be to stimulate the growth of weeds and brush. He therefore commences the work of cultivation on the higher grounds, where, making with his stick holes in the light soil that drains itself, he drops the grain an inch or two below the surface, and in due season obtains a return of twice his seed. Pounding this between stones, he obtains bread, and his condition is improved. He has succeeded in making



the earth labor for him while himself engaged in trapping birds or rabbits, or in gathering fruits.

Later, he succeeds in sharpening a stone, and thus obtains a hatchet, by aid of which he is enabled to proceed more rapidly in girdling the trees, and in removing the sprouts and their roots—a very slow and laborious operation, nevertheless. In process of time, he is seen bringing into activity a new soil, one whose food-producing powers were less obvious to sight than those at first attempted. Finding an ore of copper, he succeeds in burning it, and is thus enabled to obtain a better axe, with far less labor than had been required for the inferior one he has thus far used. He obtains, also, something like a spade, and can make holes four inches deep with less labor than, with his stick, he could make those of two. Penetrating to a lower soil, and being enabled to stir the earth and loosen it, the rain is now absorbed where before it had run off from the hard surface, and the new soil thus obtained proves to be far better, and more easily wrought, than that upon which his labor has heretofore been wasted. His seed, better protected, is less liable to be frozen out in winter, or parched in summer, and he now gathers thrice the quantity sown.

At the next step we find him bringing into action another new soil. He has found that which, on burning, yields him tin, and by combining this with his copper he has brass, giving him better machinery, and enabling him to proceed more rapidly. While sinking deeper into the land first occupied, he is enabled to clear other lands upon which vegetation grows more luxuriantly, because he can now exterminate the shrubs with some hope of occupying the land before they are replaced with others equally useless for his purposes. His children have grown, and they can weed the ground, and otherwise assist him in removing the obstacles by which his progress is impeded. He now profits by association and combination of action, as before he had profited by the power he had obtained over the various natural forces he had reduced into service.

Next, we find him burning a piece of the iron soil which surrounds him in all directions, and now he ob-

tains a real axe and spade, inferior in quality, but still much superior to those by which his labor has been thus far aided. With the help of his sons, grown to man's estate, he now removes the light pine of the hillside, leaving still untouched, however, the heavier timber of the river bottom. His cultivable ground is increased in extent, while he is enabled, with his spade, to penetrate still deeper than before, thus bringing into action the powers of the soils more distant from the surface. He finds, with great pleasure, that the light sand is underlaid with clay, and that by combining the two he obtains a new one far more productive than he first had used. He remarks, too, that by turning the surface down the process of decomposition is facilitated, and each addition to his knowledge increases the return to his exertions. With further increase of his family, he has obtained the important advantage of increased combination of action. Things that were needed to be done to render his land more rapidly productive, but which were to himself impracticable, become simple and easy when now attempted by his numerous sons and grandsons, each of whom obtains far more food than he alone could at first command, and in return for far less severe exertion. They next extend their operations downward, toward the low grounds of the stream, girdling the large trees, and burning the brush—and thus facilitating the passage of air so as to fit the land, by degrees, for occupation.

With increase of numbers there is now increased power of association, manifested by increased division of employments, and attended with augmented power to command the service of the great natural agents provided for their use. One portion of the little community now performs all the labors of the field, while another gives itself to the further development of the mineral wealth by which it is everywhere surrounded. They invent a hoe, by means of which the children are enabled to free the ground from weeds, and to tear up some of the roots by which the best lands—those last brought under cultivation—are yet infested. They have succeeded in taming the ox, but, as yet, have had little occasion for his services. They now invent the plough,

and, by means of a piece of twisted hide, are enabled to attach the ox, by whose help they turn up a deeper soil while extending cultivation over more distant land. The community grows, and with it grows the wealth of the individuals of which it is composed, enabling them from year to year to obtain better machinery, and to reduce to cultivation more and better lands.—*The Principles of Social Science.*

CAREY, MATTHEW, an Irish-American bookseller and political economist, born in Dublin, January 28, 1760; died in Philadelphia, Pa., September 16, 1839. At seventeen he published an *Address to the Irish Catholics*, on account of which he was forced to take refuge in France. Returning to Ireland, he set up, in 1783, a newspaper, *The Volunteer's Journal*. In consequence of articles published in this paper, attacking Parliament and the Ministry, he was arraigned before the House of Commons and committed to Newgate until the dissolution of Parliament. Having been liberated, he sailed for America, arriving at Philadelphia in November, 1784. Two months afterward he started *The Pennsylvania Herald*, the first newspaper in America which furnished accurate reports of legislative debates, the reports being written by himself. In 1787 he established *The American Museum*, a monthly periodical intended "to preserve the valuable fugitive essays that appear in the newspapers." This magazine was continued for six years, and, says Mr. Duyckinck, "the volumes contain a greater mass of interest-

ing and valuable literary and historical matter than is to be found in any other of our early American magazines." Soon after the discontinuance of *The Museum* Mr. Carey commenced business as a bookseller upon a very small scale, his stock in trade consisting mainly of spelling-books. This enterprise was very successful, and grew into one of the largest publishing establishments in the country.

Matthew Carey was, during the remainder of his long life, prominent in the social and benevolent movements of his time, and took an active part in discussions upon economic and political questions. His writings were numerous. Prominent among them is *The Olive Branch, or, Faults on Both Sides, Federal and Democratic* (1814). This work was designed to harmonize the antagonistic parties of the country, pending the war with Great Britain; it passed through ten editions in four years, and is still regarded as a high authority in regard to the political history of the period. In 1819 he published the *Vindiciæ Hibernicæ*, a refutation of the charges brought against the Irish of outrages alleged to have been committed during the rebellion of 1641. In 1820 he put forth *The New Olive Branch*, in which he endeavored to show how harmonious were the real interests of the various portions of society. In 1822 he published a volume of *Essays on Political Economy*, which was followed during the next ten years by some fifty pamphlets, containing in all more than two thousand pages; the leading design of all being to show that the "protective system"



was essential to the welfare of the country. In 1833-34 he published in the *New England Magazine* an *Autobiography*, in a series of somewhat desultory papers.

#### THE DESIGN OF THE OLIVE BRANCH.

The plan of this work requires some short explanation. I believe the country to be in imminent danger of convulsion, whereof the human mind cannot calculate the consequences. The nation is divided into two hostile parties, whose animosity towards each other is daily increased by inflammatory publications. Each charges the other with the guilt of having produced the present alarming state of affairs. In private life, when two individuals quarrel, and each believes the other wholly in the wrong, a reconciliation is hardly practicable. But when they can be convinced that the errors are mutual—as is almost universally the case—they open their ears to the voice of reason, and are willing to meet each other half-way.

A maxim sound in private affairs is rarely unsound in public life. While a violent Federalist believes all the evils of the present state of things have arisen from the guilt of the Administration nothing less will satisfy him than hurling Mr. Madison from the seat of government and “sending him to Elba.” While, on the other hand, a violent Democrat persuades himself that all our dangers have arisen from the difficulties and embarrassments constantly and steadily thrown in the way of the Administration by the Federalists, he is utterly averse to any compromise. Each looks down upon the other with scorn and hatred, as the Pharisee in the Gospel upon the publican. I have endeavored to prove—and I believe I have fully proved—that each party has a heavy debt of error and folly and guilt to answer for to its injured country and to posterity ; and, as I have stated in the body of this work, that mutual forgiveness is no more than an act of justice, and can lay no claim to the character of liberality on either side.

But even supposing for a moment—what probably



hardly ever occurred since the world was formed—that the error is all on one side, is it less insane in the other to increase the difficulty of extrication—to refuse its aid—to embarrass those who have the management of affairs? My house is on fire; instead of calling for aid, or calling for fire-engines, or endeavoring to smother the flames, I institute an inquiry as to how it took fire—whether by accident or design—and if by design, who was the incendiary; and further undertake to punish him on the spot for his wickedness! a most wise and wonderful procedure; and just on a level with the wisdom, and patriotism, and public spirit of those sapient members of Congress who spend days in making long speeches upon the cause of the war and the errors of its management—every idea whereof has been a hundred, perhaps a thousand, times repeated in the newspapers—instead of meeting the pressing and imperious necessity of the emergency. . . .

While I was deliberating about the sacrifice which such a publication as this requires, one serious and affecting consideration removed my doubts and decided my conduct. Seeing thousands of the flower of our population—to whom the Spring of life just opens, with all its joys and pleasures and enchantments, prepared in the tented field to risk, or, if necessary, to sacrifice their lives for their country's welfare, I thought it would be baseness in me—whose sun has long passed the meridian, and on whom the attractions of life have ceased to operate with their early fascinations—to have declined any risk that might arise from the effort to ward off the parricidal stroke aimed at a country to which I owe such heavy obligations. With this view of the subject, I could not decide otherwise than I have done.—*Preface to the first edition (November, 1814).*

Mr. Carey, in the preface to the second edition (April, 1815), states that he is “attached to and in general approves of the political views and most part (not the whole by any means) of the party which was stigmatized as ‘Anti-Federal’ before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and now

is styled 'Democratic' or 'Republican.' " This fact gives weight to what he had written in regard to the errors made by that party :

#### ERRORS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

In the convention that formed the Federal Constitution the Democratic party sowed the seeds of a premature dissolution of that instrument and of the American Confederacy. Regarding Society more as it ought to be than as it ever has been, or is ever likely to be ; seduced by theories more plausible than solid—applying to a free elective government, deriving all its powers and authorities from the voice of the people, maxims and apprehensions and precautions calculated for the meridian of monarchy, they directed all their efforts and all their views toward guarding against oppression from the Federal Government. Whatever of authority or power they divested it of to bestow on the State Governments, or reserve to the People, was regarded as an important advantage. Against the Federal Government their fears and terrors were wholly directed. This was the horrible monster which they labored to cripple and chain down, to prevent its ravages. The State Governments they regarded with the utmost complacency as the public protectors against this dreadful enemy of liberty. Had they succeeded in all their views they would have deprived the General Government of nearly all its efficiency. Alas ! little did they suppose that our grand danger would arise from the usurpations of the State Governments, some of which have since most awfully and treasonably jeopardized the Union.

Unfortunately, this party was too successful in the Convention. Its energy and ardent zeal produced a Constitution which, however admirably calculated for a period of peace, has been found incompetent in war to call forth at once and decisively the energies of the nation, and the administration of which has been repeatedly bearded, baffled, and thwarted by the State Governments. Had the real Federalists in the Convention succeeded, and made the General Government somewhat more energetic, and endowed it with a small

degree of power more than it possesses, it might endure for centuries. What fate at present awaits it is not in human wisdom to foresee. I fervently pray, with the celebrated Father Paul, *esto perpetua*.

This error of the Democratic party arose from want of due regard to the history of republics, and from a profound study of those political writers who had written under monarchical governments, and whose views were wholly directed to guard against the danger of tyranny flowing from the overweening regal power, especially when possessed by men of powerful talents and great ambition. The theories whence they derived their views of government were splendid and sublime; the productions of men of great spirit and regard for the general welfare and happiness: and had they been duly attempered by maxims drawn from experience would have been of inestimable value.—*Olive Branch, Chap. II.*

The specific errors of the Democratic party having been detailed at some length, the author proceeds to point out those of the Federal party:

#### ERRORS OF THE FEDERAL PARTY.

Having thus taken what I hope will be allowed to be a candid view of the errors and misconduct of the Democratic party, it remains to render the same justice to their opponents. And, I feel confident, it will appear that the latter have at least as much need to solicit the forgiveness of their injured country as the former. In the career of madness and folly which the nation has run, they have acted a conspicuous part, and may fairly dispute the palm with their competitors.

In the Federal Convention this party made every possible exertion to increase the energy, and add to the authority of the General Government, and to endow it with powers at the expense of the State Governments and the citizens at large. Bearing strongly in mind the disorders and convulsions of some of the very ill-balanced republics of Greece and Italy, their sole object of dread appeared to be the inroads of anarchy. **And, as mankind too generally find it difficult to steer**

the middle course, their apprehensions of the Scylla of anarchy effectually blinded them to the dangers of the Charybdis of de-potism. Had they possessed a complete ascendancy in the Convention, it is probable they would have fallen into the opposite extreme to that which decided the tenor of the Constitution.

This party was divided. A small but very active division was composed of Monarchists, who utterly disbelieved in the efficacy or security of the republican form of government, especially in a territory so extensive as that of the United States, and embracing so numerous a population as, at no distant period, was to be taken into the calculation. The remainder were genuine republicans, men of enlightened views and a high degree of public spirit and patriotism. They differed as widely from the monarchic part of that body as from the democratic. It is unfortunate that then counsels did not prevail. For in government, as in almost all other human concerns, safety lies in middle courses. Violent and impassioned men lead themselves—and it is not wonderful they lead others—astray. This portion of the Federal party advocated an energetic, but a Republican form of government, which, on all proper occasions, might be able to command and call forth the force of the nation. . . .

The Federal party immediately assumed the reins, and administered the government for twelve years. During this period its want of sufficient energy, and its danger from the State Governments, were frequent subjects of impassioned complaints. Every man who opposed the measures of the Administration—of what kind soever they were, or from whatever motives—was stigmatized as a disorganizer and a Jacobin. The last term involved the utmost extent of human atrocity. A Jacobin was, in fact, an enemy to social order, to the rights of property, to religion, to morals, and ripe for rapine and spoil.

As far as laws can apply a remedy to the alleged feebleness of the General Government, the reigning party sedulously endeavored to remove the defect. They fenced around the constituted authorities with alien and Sedition law. By the former, they could banish from



our shores obnoxious foreigners whose period of probation had not expired. By the latter, every libel against the Government, and every unlawful attempt to oppose its measures, were subject to punishment, more or less severe, in proportion to their magnitude. . . .

But everything in this sublunary world is liable to revolution. The people of the United States changed their rulers. By the regular course of election, they withdrew the reins from the Federalists, to place them in the hands of the Democrats. This was a most unexpected revolution to the former. It wholly changed their views of the Government. The Government, which, administered by themselves, was regarded as miserably feeble and inefficient, became, on its transition, arbitrary and despotic, notwithstanding that among the earliest acts of the new incumbents was the repeal not only of the alien and sedition laws, but of the most obnoxious and oppressive taxes.

Under the effects of these new and improved political views a most virulent warfare was begun against their successors. The gazettes patronized by, and devoted to, Federalism, were unceasing in their efforts to degrade, disgrace, and defame the Administration. All its errors were industriously magnified, and ascribed to the most perverse and wicked motives. Allegations wholly unfounded and utterly improbable were reiterated in regular succession. An almost constant and unvarying opposition was maintained to all its measures; and hardly ever was a substitute proposed for any of them. Not the slightest allowance was made for the unprecedented and convulsed state of the world. And never were more ardor and energy displayed in a struggle between two hostile nations than the Opposition manifested in their attacks upon the Administration. The awful, lamentable, and ruinous consequences of this warfare, and its destruction of the vital interests of the nation, will fully appear in the sequel — *The Olive Branch, Chap. IX.*

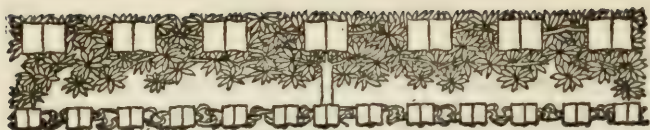
#### THE STRUGGLE FOR OFFICE.

It is vain to disguise the truth. Would to God I had a voice of thunder to proclaim it through the nation!



The convulsions and dangers of our country arose from the lust of office. The safety, the welfare, the happiness of eight millions of people, and their posterity, were jeopardized and exposed to ruin in the unholy struggle. To embarrass, disgrace, and render odious and unpopular the men possessed of power, for the purpose of displacing them, and vaulting into the vacant seats, is a procedure as ancient as government itself. And that it has been almost universally prevalent here is incontrovertible. It is not wonderful that those whose grand and sole objects are power, and the emoluments of office, should pursue this plan. The depravity of human nature sufficiently accounts for it. But that a large portion of the community who neither have nor hope for places of honor or profit should lend themselves to such a scheme—should allow themselves to be made instruments to be wielded for that purpose; that they should, as the history of this young country has often verified, shut their eyes to the vital interests of the nation, in order to promote the aggrandizement of a few men, is really astonishing.—*The Olive Branch, Chap. LVII.*





**CARLÉN, EMILIA FLYGARE**, a Swedish novelist, was born at Strömstad, August 8, 1807; died at Stockholm, February 5, 1892. Her maiden name was Schmidt or Smith. During her childhood her talent for imaginative fiction was remarked by her friends; but it was not until she learned that she could thereby help her parents, who were poor, that she began to write for money. She was married in 1827 to the musician Flygare; from whom she obtained a divorce, the union proving a very unhappy one. During her widowhood she published her novel *Waldemar Klein* (1838); and within a period of thirteen years thereafter she had issued no less than twenty-two distinct productions. In 1841 she was married to the Swedish poet and author Johann Gabriel Carlén, who was a prominent lawyer of Stockholm. He died in 1875; and thereafter Madame Carlén was known to the world mainly by what she had already written. Her works were very popular throughout Scandinavia; and many of them were translated into German and French. Among those which have appeared in English dress the principal are *The Rose of Tistelton*, *The Confidential Clerk*, *A Year of Marriage*, *Alma*, *A Heroine of Romance*, *The Representative*, *In Six Weeks*, *A Night on Lake Bullar*, *A Name*, *The Birthright*, *The Hermit*, *The Lover's Strata-*

gem, *Gustavus Lindurm*, *The Maiden's Tower*, and *Woman's Life*. Her fictions, which are chiefly founded on the characteristics of the lower orders in Sweden, are especially rich and striking in incident. A prominent reviewer said, upon the appearance of *The Rose of Tistelön*: "Its authoress takes a firm grasp of the broad, actual life of her country as it flows in the customary channels, and places her reliance upon the universal passions and common sympathies of mankind."

#### AT NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

A keen December wind was rushing in hollow gusts through the waving branches of one of those solemn, gloomy forests which Sweden still possesses, and which remind the traveller of the dark woods of olden times which were supposed to be the abode of mysterious and unearthly beings. With each blast of wind fell a mass of snow, in such thickness, that the branches of the forest trees were bent towards the ground—so lowly bent that they seemed not to be able to raise themselves again; and soon all the trees stood so thoroughly enveloped in snow, from their tops to their roots, that each single one bore the appearance of a giant wrapped in his winding-sheet. The ground was already covered with snow, at least an ell in height. So great were the snowdrifts that high ground and low ground seemed levelled, as death levels the high and the low among human beings. But not a single gleam of moonlight shone upon this vast, undistinguishable, white world.

A sort of faint light, however, did illuminate it, which neither resembled that emitted by the sun, the moon, or the stars, but was that uncertain, ghost-like lustre, arising from the masses of glittering snow, which, if it could be likened to anything, might be supposed to resemble the pale lamps in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

A soft, murmuring tone, a low, whispered sound,

vibrated through the space. It was the distant hymn of praise, the divine service of the woods in midnight's solemn hour. But the midnight hour tolled as well for the weary travellers who were approaching, profaning, by their sharp, discordant voices, the Sabbath quiet of the forests. . . .

Half-way up a long, gently sloping hill, there appeared a weary horse, that seemed totally to have given up all hope of ever reaching the top. It snorted in that peculiar, sharp, suffering tone, which human tongues are incapable of uttering, which, however, has been given to animals to compensate for the power of speech. And yet, as if it knew all the obligation that weighed upon it, it labored painfully to get forward, although at every second step it almost fell. The man who was leading the cart—unfortunately it was not a sledge: some miles off from this the travellers had taken it into their heads to make this dangerous exchange—the man, we repeat, who was guiding this heavy, almost immovable machine, had an air of despondency; nay, nearly of despair.

But it was evident that he was not anxious on his own account, for between the words of encouragement that he addressed to the horse, "Now, now, my Guldskön, a little further, just a little further," he would cast an inquiring glance at the cart, as he murmured a few subdued words, such as, "Poor little thing, what terrible weather for her to come out!" and, "No, no, all such delicate creatures should stay at home during the night—there are many dangers at night."

"The night, my friend, has no dangers for those who are out on important business," answered a voice as firm and clear as if it had proceeded from a comfortable fireside.

"No dangers, dear madame? And suppose we are snowed up in this pathless wood; I have driven through it at least a hundred times, but not twice have I been in such a sad plight as at present."

"If I had twice before been in so sad a plight, I would not be so afraid; this is the first time in my life that I have found myself in such a position, and yet I am quite calm."

"But suppose we are snowed up, I ask you again?—Get on, Guldskön, get on!"

"We shall not be snowed up."

"You have a wonderful stock of faith; may our heavenly Father grant that it may not lead you into misfortune."

"There is no danger of that, rest assured; a wife who is seeking her husband cannot possibly come to grief."

"Hem! hem! Guldskön, are you quite ready?"

Guldskön snorted and retreated backward. "Snort away, snort away; I am holding on, and helping as much as I can—you know that very well, Guldskön. It won't do; you must get out, dear madame. The snow is enough to blind a person. I am afraid lest the horse should fall into the Sandvik pits. They are not far from us to one side, although the snow prevents one from distinguishing a thing before one."

The young woman who was inside the cart had instantly jumped out, and was now standing, over her knees in snow, on the other side of the horse, which she encouraged and stroked with her hand as soon it had regained firm footing.

"There is no help for it, you must walk a bit," said the driver; "we must spare the horse—hold on by the shaft; we will try by-and-by if it can draw us again?" And the young woman, who could be no one else than Jeanne Sophie, walked forward courageously in the snow, bending her head patiently beneath each branch that obstructed her path. Not a single complaint, not a single murmur, escaped her lips. At length the even road was reached. The cart stopped still. And while Guldskön panted until he seemed to have exhausted his last breath, the peasant said to his companion who was going on in front, "Wait a while, dear madame, wait a while; you cannot go the whole way on foot."

"I must continue to do so as long as I possibly can," replied Jeanne Sophie, with that concentrated energy which seeks to provide for every emergency. "If I now resume my seat in the cart, the wet and the cold will make me ill, and I have not time to be detained on the road."



"That is all very well, but you cannot walk to our resting-place; we have full half a mile to go yet."

"I can do it quite well; of course I can. I am young, I am strong; if not exactly strong in body, I have plenty of spirit and energy of mind; therefore I will not give way to effeminacy; I might have to pay too dearly for it if I did. Drive on, drive on." . . . Jeanne Sophie would not admit to herself that her strength was giving away.

"I must," she said, "I *must* go on." . . . Jeanne Sophie tried in vain to proceed; she stumbled, and stumbled, and almost fell at every step. Higher, always higher rose the snow.

"An idea has struck me, dear madame—ah, what a blessed thing thought is; it comes flying along just like the bird with the ear of corn in its beak."

"What is your idea, good, honest old man, whom God has sent to me in my hour of need?"

"There, sit yourself comfortably down—not far from here, towards the left, there is a small cabin; it will afford at least shelter and a fire, at which we can warm ourselves."

What power, what vitality, there lies in hope, in the mere word "hope!" With a ray of hope Jeanne Sophie could endure everything.

A quarter of an hour later all was as quiet and silent in the woods as it had been before. But within the little hut, with its blackened ceiling, its disagreeable atmosphere, its smoking, crackling fire, sat upon a stool near the hearth a young girl, wrapped in warm clothing and deep in thought.—*The Guardian*.







WILL CARLETON.



CARLETON, WILL, an American poet, journalist, and lecturer, was born at Hudson, Mich., October 21, 1845. He was educated at Hillsdale College, in his native State; after which he lived for a time in Chicago, and then removed to Brooklyn. He visited Europe in 1878 and in 1885, and travelled much in Canada and in the western and northern parts of the United States, where his lectures were well received. His ballads of domestic life have been very popular. These, with other works, include *Poems* (1871); *Farm Ballads* (1873); *Farm Legends* (1875); *Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes* (1876); *Farm Festivals* (1881), and *City Ballads* (1885). "Will Carleton," says Stedman, in his *Poets of America*, "struck a natural vein by instinct in his farm-ballads, and has been rewarded for the tenacity with which he has pursued it." It is often told with pleasure by those who remember Will Carleton's boyhood days at Hudson that while he was at work upon his father's farm in summer, and attending the district school during the winter, he would often practise oratory in the fields around the old log-cabin, with the horses, cattle, and sheep as hearers. In *Out of the Old House. Nancy*, he has described the house in which he was born—"Kitchen and parlor and bedroom—they had 'em all in one." It was the success of his poem *Betsey and 'r Are Out*, published in the (185)

*Toledo Blade* in 1871, which encouraged him to exchange the profession of journalism for that of an author.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout ;

For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.

We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,

Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter ?" say you. I swan it's hard to tell !

Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well ;  
I have no other woman, she has no other man—

Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,

And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree ;

Not that we've caught each other in any terrible crime ;  
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,  
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart ;

I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone ;  
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed  
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed ;

We arg'd the thing at breakfast, we arg'd the thing at tea,

And the more we arg'd the question the more we didn't agree.



And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow ;  
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was  
only—How ?

I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had ;  
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was  
mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke ;  
For full a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.  
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a  
bowl,  
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup ;  
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up ;  
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,  
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as  
hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same  
way :  
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say ;  
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen  
strong,  
And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary  
week—  
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too  
proud to speak ;  
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the  
winter and fall,  
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at  
all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked  
with me,  
And we have agreed together that we can't never  
agree ;  
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall  
be mine ;  
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to  
sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—  
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her  
half ;  
For she has helped to earn it through many a weary  
day,  
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her  
pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive  
and roam ;  
But women are skeery critters unless they have a  
home ;  
And I have always determined, and never failed to  
say,  
That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken  
away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rabable  
pay ;  
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day ;  
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at ;  
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, Sir, at my givin' her so much ;  
Yes, divorce is cheap, Sir, but I take no stock in such !  
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and  
young ;  
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her  
tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, per-  
haps,  
For me she mittened a lawyer and several other chaps ;  
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,  
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in  
town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—  
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon ;  
Never an hour went by me when she was out of  
sight—  
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day  
and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,  
 Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen ;  
 And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,  
 Exceptin' when we've quarrelled, and told each other  
 facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-  
 night ;  
 And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right ;  
 And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I  
 know,  
 And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the  
 world I'll go.

And one thing in the paper, that first to me didn't oc-  
 cur :  
 That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to  
 her ;  
 And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,  
 When she and I was happy before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by  
 me,  
 And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree ;  
 And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it  
 queer  
 If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled  
 here.

—*Farm Ballads.*

**"FLASH : " THE FIREMAN'S STORY.**

"Flash" was a white-foot sorrel, an' run on Number  
 Three :  
 Not much stable manners—an average horse to see ;  
 Notional in his methods—strong in loves an' hates ;  
 Not very much respected, or popular 'mongst his mates.

Dull an' moody an' sleepy, an' " off " on quiet days ;  
 Full o' turbulent, sour looks, an' small, sarcastic ways ;  
 Scowled an' bit at his partner, and banged the stable  
 floor—

With other means intended to designate life a bore.

But when, be 't day or night time, he heard the alarm-  
bell ring,  
He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular  
tiger spring;  
An' watch, with nervous shivers, the clasp of buckle an'  
band,  
Until 'twas plainly evident he'd like to lend a hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush and  
tear,  
As if a thousand witches was rumplin' up his hair,  
An' craze the other horses with his magnetic charm,  
Till every hoof-beat sounded a regular fire alarm !

Never a horse a jockey would notice and admire  
Like Flash in front of his engine a-runnin' to a fire ;  
Never a horse so lazy, so dawdlin' an' so slack,  
As Flash upon his return trip a-drawin' the engine  
back.

Now, when the different horses gets tender-footed an  
old,  
They 're no use in our business ; so Flash was finally  
sold  
To quite a respectable milkman, who found it not so  
fine  
A-bossin' one o' God's creatures outside its natural  
line.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-mopin' along here now,  
Feelin' that he was simply assistant to a cow ;  
But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm-bell's  
din,  
An' jump an' rear for a season before they could hold  
him in.

An' once, in spite o' his master, he strolled in 'mongst us  
chaps,  
To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps ;  
Whereat the milkman kicked him ; whereat, us boys to  
please,  
He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees.

But one day, for a big fire as we was makin' a dash,  
Both o' the horses we had on somewhat resemblin'  
Flash,  
Yellin' an' ringin' an' rushin', with excellent voice an'  
heart,  
We passed the poor old fellow a-tuggin' away at his  
cart.

If ever I see an old hoss grow upward into a new—  
If ever I see a milkman whose traps behind him flew,  
'Twas that old hoss, a-rearin' an' racin' down the  
track,  
An' that respectable milkman a tryin' to hold him  
back.

Away he rushed like a cyclone for the head o' "Number  
Three,"  
Gained the lead an' kept it, an' steered his journey free ;  
Dodgin' wagons an' horses, an' still on the keenest  
"silk,"  
An' furnishin' all that neighborhood with good, respect-  
able milk.

Crowd a-yellin' an' runnin', an' vainly hollerin'  
"Whoa !"  
Milkman bracin' an' sawin', with never a bit o' show ;  
Firemen laughin' an' chucklin', an' shoutin' "Good ! go  
in !"  
Hoss a gettin' down to it, an' sweepin' along like sin.

Finally came where the fire was—halted with a  
"thud ;"  
Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in mud ;  
Watched till he see the engines properly workin' there,  
After which he relinquished all interest in the affair.

Moped an' wilted an' dawdled, "faded away" once  
more,  
Took up his old occupation—considerin' life a bore ;  
Laid down in his harness, an'—sorry I am to say—  
The milkman he had drawn there took his dead body  
away.



That's the whole o' my story ; I've seen, more'n once  
or twice,  
That poor dead animal's actions is full o' human ad-  
vice ;  
An' if you ask what Flash taught, I'll simply answer,  
then,  
That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent  
men.

An' if, as some consider, there's animals in the sky,  
I think the poor old fellow is gettin' another try ;  
But if he should sniff the big fire that plagues the abode  
o' sin,  
It'll take the strongest angel to hold the old fellow in.  
—*City Ballads.*





CARLETON, WILLIAM, an Irish novelist, born at Prillisk, Tyrone, Ireland, in 1794; died at Dublin, January 30, 1869. After receiving his early education in a "hedge school," he set out for Munster, to complete his education as "a poor scholar." Homesickness and a disagreeable dream on the night after his setting out sent him back to his parents, and he spent the next two years in the labors and amusements of his native place, acquiring at wakes, fairs, and merrymakings a minute knowledge of Irish peasant life. At the age of seventeen he went to the academy of a relative at Glasslough, where he remained for two years. He afterward went to Dublin, seeking fortune, his capital on arriving being 2s. 9d. His *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, which appeared in 1830, was so warmly welcomed, that in 1832 he published a second series. This proved as popular as the first, and Carleton's success as an author was assured. In 1835 he published *Father Butler*, and in 1839 *Fardorougha, the Miser, or the Convicts of Lisnamorna*; *The Fawn of Spring Vale*; *The Clarionet, and other Tales*, of which *The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan* appeared in 1841, *Valentine McClutchy*, a novel (1846); *The Black Prophet* (1847); *The Tithe Proctor* (1849); *The Squanders of Castle Squander* (1852); *Willy Reilly* (1855);

and *The Evil Eye* (1860). During the last years of his life Carleton received a pension of £200.

#### THE SICK SCHOLAR.

Perhaps it would be impossible to conceive a more gloomy state of misery than that in which young M'Evoy found himself. Stretched on the side of the public road, in a shed formed of a few loose sticks covered over with "scraws," that is, the sward of the earth pared into thin stripes—removed above fifty perches from any human habitation—his body racked with a furious and oppressive fever—his mind conscious of all the horrors by which he was surrounded—without the comforts even of a bed or bed-clothes—and, what was worst of all, those from whom he might expect kindness afraid to approach him! Lying helpless, under the circumstances it ought not to be wondered at if he wished that death might at once close his extraordinary sufferings, and terminate the struggles which filial piety had prompted him to encounter. . . .

Irishmen, however, are not just that description of persons who can pursue their usual avocations, and see a fellow-creature die without such attention as they can afford him; not precisely so bad as that, gentle reader! Jemmy had not been two hours on this straw when a second shed much larger than his own was raised within a dozen yards of it. In this a fire was lit; a small pot was then procured, milk was sent in, and such other little comforts brought together as they supposed necessary for the sick boy. Having accomplished these matters, a kind of guard was set to watch and nurse-tend him; a pitchfork was got, on the prongs of which they intended to reach him bread across the ditch; and a long-shafted shovel was borrowed, on which to furnish him drink, with safety to themselves. That inextinguishable vein of humor which in Ireland mingles even with death and calamity was also visible here. The ragged, half-starved creatures laughed heartily at the oddity of their own inventions, and enjoyed the ingenuity with which they made shift to meet the exigencies of the occasion without in the slightest de-

gree having their sympathy and concern for the afflicted youth lessened. When their arrangements were completed, one of them (he of the scythe) made a little whey, which, in lieu of a spoon, he stirred with the end of his tobacco-pipe; he then extended it across the ditch upon the shovel, after having put it in a tin porringer.

"Do you want a taste o' whay, avourneen?"

"Oh, I do," replied Jemmy; "give me a drink, for God's sake."

"There it is, a bouchal, on the shovel. Musha if myself rightly knows what side you 're lyin' an', or I'd put it as near your lips as I could. Come, man, be stout, don't be cast down at all, at all; sure, bud-an-age, we 're shovelin' the whay to you, anyhow."

"I have it," replied the boy—"oh, I have it. May God never forget this to you, whoever you are."

"Faith, if you want to know who I am, I'm Pether Connor, the mower, that's never seen to-morrow. Begorra, poor boy, you mustn't let your spirits down at all, at all. Sure, the neighbors is all bint to watch an' take care of you—May I take away the shovel?—an' they've built a brave, snug shed here beside yours, where they'll stay wid you time about until you get well. We'll feed you wid whay enough, bekase we've made up our minds to stale lots o' sweet milk for you. Neil Branagan an' I will milk Rody Hartigan's cows to-night, wid the help of God. Divil a bit sin in it, so there isn't, an' if there is, too, be my soul, there's no harm in it anyway—for he's but a nager himself, the same Rody. Now, won't you promise to keep your mind aisy when you know that we're beside you?"

"God bless you," replied Jemmy, "you've taken a weight off my heart; I thought I'd die wid nobody near me at all."

"Oh, the sorra fear of it. Keep your heart up. We'll stale lots o' milk for you. Bad scan to the baste in the parish but we'll milk, sooner nor you'd want the whay, you crathur you." . . .

It would be utterly impossible to detail the affliction which our poor scholar suffered in this wretched shed for the space of a fortnight, notwithstanding the efforts

of those kind-hearted people to render his situation comfortable. The little wigwam they had constructed near him was never, even for a moment, during his whole illness, without two or three persons ready to attend him. In the evening their numbers increased; a fire was always kept burning, over which a little pot for making whey or gruel was suspended. At night they amused each other with anecdotes and laughter, and occasionally with songs, when certain that their patient was not asleep. Their exertions to steal milk for him were performed with uncommon glee, and related among themselves with great humor. These thefts would have been unnecessary, had not the famine which then prevailed through the province been so excessive. The crowds that swarmed about the houses of wealthy farmers, supplicating a morsel to keep body and soul together, resembled nothing which our English readers ever had an opportunity of seeing. In such a state of things it was difficult to procure a sufficient quantity of milk to allay the unnatural thirst even of one individual, when parched by the scorching heat of a fever. Notwithstanding this, his wants were for the most part anticipated, so far as their means would allow them; his shed was kept waterproof, and either shovel or pitchfork always ready to be extended to him, by way of substitution for the right hand of fellowship. When he called for anything, the usual observation was, "Hush! the crathur's callin'; I must take the shovel an' see what he wants. . . ."

On the morning of the last day he ever intended to spend in the shed, at eleven o'clock, he heard the sound of horses' feet passing along the road. The circumstance was one quite familiar to him; but these horsemen, whoever they might be, stopped, and immediately after two respectable looking men, dressed in black, approached him. His forlorn state and frightfully wasted appearance startled them, and the younger of the two asked, in a tone of voice which went directly to his heart, how it was that they found him in a situation so desolate. The kind interest implied by the words, and probably a sense of his utterly destitute state, affected him strongly, and he burst into tears



The strangers looked at each other, then at him ; and if looks could express sympathy theirs expressed it.

"My good boy," said the first, "how is it that we find you in a situation so deplorable and wretched as this? Who are you, or why is it that you have not a friendly roof to shelter you?"

"I'm a poor scholar," replied Jemmy, "the son of honest but reduced parents : I came to this part of the country with the intention of preparing myself for Maynooth, and, if it might please God, with the hope of being able to raise them out of their distress."

The strangers looked more earnestly at the boy ; sickness had touched his fine, intellectual features into a purity of expression almost ethereal. His fair skin appeared nearly transparent, and the light of truth and candor lit up his countenance with a lustre which affliction could not dim. The other stranger approached him more nearly, stopped for a moment, and felt his pulse.

"How long have you been in this country?" he inquired.

"Nearly three years."

"You have been ill of the fever which is so prevalent ; but how did you come to be left to the chance of perishing upon the highway?"

"Why, sir, the people were afraid to let me into their houses in consequence of the fever. I got ill in school, sir, but no boy would venture to bring me home, an' the master turned me out, to die, I believe. May God forgive him!" . . .

During the early part of the dialogue two or three old hats, or caubeens, might have been seen moving steadily over from the wigwam to the ditch which ran beside the shed occupied by M'Evoy. Here they remained stationary, for those who wore them were now within hearing of the conversation, and ready to give their convalescent patient a good word, should it be necessary. One of those who lay behind the ditch now arose, and, after a few hems and scratchings of the head, ventured to join in the conversation.

"Pray, have you, my man," said the elder of the two, "been acquainted with the circumstances of this boy's illness?"

"Is it the poor scholar, my Lord? Oh thin, bedad, t's meself that has that. The poor crathur was in a terrible way all out, so he was. He caught the faver in the school beyant, one day, an' was turned out by the sager o' the world that he was larnin' from."

"Are you one of the persons who attended him?"

"Och, och, the crathur! what could unsignified people like us do for him, barrin' a thrifle? Anyhow, my Lord, it's the meracle o' the world that he was ever able to *over* it at all. Why, sir, good luck to the one of him but suffered as much, wid the help o' God, as 'ud overcome fifty men!"

"How did you provide him with drink at such a distance from any human habitation?"

"Troth, hard enough we found it, Sir, to do that same; but sure, whether or not, my Lord, we couldn't be such nagers as to let him die all out, for want o' somethin' to moisten his throat wid."

"I hope," inquired the other, "you had nothing to do in the milk-stealing which has produced such an outcry in the neighborhood?"

"Milk-stalin'! Oh, bedad, Sir, there never was the likes known afore in the counthry. *The Lord forgive them that did it!* Begorra, Sir, the wickedness o' the people's mighty improvin', if one 'ud take warnin' by it, glory be to God!"

"Many of the farmers' cows have been milked at night, Connor—perfectly drained. Even my own cows have not escaped; and we who have suffered are certainly determined, if possible, to ascertain those who have committed the theft. I, for my part, have gone even beyond my ability in relieving the wants of the poor during this period of sickness and famine; I therefore deserved this the less."

"By the powdher, your honor, if any gentleman desarved to have his cows *unmilked*, it's yourself. But, as I said this minute, there's no end to the wickedness o' the people, so there's not, although the Catechiz is against them; for, says it, 'there is but one Faith, one Church, an' one Baptism.' Now, Sir, is n't it quare that people wid sich words in the book afore them won't be guided by it? I suppose they thought it only

a *white* sin, Sir, to take the milk, the thieves o' the world."

"Maybe, your honor," said another, "that it was only to keep the life in some poor sick crature that wanted it more nor you or the farmers that they did it. There's some o' the same farmers deserve worse, for they're keepin' up the prices o' the male an' practise upon the poor, an' did so all along, that they might make money by our outhier destitution."

"That is no justification for theft," observed the graver of the two. "Does any one among you suspect those who committed it in this instance? If you do I command you, as your Bishop, to mention them."

"How, for instance," added the other, "were you able to supply this sick boy with whey during his illness?"

"Oh then, gentlemen," replied Connor, dexterously parrying the question, "but it's a mighty improvin' thing to see our own Bishop—God spare his Lordship to us?—an' the Protestant minister o' the parish joinin' together to relieve an' give good advice to the poor! Bedad, it's settin' a fine example, so it is, to the Quality, if they'd take pattrn by it."

"Reply," said the Bishop, rather sternly, "to the questions we have asked you."

"The quistions, your Lordship? It's proud an' happy we'd be to do what you want; but the sorra man among us *can* do it, barrin' we'd say what we *ought not* to say. That 's the thruth, my Lord; an' surely 'tis n't your Gracious Reverence that 'ud want us to go beyond *that*?"

"Certainly not," replied the Bishop. "I warn you against both falsehood and fraud; two charges which might frequently be brought against you in your intercourse with the gentry of the country, whom you seldom scruple to deceive and mislead by gliding into a character, when speaking to them, that is often the reverse of your real one; whilst, at the same time, you are both honest and sincere to persons of your own class. Put away this practice, for it is both sinful and discreditable."

"God bless your Lordship! an' many thanks to your Gracious Reverence for advisin' us! Well we know

that it's the blessed thing to folly your words."—*Traits and Sketches of Irish Life.*

#### HOUSEHOLD CHARMS.

One summer evening Mary Sullivan was sitting at her own well-swept hearthstone, knitting feet to a pair of sheep-gray stockings for Bartley, her husband. It was one of those serene evenings in the month of June when the decline of day assumes a calmness and repose, resembling what we might suppose to have irradiated Eden when our first parents sat in it before their fall. The beams of the sun shone through the windows in clear shafts of amber light, exhibiting millions of those atoms which float to the naked eye within its mild radiance. The dog lay basking in his dream at her feet, and the gray cat sat purring placidly upon his back, from which even his occasional agitation did not dislodge her.

Mrs. Sullivan was the wife of a wealthy farmer, and niece to the Rev. Felix O'Rourke; her kitchen was consequently large, comfortable, and warm. Over where she sat jutted out the "brace," well lined with bacon; to the right hung a well-scoured salt-box, and to the left was the jamb, with its little Gothic, paneless window to admit the light. Within it hung several ash rungs, seasoning for flail-sooples, or boulteens, a dozen of eel-skins, and several stripes of horse-skin, as hangings for them. The dresser was a "parfit white," and well furnished with the usual appurtenances. Over the door and on the "threshel," were nailed "for luck," two horse-shoes, that had been found by accident. In a little "hole" in the wall, beneath the salt-box, lay a bottle of holy water, to keep the place purified; and against the copestone of the gable, on the outside, grew a large lump of house-leek, as a specific for sore eyes and other maladies.

In the corner of the garden were a few stalks of tansy "to kill the thievin' worms in the childhre, the crathurs," together with a little rose-noble, Solomon's seal, and bugloss, each for some medicinal purpose. The "lime wather" Mrs. Sullivan could make herself, and the "bog

bane" for the *linh roe*, or heart-burn, grew in their own meadow-drain ; so that, in fact, she had within her reach a very decent pharmacopœia, perhaps as harmless as that of the profession itself.

Lying on the top of the salt-box was a bunch of fairy flax, and sewed in the folds of her own scapular was the dust of what had once been a four-leaved shamrock, an invaluable specific "for seein' the good people," if they happened to come within the bounds of vision. Over the door in the inside, over the beds, and over the cattle in the outhouses, were placed branches of withered palm, that had been consecrated by the priest on Palm Sunday ; and when the cows happened to calve this good woman tied, with her own hands, a woollen thread about their tails, to prevent them from being overlooked by evil eyes, or *elf-shot* by the fairies. . . . It is unnecessary to mention the variety of charms which she possessed for that obsolete malady the colic, for toothaches, headaches, or for removing warts and taking motes out of the eyes ; let it suffice to inform our readers that she was well stocked with them, and that, in addition to this, she, together with her husband, drank a potion made up and administered by an herb-doctor for preventing forever the slightest misunderstanding or quarrel between man and wife. Whether it produced this desirable object or not our readers may conjecture when we add that the herb-doctor, after having taken a very liberal advantage of their generosity, was immediately compelled to disappear from the neighborhood, in order to avoid meeting with Bartley, who had a sharp lookout for him, not exactly on his own account, but "in regard," he said, "that it had no effect on *Mary*, at all, at all ;" whilst *Mary*, on the other hand, admitted its efficacy upon herself, but maintained that "*Bartley* was worse nor ever after it."—*The Lianhan Shee*.

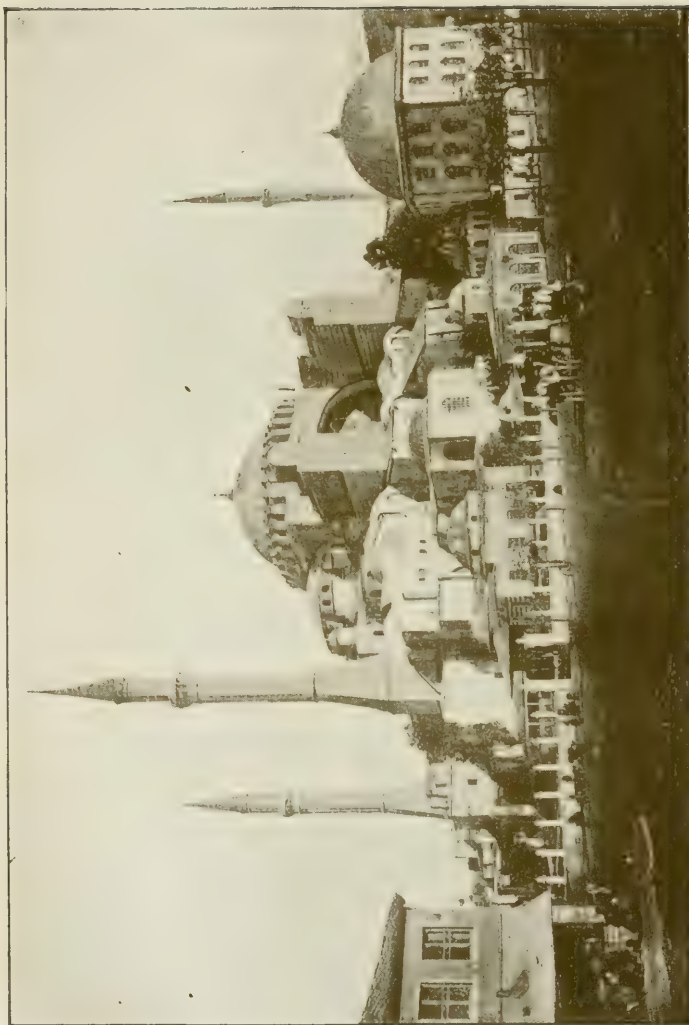






**CARLISLE, GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK HOWARD**, seventh Earl of, an English politician and statesman, born at London, April 18, 1802; died at Castle Howard, Yorkshire, England, December 5, 1864. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he earned a reputation as a scholar and a writer of graceful verse, obtaining, in 1821, both the Chancellor's and the Newdigate prizes for a Latin and an English poem. In 1848 he succeeded to the peerage upon the death of his father, before which he was known under the courtesy title of Lord Morpeth. In 1826 he was returned to Parliament for the family borough of Morpeth, retaining his seat until the disfranchisement of the borough by the Reform Bill of 1832. Under the administration of Lord Melbourne he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, under that of Lord John Russell Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and under that of Lord Palmerston Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Between 1842 and 1846 he visited the United States, and upon his return communicated his impressions of America to his countrymen in a series of lectures. He wrote a tragedy and a volume of poems, but his literary reputation rests on his *Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters*, published in 1854.





THE MOSQUE OF THE ST. SOPHIA.  
After a photograph.

## THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

We then went to St. Sophia. This is the real sight of Constantinople; the point round which so much of history, so much of regret, so much of anticipation ever centre. Within that precinct Constantine, Theodosius, Justinian, worshipped, and Chrysostom preached, and, most affecting reminiscence of all, the last Constantine received the Christian sacrament upon the night that preceded his own heroic death, the capture of the imperial city, and the conquest of the Crescent over the Cross. Apart even from all associated interest, I was profoundly struck with the general appearance and effect of the building itself; the bold simplicity of plan, the noble span of the wide, low cupola, measuring, in its diameter, one hundred and fifteen feet, the gilded roofs, the mines of marble which encrust the walls;—that porphyry was from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec; that verde-antique was from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. How many different strains have they not echoed—The hymn to the Latoidæ! The chant to the Virgin! The Muezzin's call from the minaret! Yes; and how long shall that call continue? Are the lines marked along the pavement, and seats, and pulpits, always to retain their distorted position, because they must not front the original place of the Christian high altar to the East, but must be turned to the exact direction of Mecca? Must we always dimly trace in the overlaying fretwork of gold the obliterated features of the Redeemer? This is all assuredly forbidden by copious and cogent, even by conflicting, causes—by old Greek memories—by young Greek aspirations—by the ambition of states and sovereigns—by the sympathy of Christendom—by the sure word of prophecy.—*Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters.*



CARLYLE, JANE (WELSH), wife of Thomas Carlyle, born at Haddington, Scotland, July 14, 1801; died in London, April 21, 1866. She was the daughter of John Welsh, a physician of eminence, who, dying at the age of forty-three, left his considerable estate to his daughter, then eighteen. Jane Welsh at once legally made everything over to her mother for her lifetime; so that, while a considerable prospective heiress, according to the estimation of the country and the time, she had during the lifetime of her mother only what the mother should see fit to allow her, precisely as she would have had from her father had he been living. While Jane Welsh was a bright and growing child Edward Irving was the master of the school at Haddington and she was a favorite pupil. While she was a school-girl Irving became master of the school at Kirkcaldy. When he returned to Edinburgh, Jane Welsh had grown from a child to a young woman. The former acquaintanceship was revived, and a feeling of love sprang up between them: on her part "passionate," as she afterward said; on his part at least honest and sincere. But in the meantime Irving had become betrothed to a daughter of Mr. Martin, the minister of Kirkcaldy. She would not relinquish her claim, and they were married. But before the parting between Irving and Jane Welsh, he had



introduced Carlyle to her, and had asked him to aid her in her studies. Carlyle, knowing of Irving's relations to Miss Martin, formed an attachment for Jane Welsh. She, on her part, was strongly attracted to Carlyle, notwithstanding his unfashionable aspect and dubious prospects in life. An implied engagement of marriage ensued, which came near being broken off more than once by the impracticable nature of Carlyle, who insisted upon having everything—even to household arrangements—ordered to suit his moods or whims. However, matters settled themselves, and the marriage took place in 1826, Carlyle being thirty-one years of age, his wife six years younger.

From this time the life of Jane Carlyle came to be mainly merged in that of her husband, though she had a strong individuality of her own. The main outward points of her life are that for a year and a half they lived at Comely Bank, in the suburbs of Edinburgh; then for some six years at Craigenputtock, a wild moorland farm, belonging really to Mrs. Carlyle, though nominally to her mother; then in 1834 they went to London, and took a modest house in Chelsea, then a suburb of the great city, but now almost in its very heart. This house was their home through the ensuing thirty years during which Jane Carlyle lived, and that of Thomas Carlyle for the fifteen years more during which he survived her.

Jane Carlyle died suddenly. Early in 1866 her husband had been chosen Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. He had gone thither to deliver his Inaugural Address, and was to come

home in a day or two. On the 21st of April his wife, having posted a pleasant note to her husband, went out for a drive in Hyde Park. After an hour or two the coachman, having received no orders for returning, looked into the carriage. Mrs. Carlyle sat there dead, with her hands folded upon her lap.

The readers of Froude's *Life of Carlyle* would suppose that the marriage of Jane Welsh and Thomas Carlyle was an ill-judged and unhappy one. There were certainly annoyances not a few. He was of an ill-grained temperament, always a man hard to get along with—as his fond mother acknowledged; tormented with a chronic dyspepsia, and ever magnifying to the utmost those petty annoyances in life which most men would consider too trifling to be spoken of. She was sharp of tongue, with a nervous system shattered and sensitive to the extreme. He, in his bad moods, was morose or sulky; she, in her irritable moods, was sharp-spoken and petulant. Yet, when all is told, the result is that the long married life of Jane and Thomas Carlyle was, on the whole, a happy one. Both were at bottom—and each in their way—true personages. Each bore with the failings of the other as best they could, and, on the whole, with mutual love and esteem. Once, indeed Mrs. Carlyle is credibly reported to have said to a friend: "Don't marry a genius; I have married one, and I am miserable." Two things from the pens of each of them should tell all that need be known on this point. In 1837, eleven years after their marriage, Jane Carlyle thus

writes to the mother of her husband, who had just come back to London after a visit to Scotland :

JANE CARLYLE UPON HER HUSBAND.

My Dear Mother : You know the saying, "It is not lost which a friend gets ;" and in the present case it must comfort you for losing him. Moreover, you have others behind, and I have only him—only him in the whole wide world—to love me and take care of me—poor little wretch that I am. Not but that numbers of people love me, after their fashion, far better than I deserve. But then his fashion is so different from all these, and seems alone to suit the crotchetty creature that I am. Thank you, then, in the first place, for having been kind enough to produce him into the world ; and for having, in the second place, made him scholar enough to recognize my various excellences ; and for having, in the last place, sent him back to me, again to stand by me in this cruel east wind.

It was thirty years save one after this that Thomas Carlyle wrote this epitaph, to be inscribed upon the tombstone of his wife—she being just dead :

CARLYLE'S EPITAPH FOR HIS WIFE.

Here likewise now rests Jane Welsh Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, July 14, 1801, only daughter of John Welsh and of Grace Welsh, Caplegill, Dumfriesshire, his wife. In her bright career she had more sorrows than are common ; but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and ever-loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, April 21, 1866 ; suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out.

Mrs. Carlyle early in life had high literary aspirations. Those who knew her in after years believed her to have the highest literary capacity. It seems to have been understood by her friends that she was at the time of her death engaged in writing a novel. "Who now will finish her Book?" asked Dickens. "She is far above all our writing women," wrote Forster. But there is no trace of any such book. Nothing from her pen was ever published during her lifetime. Not long after her death her husband collected and briefly annotated many of her private letters to him and to others. These, however, were not published until after the death of Carlyle, when Mr. Froude gave them to the world. They are, in the strictest sense, private letters, touching wholly upon the details of every-day life. The first of these letters was written in 1834, soon after the Carlyles had established their modest home in London.

MRS. HAROLD SKIMPOLE.

Our little household has just been set up again at a quite moderate expense of money and trouble, wherein I cannot help thinking, with a chastened vanity, that the superior shiftiness and thriftiness of the Scottish character has strikingly manifested itself. The English women turn up the whites of their eyes, and call on the "good heavens" at the bare idea of enterprises which seem to me in the most ordinary course of human affairs. I told Mrs. Hunt one day I had been very busy *painting*. "What!" she asked, "is it a portrait?" "Oh, no," I told her. "Something of more importance—a large wardrobe." She could not imagine, she said, "how I could have patience for such things." And so, having no patience for them herself what is the result? She is every other day reduced to

borrow my tumblers, my teacups; even a cupful of porridge, a few spoonfuls of tea, are begged from me, because "Missus has got company," and happens to be out of the article: in plain English because "Missus" is the most wretched of managers, and is often at the point of not having a copper in her purse. . . . On the whole, though the English ladies seem to have their wits more at their finger-ends, and have a great advantage over me in that respect, I never cease to be glad that I was born on the other side of the Tweed, and that those who are nearest and dearest to me are Scotch.—*To Carlyle's Mother.*

#### THE BURNT CHAPTERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Of late weeks [August, 1835] Carlyle has been getting on better with his writing, which has been uphill work since the burning of the first manuscript. I do not think the second version is, on the whole, inferior to the first. It is a little less vivacious than the first, perhaps, but better thought and put together. One chapter more brings him to the end of his second "first volume," and then we shall sing a *Te Deum* and get drunk—for which, by the way, we have unusual facilities at present, a friend having yesterday sent us a present of a hamper (some six or seven pounds' worth) of the finest old Madeira wine.—*To Mrs. Aitkin.*

#### CARLYLE'S FIRST SERIES OF LECTURES.

He is to deliver [May, 1837] a course of Lectures on *German Literature* to "Lords and Gentlemen," and "Honorable Women not a few." You wonder how he is to get through with such a thing. So do I, very sincerely; the more, as he proposes to speak these lectures extempore—Heaven bless the mark—having, indeed, no leisure to prepare them before the time at which they will be wanted. One of his lady-admirers (by the way, he is getting a vast number of lady-admirers) was saying the other day that the great danger to be feared for him was that he should commence with "Gentlemen and Ladies!" instead of "Ladies and Gentlemen!"—a transmutation which would ruin him at the



very outset. He vows, however, that he will say neither the one thing nor the other : and I believe him very sincere on that side. Indeed, I should as soon look to see gold pieces or penny loaves drop out of his mouth as to hear from it any such hum-drum, unrepubli- can commonplace. If he finds it necessary to address his audience by any particular designation, it will be thus : "Men and Women !" or perhaps, in my Penfillan grandfather's style, "Fool-creatures, come here for diversion !" On the whole, if his hearers be reason- able, and are content that there be good sense in the things he says, without requiring that he should furnish them with the brains to find it out, I have no doubt but that his success will be eminent.—*To John Welsh.*

#### D'ORSAY AND JEFFREY.

To day [April 13, 1845] Count D' Orsay walked in. I had not seen him for four or five years. Last time I saw him he was as gay in his colors as a humming-bird : blue satin cravat, blue velvet waistcoat, cream-colored coat, lined with velvet of the same hue ; trousers also of a bright color, I forget what ; white French gloves ; two glorious breastpins attached by a chain, and length enough of gold watch-guard to have hanged himself in. To-day, in compliment to his five more years, he was all in black and brown :—a black satin cravat, a brown velvet waistcoat, a brown coat, some shades darker than the waistcoat, lined with velvet of its own shade, and almost black trousers ; one breastpin, a large, pear-shaped pearl set into a little cup of diamonds, and only one fold of gold chain round his neck, tucked together right on the centre of his spacious breast, with one magnificent turquoise. Well ! that man understands his trade ; if it be but that of a dandy, nobody can deny that he is a perfect master of it ; that he dresses him- self with consummate skill. A bungler would have made no allowance for five more years at his time of life [forty-seven years] ; but he had the fine sense to perceive how much better his dress of to-day sets off the slightly enlarged figure and slightly worn complex- ion than the humming-bird colors would have done.

Poor D'Orsay! he was born to be something better than even the King of Dandies. He did not say nearly so many clever things this time as on the last occasion. His wit, I suppose, is of that sort which belongs more to animal spirits than to real genius, and his animal spirits seem to have fallen off many degrees. The only thing that fell from him to-day worth remembering was his account of a mask he had seen of Charles Fox, "all punched and flattened, as if he had slept in a book."

Lord Jeffrey came in, unexpected, while the Count was here. What a difference! The Prince of Critics and the Prince of Dandies. How washed-out the beautiful, dandiacal face looked beside that little clever old man's [Jeffrey was seventy-two years old]. The large blue, dandiacal eyes, you would have said, had never contemplated anything more interesting than the reflection of the handsome personage they pertained to, in the looking-glass; while the dark, penetrating ones of the other had been taking notes of most things in God's Universe, even seeing a good way into millstones.—*From Note Book.*

Only one thing written by Jane Welsh Carlyle which can by any possibility be supposed to have been intended for publication is known to exist. In the autumn of 1837 she sent to John Sterling—the house-friend of her husband and herself—a graceful little piece, entitled *The Watch and the Canary-Bird*. Accompanying this sketch was a note, referring to a preceding essay, in which she says: "You are on no account to understand that by either of these dialogians I mean to shadow forth my own personality. I think it not superfluous to give you this warning, because I remember you talked of Chico's philosophy of life as *my* philosophy of life—which was a horrible calumny." It is clear that this dialogue was not the first and there is no reason to suppose that it was renewed

by any other. It would seem that Mrs. Carlyle made a little mystery of these pieces, even with her husband.

IALOGUE BETWEEN THE BIRD AND THE WATCH.

*Watch.*—"Chirp, chirp, chirp!" What a weariness thou art with thy chirping! Does it never occur to thee, frivolous thing, that life is too short to be chirped away at this rate?

*Bird.*—Never. I am no Philosopher, but just a plain Canary bird.

*Watch.*—At all events, thou art a Creature of Time, that has been hatched, and that will surely die. And, such being the case, methinks thou art imperatively called upon to think more, and to chirp less.

*Bird.*—I "called upon to think!" How do you make that out? Will you be kind enough to specify how my condition would be improved by thought? Could thought procure me one grain of seed or one drop of water beyond what my mistress is pleased to give? Could it procure me one-eighth of an inch, one hair's-breadth more room, to move about in? Or could it procure me to be hatched over again, with better auspices, in fair, green wood, beneath the blue, free sky? I imagine not. Certainly I never yet betook myself to thinking, instead of singing, that I did not end in dashing wildly against the wires of my cage, with the sure loss of feathers, and at the peril of limb and life. No, no, in this very conditional world, depend upon it, he that thinks least will live the longest; and song is better than sense for carrying one handsomely along.

*Watch.*—You confess, then, without a blush, that you have no other aim in existence than to kill time.

*Bird.*—Just so. If I were not always killing of time, Time, I can tell you, would speedily kill me. Heigh-ho! I wish you had not interrupted me in my singing.

*Watch.*—Thou sighest, Chico; there is a drop of bitterness at the bottom of this froth of levity. Confess the truth; thou art not without compunction as to thy course of life.

*Bird.*—Indeed, but I am though. It is for the Power that made me, and placed me here, to feel compunction, if any is to be felt. For me, I do but fulfil my destiny. In the appointing of it I had no hand. It was with no consent of mine that I ever was hatched. . . . Nor yet was it with consent of mine that I was made to depend for subsistence not upon my own faculties and exertions, but on the bounty of a fickle mistress, who starves me at one time and surfeits me at another. Deeply, from my inmost soul, have I protested, and do protest, against all this. If, then, the chirping with which I stave off sorrow and ennui be an offence to the would-be wise, it is not I, but Providence, should bear the blame, having placed me in a condition where there is no alternative but to chirp or die; and at the same time made self-preservation the first instinct of all living things.

*Watch.*—Unhappy Chico! Not in thy circumstances, but in thyself, lies the impediments over which thou canst not gain the mastery. The lot thou complainest of so petulantly is, with slight variations, the lot of all. Thou art not free. Tell me who is. Alas, my bird; here sit prisoners; there also do prisoners sit. This world is all a prison, the only difference for those who inhabit it being in the size and aspect of their cells. . . .

*Bird.*—With all due reverence for thy universal insight—picked up, Heaven knows how, in spending thy days at the bottom of a dark fob—I must continue to think that the birds of the air, for example, are tolerably free; at least, they lead a stirring, pleasurable sort of life, which well may be called freedom in comparison with this of mine. . . . Would that the egg I was hatched from had been addled, or that I had perished while yet unfledged! I am weary of life, especially since thou hast constituted thyself my spiritual adviser. *Ay de mi!*—But enough of this! It shall never be told that I died the death of Jenkins's hen. "*Chico, point de faiblesse!*"

*Watch.*—It were more like a Christian to say, "Heaven be my strength!"

*Bird.*—And pray, what is a Christian? I have seen Poets, Philosophers, Politicians, Blue-stockings, Philan-

thropists—all sorts of notable persons—about my mistress ; but no Christians, so far as I am aware.

*Watch.*—Bird ! thy spiritual darkness exceeds belief. What can I say to thee ? I wish I could make thee wiser—better.

*Bird.*—If wishes were saws, I should request you to saw me a passage through these wires ; but wishes being simply *wishes*, I desire to be let alone of them.

*Watch.*—Good counsel at least is not to be neglected and I give thee the best, wouldst thou but lay it to heart. . . . Ah, Chico, in pining for the pleasures and excitements which lie beyond these wires, take also into account the perils and hardships. Think what the bird of the air has to suffer from the weather, from boys and beasts, and even from other birds. Storms and snares and unknown woes beset it at every turn, from all which you have been mercifully delivered by being once for all cooped up here.

*Bird.*—There is one known woe, however, from which I have not been delivered in being cooped up here ; and that is your absolute wisdom and impertinent interference—from which same I pray Heaven to take me with all convenient speed. If ever I attain to freedom, trust me, the very first use I shall make of it will be to fly where your solemn, prosy tick shall not reach me any more forever. Evil befall the hour when my mistress and your master took it into their heads to swear “eternal friendship,” and so occasion a juxtaposition between us two which Nature could never have meant.

*Watch.*—My “Master ?” Thou imbecile ! I own no master : rather am I his mistress, of whom thou speakest. Nothing can he do without appealing to me as to a second better conscience : and it is I who decide for him when he is incapable of deciding for himself. I say to him, “It is time to go,” and he goeth ; or, “There is time to stay,” and he stayeth. Hardly is he awake in the morning when I tick authoritatively into his ear “*Levez-vous, Monsieur ! Vous avez des grandes choses à faire !*” and forthwith he gathers himself together to enjoy the light of a new day—if no better there may be. . . . Ay, and when the night is come, and he lays himself down to sleep, I take my place at his



bed-head, and, like the tenderest nurse, tick him to repose.

*Bird*.—And suppose that he neglected to wind thee up, or that thy mainspring chanced to snap! What would follow then? Would the world stand still in consequence? Would thy Master—for such he is to all intents and purposes—lie forever in bed, expecting this *Levez-vous*? Would there be nothing in the wide universe besides thee to tell him what o'clock it was. Impudent piece of mechanism! depend upon it, for all so much as thou thinkest of thyself, thou couldst be done without. *Il n'y a point de montre nécessaire!* The artisan who made thee with files and pincers could make a thousand of thee to order. Cease, then, to deem thyself a fit critic for any living soul. Tick on, with infallible accuracy, sixty ticks to the minute through all eternity, if thou wiltst, and canst, but do not expect such as have hearts in their breasts to keep time with thee. A heart is a spontaneous, impulsive thing, which cannot, I would have thee know, be made to beat always at one measurement rate for the good pleasure of any timepiece that was ever put together.—And so good-day to thee; for here comes one who—thank Heaven—will put thee into his fob, and so end our tête-à-tête.

*Watch* (with a sigh).—The living on earth have much to bear.





CARLYLE, JOHN AITKIN, a Scottish physician, younger brother of Thomas Carlyle, born at Ecclefechan, Scotland, July 7, 1801 ; died at Dumfries, December 15, 1879. After attending the school at Annan, he studied medicine in Edinburgh, and afterward in Germany. During these years he was aided by his brother, whose own means were quite limited. In 1830 he went to London, hoping to enter upon the career of a man of letters, from which he was strongly dissuaded by his brother, who urged him to stick to the profession of medicine. He was wholly unsuccessful in his literary attempts, and also for a while in his efforts to establish himself as a physician. In 1831 he was introduced by Jeffrey to the Countess of Clare, an excellent woman of thirty-five, of large fortune, who had separated from her husband, then Governor of Bombay. She proposed to visit Italy, and was on the lookout for a suitable travelling physician. She was pleased with the cheery young Scotchman—called by his friends “Lord Moon,” on account of his round, ruddy face—and engaged him, at a salary of 300 guineas a year, besides his travelling expenses. From that time John Carlyle was a prosperous man, and the first use which he made of his money was to repay the considerable sum which he had received from his brother. He also was liberal to his mother, who had been left

a widow in somewhat straitened circumstances. Dr. Carlyle retained his position with the Countess of Clare, both in Italy and in England, until 1843, when he married and took up his residence in Scotland. The noted Lady Holland had invited him to become her physician-in-ordinary; but Thomas Carlyle urged his brother to decline, as Lady Holland was "a wretched, unreasonable, tyrannous old creature." John Carlyle finally located at Dumfries, where, his wife having died, he practised his profession with success, acquiring a considerable estate, the greater part of which was left by him to maintain bursaries for medical students, in connection with the University of Edinburgh.

John Carlyle possessed very considerable literary talent; but he was constitutionally indolent, and produced only one work, a translation into prose of the *Inferno* of Dante, accompanied by admirable explanatory notes and other critical apparatus. The work was commenced as early as 1832, but was not published until 1849. He proposed in like manner to edit and translate the whole of the *Divina Commedia*, "sending forth," as he says in the Preface, "this first volume—complete in itself—by way of experiment;" the experiment was in every way a successful one, but the proposed work was carried no further. Of Dante and his poems, Dr. Carlyle says:

#### DANTE AND HIS WORKS.

The whole works of Dante, in prose and verse, if separated from the unwieldy commentaries and dissertations that have been accumulating round them ever

since his death, might be comprised in two moderate volumes. The mere language of his Italian works is not difficult: all the greatest of his countrymen, in their successive generations, from the commencement of the fourteenth century, have been familiar with its expressive forms, and have contributed to keep them current in the very heart of Italian literature. Some few words have become obsolete, some phrases require explanation; but on the whole the speech of Dante comes wonderfully entire across the five centuries, and all the most beautiful passages are still quite fresh and clear. This is more especially true in regard to the great Poem which stands as the mature representative of his genius, the essence and consummation of all that he had endeavored and attained. . . .

The main obstruction in reading Dante arises from our ignorance of the persons and things amidst which he wrote. The whole time-basis of his mighty song has become dim and cold. The names and events, which once stirred and inflamed the thoughts of all readers, lie far distant, and have little or no intrinsic interest for us. Most of them have grown so dark and shadowy that they cannot by any effort be made to dwell in our memories; and so, by demanding constant notes and references, they serve only to interrupt our reading, and prevent us from rising to the full height and warmth of the subject. The great Poem, we soon feel, must have taken a more direct and earnest hold of the age from which it comes, than any other poem, ancient or modern; and for that reason alone it stands more in need of explanations. But it is likewise distinguished for its intense brevity, its multiform significance; and can have had no superfluous words even for its nearest contemporaries. The language throughout the whole poem, to those who are duly prepared for it, has a tone of plain familiarity which comes home to the subject with marvellous sequency and effect. It is like the language of a brother, whose position and feelings we are understood to know in detail; and who handles only the summits of things with us, leaving to us all the filling up of circumstances and the minuter shades and ramifications of meaning. . . .

## THE TRANSLATOR'S AIM AND METHOD.

The process of breaking in pieces the harmony and quiet force of the Original, and having to represent it so helplessly and inadequately in another language, has been found as painful as was anticipated, and the notes as hard to compress; but from the beginning to the end all the difficulties of the task have been honestly fronted; and readers who are already familiar with Dante and his commentators will be able to estimate the quantity of labor required for the performance of it. . . . It only remains for me to add that the comment given in the present volume is defined and limited by one simple rule: In attempting to lessen the difficulties above mentioned, and bring the great Poem nearer by explaining its material and temporary elements, I have endeavored to imitate the Author's own economy of words, as far as consistent with prosaic clearness, and strictly suppressed what seemed irrelevant.

A few pages of the Preface are devoted to what is really an exhaustive essay upon the "Position and Form of Hell," as imagined by Dante, and seen by him in his journey through it. As originally printed, every statement made by Dr. Carlyle is verified by citation of the passage in Dante upon which the statement is based. We omit these citations, resting upon Carlyle's authority for the truthfulness of the picture.

## THE INFERNO AS SEEN BY DANTE.

Our Earth rests "forever fixed and stable" in the centre of Dante's universe, and the Heavens, with their Planets and Stars, go revolving round it. Only a comparatively small portion of it was known to be inhabited in his time, and that he calls "the uncovered part," or "the great dry land;" and, following the Bible, he places Jerusalem in the centre of it, or "in the midst of the nations." Immediately below the dry land lies his Hell, as a kind of sink into which all Sin and Misery



fall. The successive generations of men stand, as it were, on a thin earth-rind, with the Heavenly Stars above them, and the "Dark Valley" of Hell beneath. And the Cross on Mount Calvary, where the Divine Man was "consumed" for their transgressions, points from the centre of their temporary dwelling-place to those same "beautiful Stars," wherein the "blessed people" dwell forever, and to the all-including Empyrean, which is the "City and High Seat of that Emperor who rules above, and rules in every part," throughout the universe. And the "Realm of Sorrow" converges beneath toward its "Emperor," Satan, who has his seat at the very centre of the Earth, or lowest point of space. And all light and heat, all wisdom and love, and strength come from the Stars or Heavens, and return to them; all cold and darkness, all ignorance and hatred, and weakness, come from the Evil One, and also return to him. He is planted at the bottom of Hell, fixed in eternal Darkness and eternal Ice, his head, with its three emblematic faces, pointing to Jerusalem, and his feet toward the Mount of Purgatory, which is the exact antipode of Jerusalem. . . .

The Hell itself is an immense, obscure, circular cavern, becoming narrower and narrower by successive degrees as it goes deeper. The general form is that of an inverted cone, which has its base toward "the great dry land," and its apex at the centre of the earth. The sides of it, in which Dante's road lies, are occupied by a series of horizontal Circles, or Circular Stages—mostly separated from one another by precipitous descents, and gradually diminishing in size, like the rows of an amphitheatre. These circles are nine in number, with various subdivisions in the lowest three of them; all of which are fully described in their proper places.

Mr. John Carlyle thus brings to an end this brief essay upon Dante and that Hell which he created :

#### DANTE AND THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.

The great leading ideas of this Hell of Dante are not borrowed ideas, but are the result of all that he has

learned, and seen, and known. Visions of the future world had indeed been common among Heathens and Christians before, and were still common in his own time; but these visions are generally of the most incoherent, dim, and fragmentary description, and could suggest little or nothing, except that the minds of serious men had long been exercised with such things. Dante was familiar with all the materials of the Middle Ages, and also with the worth and wisdom of the Ancients whom he sees face to face in that Limbo of his; and he openly—nay, purposely—takes every document within his reach.

And it is not so much by what has been loosely called Invention, as by true and clear recognition of the Nature of Things in that age of his, by unerring discrimination of what is significant from what is insignificant, and by boundless diligence withal, that he constructs an original and enduring work. In his inmost heart the scattered incidents gradually cohere, and expand, and become a living whole—fit for utterance. The "Sacred Poem for many years has made him lean;" and it is upon condition of his not being a "timid friend to Truth" that he expects to live among future generations. He has got infinitely beyond all the wretched factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines of his time, and seen the very roots of their sin and misery. The flaming Realities of Eternity stand visible on every side of him, and have taught him the "Straight Way," and given him power to measure the dimensions of all Popes and Kaisers, and estimate them by a standard which "conquers every error." And his earthly life, too, with all its sadness, has thereby become "bright," and "clear," and unspeakably precious; and even in Hell he recognizes all the good qualities of those that are condemned. There is nothing more touching in the whole poem than the brief, simple way in which he makes them allude to the "clear, beautiful life," the "bright world," the "sweet air, gladdened by the sun," the "beauteous stars," etc.



CARLYLE, THOMAS, a distinguished Scottish essayist and historian, born at Ecclefechan, Scotland, December 4, 1795 ; died in London, February 4, 1881. His father, a devout elder in the kirk, was a stone-mason who subsequently farmed several small pieces of land. Thomas, the eldest son by a second marriage, was sent at the age of fourteen to the University of Edinburgh. He was already fairly grounded in Latin, and mathematics, and read French with facility. Having completed his four years' course at the University, he was for two years mathematical tutor at Annan, then for two years more master of a new school at Kirkcaldy, set up in opposition to the old school, of which Edward Irving was master. The two young men, natives of the same district, had occasionally met at Edinburgh ; but they first became fairly acquainted at Kirkcaldy, and a warm friendship sprang up between them. In 1818 Irving and Carlyle went back to Edinburgh, intent upon finding some other career in life.

Carlyle had been destined by his pious father for the ministry of the Kirk of Scotland, and had already entered himself as a Student of Divinity. He could study for six years where he pleased, but must present himself every year at Edinburgh, and deliver a discourse before the Faculty and students. Carlyle went up twice for this purpose.

On the first occasion he delivered a sermon in English, and on the second a prelection in Latin. He had made up his mind that whatever he might come to be, he could not be a minister in the Kirk of Scotland. This resolve cost him many struggles ; and to these he was wont to attribute that chronic dyspepsia which harassed him, more or less, during the remaining threescore years of his life, and had much to do in shaping his character. Forty years later, an American friend asked him about this dyspepsia of his, and how it came upon him, to which questions Carlyle thus replied :

CARLYLE ON HIS DYSPEPSIA.

For one or two or three and twenty years of my mortal life I was not conscious of the ownership of that diabolical arrangement called a stomach. I had been destined by my father and my father's minister to be myself a Minister of the Kirk of Scotland. But, now that I had gained the years of man's estate, I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's Kirk, and it was needful that I should now settle it. And so I entered into my chamber and closed the door. And around about me there came a trooping throng of phantoms dire, from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, Fear, Unbelief, Mockery, and Scoffing were there, and I wrestled with them in the travail and agony of spirit. Thus was it for weeks. Whether I ate I know not ; whether I slept I know not ; but I only know that when I came forth again beneath the glimpses of the moon, it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical apparatus called a Stomach. And I never have been free from that knowledge from that hour to this ; and I suppose that I never shall be until I am laid away in my grave.

During the four years of his pedagogy Carlyle had saved about £90. This he had when he went

back to Edinburgh; and upon it he could live until he should "fall into some other way of doing." He earned something by taking pupils, and by writing papers for Brewster's *Cyclopædia*; so that he was able to keep his £90 intact for future emergencies. Still, things wore such an unpromising aspect at home that he had in mind to migrate to America, and see what the New World had to offer him.

In the meantime Irving had, in 1822, gone to London and entered upon his brilliant career as Minister at the Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Street. Among his hearers was Mrs. Buller, the wife of a wealthy Londoner, who had in mind to send her sons to study at Edinburgh. She asked Irving to recommend a tutor for them. He named Carlyle, to whom the place was offered, and by whom it was accepted. The salary was £200 a year; the duties were not onerous; the tutor had much of the day and all of the evenings at his own disposal. The boys were nice lads; the eldest of them—Charles Buller—came near making a great name for himself; when he died in 1848, at the age of forty-two, he was thought by many to be the "most rising man in England." Carlyle's tutorship in the Buller family, where he came to be esteemed as an honored guest rather than as a salaried tutor, lasted a couple of years. Then he suddenly threw up the place, for no reason now apparent except that he had an unusually bad turn of dyspepsia, and consequently a severe fit of the "blues." He went back to his lodgings at Edinburgh, with some hundreds of pounds in his



purse, which he was quite ready to share with his younger brother, John.

Carlyle had performed some rather notable literary work. Foremost among this was the *Life of Schiller*, which came out at first in separate numbers of the *London Magazine*, and not long after as a volume by itself. This deserves some notice as being the first book by Carlyle. It is by no means a great work. Twenty years afterward, when he put forth a second edition, much enlarged, he styled it "an insignificant Book; very imperfect but also very harmless; one which can innocently instruct those who are more ignorant than itself." The closing paragraphs of this *Life of Schiller* are, however, among the noblest things ever written by Carlyle.

#### THE CAREER OF SCHILLER.

On the whole, we may pronounce him happy. His days passed in the contemplation of ideal grandeur, he lived among the glories and solemnities of universal Nature; his thoughts were of sages and heroes and scenes of Elysian beauty. It is true he had no rest, no peace; but he enjoyed the fiery consciousness of his own activity, which stands in place of it for men like him. It is true he was long sickly; but did he not even then conceive and body forth *Max Piccolomini*, and *The Maid of Orleans*, and the scenes of *Wilhelm Tell*. It is true he died early; but the student will exclaim with Charles XII. in another case, "Was it not enough of life when he had conquered Kingdoms?" These Kingdoms which Schiller conquered were not from one nation at the expense of suffering to another; they were soiled by no patriot's blood, no widow's, no orphan's tear: they are Kingdoms conquered from the barren realms of Darkness, to increase the happiness, and dignity, and power of all men: new forms of Faith, new maxims of

Wisdom, new images of Beauty "won from the void and formless Infinite:" a "possession forever" to all the generations of the earth.—*Life of Schiller*.

The translation of *Wilhelm Meister* was completed in 1824. For it Carlyle received £180 upon the publication of the first edition; if a second edition was called for, he was to be paid £250 more for 1,000 copies; the work after that to be his own absolute property. No second edition was for a long time called for; "but," he says, "any way, I am sufficiently paid for my labor." In the Summer of 1824 Carlyle went to London for the first time, having been invited by Mrs. Buller to resume the tutorship of her sons; but nothing came of this proposition. Carlyle's visit to London lasted until the next January, during which time he made a flying trip to Paris. This and two visits to Germany, of a month each, long after, when he was writing his *Life of Frederick*, were the only occasions upon which Carlyle ever set foot outside the British Islands. Upon this visit to London Carlyle renewed his intimacy with Irving; met with many of the literary celebrities of the day—of whom he speaks in an altogether disparaging way; and made arrangements with publishers for several works, prominent among which were a series of translations which were published next year in four volumes under the title *Specimens of German Romance*.

Carlyle had in the meanwhile become engaged to Jane Welsh. The engagement was once or twice nearly broken off, owing mainly to Carlyle's impracticable humors. He would not make his

home with the mother of Miss Welsh, nor should she have a home with him and her daughter. He said: "I cannot live in a house of which I am not head; I should be miserable, and make all about me miserable." But the disputes were smoothed over, and Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh were married in October, 1826, he being thirty-one and she six years younger. They took up their residence at Comely Bank, in the suburbs of Edinburgh, in a little house the rent of which was paid by Mrs. Welsh, who also provided the necessary furnishing. Carlyle had now about £200 in cash, with a reasonable prospect of earning a moderate subsistence by his pen.

The eighteen months of their residence at Comely Bank appears to have been the happiest period in the joint lives of Carlyle and his wife. Jane Carlyle—delicately reared—developed the rare faculty, which she retained ever afterward, of making a little go a great way, as it soon became needful to do, for the book-trade was in a very depressed state. The *Life of Schiller*, *Wilhelm Meister*, and the *German Romance* went off slowly, and publishers were not disposed to make new ventures in the direction to which Carlyle's work had tended. He tried to strike out some new path. He began a novel, but threw it up, after writing a few chapters. He projected a *Literary Annual Register*, to be edited and mainly written by himself; but no bookseller would risk money in its publication. With Carlyle it was all outgo and no income, and his £200 were rapidly being eaten up. Before long he reverted to an

idea which had been before considered and laid aside. This was that they should take up their residence at Craigenputtock ("Hawkscliff"), a wild moorland farm belonging to Mrs. Carlyle (or, at present to her mother), the tenant of which was about to be dispossessed, not being able to pay his rent. "Here," urged Carlyle, "I can have my horse, pure milk-diet, and go on with literature and my life-task generally in the absolute solitude and pure silence of Nature, with nothing but loving and helpful faces around me." His wife at last consented, and the movement was decided upon. Alexander Carlyle, a younger brother of Thomas, was to take the farm and manage it. He actually went there in May, 1827; his brother and wife expected to follow soon.

But just then things took a new turn. Carlyle received an introduction to Jeffrey, who asked him to contribute to the *Edinburgh Review*. The next number was nearly all printed; but there was yet space for a short article, and Carlyle wrote the paper on *Richter*, which appeared in October, 1827, being the first of Carlyle's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*; and the subjects of future papers were agreed upon. Jeffrey remained ever afterward a stanch friend of the Carlyles. Something of this is doubtless to be attributed to the honest admiration which the dapper elderly literary autocrat (Jeffrey was several years beyond fifty) formed for the bright, clever Jane Carlyle. Quite as much is to be attributed to his high estimate of the genius of Carlyle himself: an estimate all the higher that

Jeffrey never could quite understand Carlyle. Carlyle also found in the *Foreign Review* a market for several other papers upon themes connected with German literature. In March, 1828, he wrote to his brother :

EDINBURGH *versus* CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

This Edinburgh is getting more and more agreeable to me—more and more a sort of home ; and I can live in it, if I like to live perpetually unhealthy, and strive forever against becoming a *hack* ; for that I cannot be. On the other hand, I should have liberty and solitude for all I like best among the moors ; only Jane—though, like a good wife, she says nothing—seems more and more averse to the whole enterprise.

The matter was, however, decided *for* them, not *by* them. Carlyle dallied about renewing his lease of Comely Bank, and the owner leased the house to another tenant. The Carlyles had to leave, and Craigenputtock was still open to them. To Craigenputtock they went, arriving there near the close of May, 1828. Of this new home of theirs Mr. Froude says :

FROUDE'S DESCRIPTION OF CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

Craigenputtock is the dreariest spot in all the British dominions. The nearest cottage is more than a mile from it. The elevation—700 feet above the sea—stunts the trees, and limits the garden-produce to the hardiest vegetables. The house is gaunt and hungry-looking. It stands, with the scanty fields attached, as an island in a sea of morass ; the landscape, unredeemed by either grace or grandeur, mere undulating hills of grass and heather, with peat-bogs in the hollows between them. The belts of firs, which now relieve the eye, were scarcely planted when the Carlyles took possession. The Spring is late in Scotland. In May, on the



high moors, the trees are still bare; the fields are scarcely colored with the first shoots of green; and Winter lingers in the lengthening days, as if unwilling to relax its grasp. No wonder that Mrs. Carlyle shuddered at the thought of making her home in so stern a solitude, delicate as she was, with a weak chest, and with the fatal nervous disorder, of which she eventually died, already beginning to show itself.--*Froude's Life of Carlyle.*

Within doors the house at Craigenputtock had been made quite habitable. In a letter to Goethe, Carlyle gave an idyllic description of their way of life at Craigenputtock. But except during the Summer months life must have been dreary there. Carlyle was wont to shut himself up all day with his pipe and his books, and his wife was forced to take upon herself the hardest household tasks.

The residence at Craigenputtock lasted six years, during which Carlyle performed much of his best literary work. Here were written nearly all of his *Edinburgh Review* articles, including the one upon *Burns*, held by many to be the best critico-biographical essay in the language; here were written what was intended to be a *History of German Literature*, much of which appeared subsequently as separate papers; here also was written, for the most part, *Sartor Resartus*, the best of all his books, unless that distinction should be accorded to *The History of the French Revolution*.

Affairs did not, however, go on well in this solitude. Alexander Carlyle could not make the farm pay, and had to give it up, after sinking what little money he had, and several scores of pounds which his brother had advanced to him.

Manuscript after manuscript was returned to Carlyle by the London publishers, and even the *Edinburgh Review* grew remiss in its payments, now that Jeffrey had resigned the editorship. At one time Carlyle notes that he had reached his last five pounds of ready money; and it was not quite certain how soon any more would be coming in.

Carlyle, his wife assenting, resolved that he would go up to the "great beehive and wasps'-nest of London," and ascertain whether there was paying work there for him to do. Early in the Spring of 1831 he wrote to his brother John, who was then trying his fortune in London: "Keep this inviolably secret; and know meanwhile that if I can raise £50 at the right season, to London I will certainly come." Jeffrey had not many months before pressed Carlyle to accept from him an annuity of £100, which had been declined. Carlyle now accepted £50 as a temporary loan, and set out for London, where some moneys were due him from one editor and another.

Carlyle reached London early in August, 1831. His immediate purpose was to find a publisher for *Sartor Resartus*, or "Teufelsdröckh," as the work was first styled. The result was discouraging. Both Longman and Colburn positively declined to have anything to do with it. Fraser would publish it upon condition that the author should advance £150 to pay expenses. Murray, upon the recommendation of Jeffrey, would print seven hundred and fifty copies at his own risk—nothing to be paid to the author; but he soon found a

plausible reason for falling back from this agreement. So *Sartor Resartus* remained in abeyance for a while, and in the end came out in some ten successive numbers of *Fraser's Magazine*, where it formed a ready butt for the critics of the press, who pronounced it to be a "heap of clotted nonsense, mixed, however, here and there with passages marked by thought and striking poetic vigor." These papers, as they appeared, were carefully read by at least one man—Ralph Waldo Emerson—through whom they were, in America, put forth in a little volume, with an almost apologetical preface :

EMERSON'S PREFACE TO SARTOR RESARTUS.

The editors have been induced to collect the following sheets out of the ephemeral pamphlets in which they appeared, under conviction that they contain in themselves the assurance of a longer date. The editors have no expectation that this little work will have a sudden and general popularity. They will not undertake, as there is no need, to justify the gay costume in which the author delights to dress his thoughts, or the German idioms with which he has sportively sprinkled his pages. It is his humor to advance the gravest speculations upon the gravest topics in a quaint and burlesque style. But we will venture to remark that the distaste excited by these peculiarities in some readers is greatest at first, and is soon forgotten, and that the foreign dress and aspect of the work are quite superficial, and cover a genuine Saxon heart. . . . But what will chiefly commend the Book to the discerning reader is the manifest design of the work—which is a Criticism upon the Spirit of the Age—we had almost said of the hour—in which we live ; exhibiting in the most just and novel light the present aspects of Religion, Politics, Literature, Arts, and Social Life. Under all his gayety the author has a manifest meaning, and discovers an in-

sight into the manifold wants and tendencies of human nature which is very rare among our popular authors.

*Sartor Resartus* ("The Tailor Retailored") may be properly designated as the "Life and Opinions of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh" (*God-born Devilsdung*—the latter German word, like its English equivalent, being the vulgar name for the ill-smelling gum *assafætida*) who was mysteriously left at the door of Andreas Futteral (*Fodderbag*), in the village of Entepfuhl (*Duckpuddle*). He was trained at the Gymnasium of Hinterschlag (*Hitbehind*); was in time made Professor of Allerlei-Wissenschaft (*General Philosophy*) in the new University of Weisnichtwo (*Don'tknowwhere*); and put forth a learned work, entitled "Clothes, Their Origin and Influence." This book, supplemented by various documents supplied by the Hofrath Heuschreke (*Court Councillor Grasshopper*), an admiring friend of Professor Teufelsdröckh, forms the material from which *Sartor Resartus* is constructed. By "Clothes" we are to understand all forms, institutions, and beliefs which man has ever fashioned for himself, whether for ornament, protection, or convenience. The theory is thus set forth by Teufelsdröckh:

#### CLOTHES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

All visible things are Emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken, it is not there at all. Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea and *body* it forth. Hence Clothes, despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, from the King's mantle downward,

are Emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want. On the other hand, all Emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven. Must not the Imagination weave Garments, visible Bodies, wherein the else invisible creations and inspirations of our Reason are, like Spirits, revealed, and first become all-powerful; the rather if, as we often see, the Hand, too, aid her, and (by wool Clothes or otherwise) reveal such even to the outward eye?—Men are said to be clothed with Authority, clothed with Beauty, with Curses, and the like. Nay, if you consider it, what is Man himself and his whole terrestrial Life, but an Emblem; a Clothing or visible Garment for that divine *Me* of his, cast hither, like a light particle, down from Heaven. Thus is he said also to be clothed with a Body. . . . Why multiply instances? It is written, The Heavens and the Earth shall fade away like a Vesture; which indeed they are: the Time-vesture of the Eternal. Whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit, is properly a Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on for a season, and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of *Clothes*, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, and been. The whole External Universe, and what it holds, is but Clothing, and the essence of all Science lies in the *Philosophy of Clothes*.—*Sartor Resartus*, Book I., Chap. xi.

#### ON CHURCH-CLOTHES.

By Church-Clothes I mean infinitely more than Cassocks and Surplices; and I do not at all mean the mere haberdasher Sunday Clothes that men go to Church in. Far from it! Church-Clothes are, in our vocabulary, the Forms, the *Vestures* under which men have at various periods embodied and represented for themselves the Religious Principle; that is to say, invested the Divine Idea of the World with a sensible and practically active Body, so that it might dwell among them as a living and life-giving Word.—These are unspeakably the most important of all the vestures and garnitures of Human Existence. They are first spun and woven, I may say



by that wonder of wonders, *Society*, for it is still only when "two or three are gathered together" that Religion, spiritually existent, and indeed indestructible, however latent, in each, first outwardly manifests itself (as with "cloven tongues of fire"), and seeks to be embodied in a visible Communion and Church Militant. Mystical, more than magical, is that Communing of Soul with Soul, both looking heavenward—take it in what sense you may—not in looking earthward, does what we can call Union, Mutual Love, Society, begin to be possible. . . .

But with regard to your Church-proper, and the Church-Clothes specially recognized as Church-Clothes, I remark, fearlessly enough, that without such Vestures and Sacred Tissues Society has not existed, and will not exist. For if the Government is, so to speak, the outward *skin* of the Body Politic, holding the whole together and protecting it; and all your Craft-Guilds and Associations for Industry, of hand and head, are the Fleishy Clothes, the muscular and osseous Tissues (lying under such *skin*), whereby Society stands and works;—then is Religion the inmost Pericardial and Nervous Tissue, which ministers Life and warm Circulation to the whole. Without which Pericardial Tissue the Bones and Muscles (of Industry) were inert, or animated only by a Galvanic Vitality: the *Skin* would become a shrivelled pelt, or fast-rotting raw hide; and Society itself a dead carcass—deserving to be buried. Men were no longer Social, but Gregarious; which latter state also could not continue, but must gradually issue in universal selfish discord, hatred, savage isolation, and dispersion;—whereby, as we might continue to say, the very dust and dead body of Society would have evaporated and become abolished. Such, and so all-important, all-sustaining, are the Church-Clothes to civilized or even to rational man.

Meanwhile, in our Era of the World, these same Church-Clothes have gone sorrowfully out at elbows: nay, far worse, many of them have become mere hollow Shapes, or Masks, under which no living Figure or Spirit any longer dwells; but only spiders and unclean beetles, in horrid accumulation, drive their trade; and the mask still glares on you with its glass eyes in

ghastly affectation of Life—some generation and a half after Religion has quite withdrawn from it, and in unnoticed nooks is weaving for herself new Vestures, wherewith to reappear, and bless us, or our sons or grandsons. As a Priest, or Interpreter of the Holy, is the noblest and highest of all men, so is a Sham-Priest the falsest and basest: neither is it doubtful that his Canonicals—were they Popes' tiaras—will one day be torn from him, to make bandages for the wounds of mankind; or even to burn into tinder, for general scientific or culinary purposes.—*Sartor Resartus, Book III, Chap. ii.*

#### ON GHOSTS.

Could anything be more miraculous than an actual, authentic ghost? The English Johnson longed all his life to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind's eye, as well as the body's, look round him into that full tide of human life he so loved? Did he never so much as look into himself? The good Doctor was a ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; well-nigh a million of ghosts were travelling the streets by his side.

Once more I say, Sweep away the illusion of Time; compress the three-score years into three minutes: what else was he? what else are we? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body—into an Appearance, and that fade away into air and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact*. We start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity;—and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the song of beatified Souls? And again do we not squeak and gibber (in our discordant, screech-owlish debatings and recriminations); and glide bodeful and feeble, and fearful; or uproar and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead—till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day?

Where now is Alexander of Macedon! Does the steel host that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon, too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt, which has now, with its howling tumult that made night hideous, flitted away?—Ghosts? There are now a thousand million walking the Earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him, but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These limbs, whence had we them: this stormy Force, this Life-blood with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our *Me*; wherein through some moments or years the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That Warrior on his strong war-horse: fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart; but warrior and war-horse are a Vision—a revealed Force—nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago they were not; a little while and they are not; their very ashes are not.

So it has been from the beginning; so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission, *appears*. What Force of Fire is in each he expends; one grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellows; and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and even to sense becomes a Vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this Mysterious *Mankind* thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur,

through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage; can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits, which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.—*Sartor Resartus*, Book III., Chap. x.

*Sartor Resartus* was received with abundant disfavor during the ten months while it was passing in so many successive Numbers of *Fraser's Magazine*. We imagine it was brought to a close much earlier than the author intended. The ending is certainly abrupt, the work closing with the following farewell to the readers and the editor of the Magazine:

#### VALEDICTORY.

Here, however, can the present Editor, with an ambrosial joy, as of overweariness falling into sleep, lay down his pen. Well does he know, if human testimony be worth aught, that to innumerable British readers likewise, this is a satisfying consummation; that innumerable British readers consider him, during these current months but as an uneasy interruption to their ways of thought and digestion; and indicate so much, not without a certain irritancy and even spoken invective. For which, as for other mercies, ought he not to thank the Upper Powers? To one and all of you, O irritated readers, he with outstretched arms and open heart, will wave a kind farewell.—Thou, too, miraculous Entity, who namest thyself YORKE and OLIVER, and with thy vivacities and genialities, with thy all too Irish mirth and madness, and odor of palled punch, makest such strange work, farewell; long as thou canst, *farewell!*

Have we not, in the course of Eternity, travelled some months of our Life-journey in partial sight of one another ; have we not existed together, though in a state of quarrel ?—*Sartor Resartus*, Book III., Chap. xii.

From London Carlyle went back to Craigenputtock ; and at length, early in 1834, he decided—with his wife's full concurrence—to take up his abode in London. They found a comfortable house, rent £30 a year, in Chelsea, then a kind of quiet nook in the great city, of which they took possession in June. This house remained their home for the thirty-two years during which Jane Carlyle lived, and continued to be that of Thomas Carlyle for the fifteen years that he survived her. It is worthy of note that at this time Carlyle's whole worldly wealth was £200—so much had he saved from what had been paid him for *Sartor Resartus*, and some other writings.

Carlyle was just about entering his thirty-ninth year. So far he had been an apprentice, or at most a journeyman in literature. He was now fairly to set up as a master-workman. He had already fixed upon the French Revolution as the subject of his next work. Early in February, 1835, he notes in his journal, "The first Book of the *French Revolution* is finished. . . . It is now some three-and-twenty months since I have earned one penny by the craft of literature." A month afterward all which he had written was destroyed. He had lent the manuscript to his friend James Mill for perusal. One night Mill sat up until late reading it. The servant, coming in in the morning, saw the sheets lying around on the floor ;



thinking them mere waste paper, she used them to light the fire. The manuscript thus destroyed formed about a quarter of the whole work as finally completed. Mr. Mill did his best to make good the loss which he had occasioned. He sent to Carlyle a check for £200; but Carlyle would accept only half this sum, which would, he thought, pay him for the five months' labor of reproducing it. In six or seven months the lost manuscript was rewritten. He went on with the work, the last sentence of which was written on the evening of January 12, 1837. "I know not," he said to his wife as he handed the last pages to her, "whether this book is worth anything, nor what the world will do with it, or misdo, or entirely forbear to do, as is likeliest; but this I could tell the world: You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man. Do what you like with it."

The *History of the French Revolution*, as written by Carlyle, begins with the accession of Louis XVI., May, 1774, and ends with "The Whiff of Grapeshot," by which, October 4, 1795, Napoleon Bonaparte put an end to the rule of the Convention. The work is not so much a connected History of the Revolution as a series of brilliant scenes from that History.

#### THE DEATH-BED OF LOUIS XV.

Louis XV. had always the kingliest abhorrence of Death: he would not suffer Death to be spoken of; avoided the sight of churchyards, funeral monuments, and whatsoever could bring it to mind. It is the foolish resource of the Ostrich, who, hard hunted, sticks

his foolish head in the ground, and would fain forget that his foolish, unseeing body is not unseen too. Or sometimes, with a spasmodic antagonism, significant of the same thing, and of more, he *would* go ; or, stopping his court carriages, would send into churchyards, and ask "how many new graves there were to-day," though it gave his poor Pompadour the disagreeablest qualms.

. . . . .

But figure his thought when Death is now clutching at his own heart-strings ; unlooked for, inexorable ! Yes, poor Louis, Death has found thee. No palace walls or life-guards, gorgeous tapestries or gilt buckram of stiffest ceremonial, could keep him out ; but he is here at thy very life-breath, and will extinguish it. Thou, whose whole existence hitherto was a chimera and scenic show, at length becomest a reality : sumptuous Versailles burst asunder like a Dream into void Immensity ; Time is done, and all the scaffolding of Time falls wrecked, with hideous clangor, round thy soul ; the pale Kingdoms yawn open ; there must thou enter, naked, all unkinged, and await what is appointed thee ! Unhappy man, there, as thou turnest in dull agony on the bed of weariness, what a thought is thine ! Purgatory and Hell-fire now all too possible, in the prospect : in the retrospect—alas what thing didst thou do that were not better undone ? What mortal didst thou generously help ? What sorrow hadst thou mercy on ? Do the "five hundred thousand" ghosts who sank shamefully on so many battle-fields from Rossbach to Quebec, that thy Harlot might take revenge for an epigram, crowd round thee in this hour ? Thy foul Harem ; the curses of mothers, the tears and infamy of daughters ? Miserable man ! thou "has done evil as thou couldst ;" thy whole existence seems one hideous abortion and mistake of Nature. Frightful, O Louis, seem these moments for thee.—We will pry no further into the horrors of a sinner's death-bed.

And yet let no meaner man lay flattering unction to his soul. Louis was a Ruler : but art not thou also one ? His wide France, look at it from the Fixed Stars (themselves not yet Infinitude), is no wider than thy narrow

brickfield, where thou, too, didst faithfully, or didst unfaithfully. Man, "Symbol of Eternity imprisoned into Time!" it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in, that can have worth or continuance.—*French Revolution, Vol. I., Book i., Chap. 4.*

#### THE FEAST OF PIKES : BLESSING THE BANNERS.

The morning comes, cold for a July one, but such a festivity would make Greenland smile. Through every inlet of that National Amphitheatre (for it is a league in circuit, cut with openings at due intervals) floods in the living throng, covers, without tumult, space after space. Far aloft, over the Altar of the Fatherland, on their tall crane-standards of iron, swing pensile our antique *Cussolettes* or Pans of Incense; dispensing sweet incense-fumes—unless for the Heathen Mythology, one sees not for whom. Two hundred thousand Patriotic Men, and—twice as good—one hundred thousand Patriotic Women, all decked and glorified as one can fancy, sit waiting in this Champ de Mars. . . .

But behold there, on this Field of Mars, the National Banners, before there could be any swearing, were all to be blessed. A most proper operation; since surely without Heaven's blessing bestowed, say even audibly or inaudibly *sought*, no Earthly banner or contrivance can prove victorious: but now the means of doing it? By what thrice-divine Franklin thunder-rod shall miraculous fire be drawn out of Heaven, and descend gently, life-giving, with health to the souls of men? Alas, by the simplest: by two hundred shaven-crowned Individuals, "in snow-white albs, with tri-color girdles," arranged on the steps of Fatherland's Altar; and at their head, for spokesman, Souls' Overseer Talleyrand Périgord! These shall act as miraculous thunder-rod—to such length as they can.

O ye deep, azure Heavens, and thou green, all-nursing Earth: ye Streams ever-flowing; deciduous Forests that die and are born continually, like the sons of men; stone Mountains that die daily with every rain shower, yet are not dead and levelled for ages of ages, nor born again (it seems) but with new world-explosions, and

such tumultuous seething and tumbling, steam half-way up to the Moon ; O thou unfathomable mystic All, garment and dwelling-place of the UNNAMED ; and thou, articulate-speaking Spirit of Man, who moulded and modellest that Unfathomable and Unnamable even as we see—is not *there* a miracle : That some French mortal should, we say not have believed, but pretended to imagine he believed that Talleyrand and two hundred pieces of white Calico could do it !

Here, however, we are to remark, with the sorrowing Historians of that day, that suddenly, while Episcopus Talleyrand—long-stoled, with mitre and tri-color belt—was yet but hitching up the Altar-steps, to do his miracle, the material Heaven grew black ; a north-wind, moaning cold moisture, began to sing ; and there descended a very deluge of rain. Sad to see ! The thirty-staired seats round our Amphitheatre get instantaneously slated with mere umbrellas, fallacious when so thick set ; our *Cassolettes* become Waterpots, their incense-smoke gone hissing, in a whiff of muddy vapor. Alas, instead of vivats, there is nothing now but the furious peppering and rattling. From three to four hundred thousand human individuals feel that they have a skin, happily impervious. The General's sash runs water ; how all military banners droop, and will not wave, but lazily flap, as metamorphosed into painted tin-banners ! Worse, far worse, these hundred thousand—such is the Historian's testimony—of the fairest of France ! Their snowy muslins all splashed and dragged ; the ostrich-feather shrunk shamefully to the backbone of a feather ; all caps are ruined, innermost pasteboard molten into its original pap : Beauty no longer swims decorated in her garniture, like Love-goddess hidden-revealed in her Paphian clouds, but struggles in disastrous imprisonment in it, for “ the shape was noticeable ; ” and now only sympathetic interjections, titterings, tee-heeings, and resolute good-humor will avail.

A deluge ; an incessant sheet or fluid-column of rain ; such that our Overseer's mitre must be filled ; not a mitre, but a filled and leaky fire-bucket on his reverend head !—Regardless of which, Overseer Talleyrand performs his miracle : the blessing of Talleyrand—another

than that of Jacob—is on all the eighty-three departmental flags of France, which wave or flap with such thankfulness as needs.—Towards three o'clock the sun beams out again: the remaining evolutions can be transacted under bright heavens, though with decorations much damaged.—*French Revolution, Vol. I., Book viii., Chap. 12.*

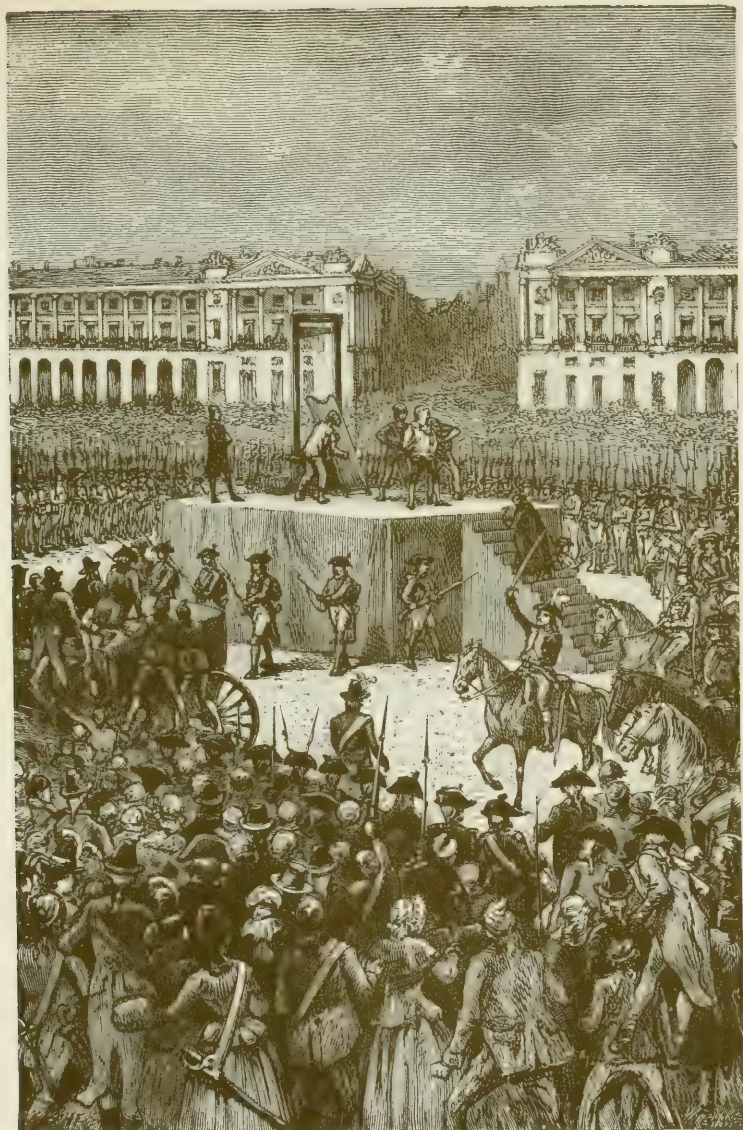
#### THE DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

On Saturday, the second day of April, 1791, Mirabeau feels that the last of the Days has risen for him; that on this day he has to depart, and be no more. His death is Titanic, as his life has been. He longs to live, yet acquiesces in death, argues not with the inexorable. His speech is wild and wondrous: unearthly Phantasms dancing now their torch-dance round his soul; the Soul looking out, fire-radiant, motionless, girt together for that great hour. At times comes a beam of light from him on the world he is quitting. . . . He gazes forth on the young Spring, which for him will never be Summer. The Sun has risen; he says, "*Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin germain.*"—Death has mastered the outworks; the power of speech is gone, the citadel of the heart still holding out. The moribund giant passionately, by sign, demands opium; writes his passionate demand for opium to end these agonies. The sorrowful Doctor shakes his head. "*Dormir,*" "to sleep," writes the other, passionately pointing at it. So dies a gigantic Heathen and Titan; stumbling blindly, undismayed, down to his rest. At half-past eight in the morning, Dr. Petit, standing at the foot of the bed, says, "*Il ne souffre plus.*" His suffering and his working are now ended.—*French Revolution, Vol. I., Book x., Chap. 7.*

#### THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze: the guillotine mounted near the old pedestal where once stood the statue of that Louis. Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men; spectators crowding in the rear; d'Orléans Égalité there in cabriolet. Heedless of all,





EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

Drawing by Vierge.



Louis reads his Prayers for the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the carriage opens. What temper is he in? Ten witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black Maelstrom and descent of Death; in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. "Take care of M. Edgeworth," he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them: then they two descend.

He mounts the scaffold, not without delay. He is in full coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat, stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The executioners approach to bind him: he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the scaffold, "his face very red," and says: "Frenchmen, I die innocent: it is from the scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France——" A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out with uplifted hands: "*Tambours!*" The drums drown the voice. "Executioners, do your duty!" The executioners, lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his armed ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis, six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to the plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven." The axe clanks down; A King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday, the 21st of January, 1793. He was aged thirty-eight years, four months, and twenty-eight days. . . .

At home this killing of a King has divided all friends, and abroad it has united all enemies. Fraternity of Peoples, Revolutionary Propagandism; Atheism, Regicide; total destruction of Social Order in this world! All Kings and lovers of Kings, and haters of Anarchy, rank in coalition, as in a war for life. England signifies to Citizen Chauvelin, the Ambassador, or rather Ambassador's Cloak, that he must quit the country in eight days. Ambassador's Cloak and Ambassador—

Chauvelin and Talleyrand—depart accordingly. Talleyrand, implicated in that Iron Press of the Tuileries, thinks it safest to make for America.

England has cast out the Embassy ; England declares war—being shocked principally, it would seem, at the condition of the River Scheldt. Spain declares war, being shocked principally at some other thing ; which doubtless the Manifesto indicates. Nay, we find that it was not England that declared war first, or Spain first ; but that France herself declared war first on both of them. They all declare war. The sword is drawn, the scabbard thrown away. It is even as Danton said, in one of his all-too gigantic figures : “The coalized Kings threaten us ; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the Head of a King.”—*French Revolution, Vol. II., Book iv., Chap. 8.*

#### FRANCE DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Sansculottism was the frightfulest thing ever born of Time ? One of the frightfulest. The Convention, now grown Anti-Jacobin, did, with an eye to justify and fortify itself, publish lists of what the Reign of Terror had perpetrated. Lists of Persons Guillotined. These Lists, cries splenetic Abbé Montgalliard, were not complete. They contain the names of how many persons thinks the Reader ?—Two thousand, all but a few. There were above four thousand, cries Montgalliard ; so many who were guillotined, fusilladed, nogaded, done to dire death ; of whom nine hundred were women.

It is a horrible sum of human lives, M. l'Abbé : some ten times as many shot rightly on a field of battle, and one might have had his Glorious Victory with *Te Deums*. It is not far from the two-hundredth part of what perished in the entire Seven Years' War. By which Seven Years' War did not the great Fritz wrench Silesia from the great Theresa ; and a Pompadour, stung by epigram, satisfy herself that she could not be an Agnes Sorel ? The head of a man is a strange, vacant, sounding-shell, M. l'Abbé ; and studies Cocker to small purpose.

But what if History somewhere on this Planet were

to hear of a Nation, the third soul of whom had not for thirty weeks each year as many third-rate potatoes as would sustain him? History in that case would be bound to consider that starvation is starvation; that starvation from age to age presupposes much; History ventures to assert that the French Sansculotte of Ninety-three, who, roused from long death-sleep, could rush to the frontiers, and die fighting for an immortal Hope and Faith of Deliverance, for him and his, was but the *second*-miserablest of men.

History looking back through this France through long times—back to Turgot's time, for instance—confesses mournfully that there is no period to be met with in which the general Twenty-five Millions of France suffered *less* than in this period which they name Reign of Terror! But it was not the Dumb Millions that suffered here: it was the speaking Thousands and Hundreds and Units; who shrieked and published, and made the world ring with their wail, as they could and should: that is the grand peculiarity. The frightfulest Births of Time are never the loud-speaking ones, for these soon die; they are the silent ones, which can live from century to century! Anarchy, hateful as Death, is abhorrent to the whole nature of man; and so must itself soon die.

Wherefore let all men know what of depth and of height is still revealed in man; and with fear and wonder, with just sympathy, and just antipathy, with clear eye and open heart, contemplate it and appropriate it; and draw innumerable inferences from it. This inference, for example, among the first: That "if the gods of this lower world will sit on their glittering thrones, indolent as Epicurus's gods, with the living Chaos of Ignorance and Hunger weltering uncared for at their feet. and smooth Parasites preaching 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace,' then the dark Chaos, it would seem, will rise: has risen, and O Heavens! has it not tanned their skins into breeches for itself?" That there be no second Sansculottism in our Earth for a thousand years, let us understand what the first was; and let Rich and Poor of us go and do *otherwise*.—*French Revolution, Vol. II., Book ix., Chap. 6.*



The *French Revolution* was published, but no money came to the author from it. Some of Carlyle's friends—notable among whom was Harriet Martineau, urged him to deliver a course of lectures. They hired a hall, got two hundred subscribers to the course of six lectures on German Literature which were delivered in May, 1837, and netted to Carlyle £135. Next May (1838) he delivered a course of twelve lectures upon Dante, Luther, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Johnson, and others, which brought him £300. In 1839 he delivered a third course upon Heroes and Hero-Worship, which netted £200. These lectures were delivered wholly extempore; the last course, however, was subsequently written out and published in a volume. These were the only occasions when Carlyle ever spoke to a public audience until a quarter of a century afterward, when he gave his Inaugural Address as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh.

Near the close of 1839 Carlyle wrote *Chartism*, originally designed as an article for the *Quarterly Review*. Lockhart, the editor, dared not insert it in the *Review*, and it was expanded into a book, which met with a large sale. In 1840 Carlyle fixed upon Oliver Cromwell as the subject of a large work. But little progress was made in the actual composition until 1843. In this year he put forth *Past and Present*, the most rapidly written of all his works. Though larger by half than *Sartor Resartus*, it was written in the course of seven weeks. Of it he writes to his mother:

## PAST AND PRESENT.

I hope it will be a rather useful kind of book. It goes rather in a fiery strain about the present condition of men in general, and the strange pass they are coming to ; and I calculate it may awaken here and there a slumbering blockhead to rub his eyes and consider what he is about in God's creation—a thing highly desirable at present. I found I could not go on with Cromwell, or with anything else, till I had disburdened my heart somewhat in regard to all that. The look of the world is really quite oppressive to me. Eleven thousand souls in Paisley alone living on three-halfpence a day, and the governors of the land all busy shooting partridges and passing corn-laws the while. It is a thing no man with a speaking tongue in his head is entitled to be silent about.

The actual composition of *Cromwell* began in the Spring of 1844 ; at the end of the Summer of 1845 he writes triumphantly : "I have this moment ended Oliver ; hang it ! He is ended, thrums and all. I have nothing more to write on the subject, only mountains of wreck to burn." The work was published in December ; a new edition was at once called for, which appeared in May, 1846, with very considerable additions. A third edition, with few and slight changes, appeared in 1849. At the very outset Carlyle tells what was the task which he had proposed for himself :

## OLIVER CROMWELL.

Ours is a very small enterprise, but seemingly a useful one ; preparatory perhaps to greater and more useful on this same matter : The collecting of *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, and presenting them in natural sequence, with the still possible elucidation, to ingenuous readers. This is a thing that can be done ;

and, after some reflection, it has appeared worth doing. No great thing: one other dull Book added to the thousand, dull every one of them, which have been issued on this subject! But situated as we are, new Dulness is unhappily inevitable; readers do not re-ascend out of deep confusions without some trouble as they climb. These authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself—I have gathered them from far and near; fished them up from the foul Lethean quagmires where they lay buried; I have washed, or endeavored to wash, them clean from foreign stupidities (such a job of buckwashing I do not long to repeat); and the world shall now see them in their own shape.

Working for long years in these unspeakable Historic Provinces, it becomes more and more apparent to one, That this man Oliver Cromwell was, as the popular fancy represents him, the soul of the Puritan Revolt, without whom it had never been a revolt transcendently memorable and an Epoch in the World's History; that in fact he, more than is common in such cases, does deserve to give his name to the Period in question, and have the Puritan Revolt considered as a *Cromwelliad*, which issue is already very visible for it. And then, farther, altogether contrary to the popular fancy, it becomes apparent that this Oliver was not a man of falsehoods, but a man of truths; whose words do carry a meaning with them, and above all others of that time are worth considering. His words—and still more his *silences*, and unconscious instincts, when you have spelt and lovingly deciphered these also out of his words—will in several ways reward the study of an earnest man. An earnest man, I apprehend, may gather from these words of Oliver's, were there even no other evidence, that the character of Oliver, and of the affairs he worked in, is much the reverse of that mad jumble of "hypocrisies," etc., etc., which at present passes current as such.—*Cromwell: Introduction, Chapter II.*

#### ENGLAND AFTER CROMWELL.

"Their works follow them:" as I think this Oliver Cromwell's works have done and are still doing! We

have had our "Revolutions of Eighty-eight," officially called "glorious;" and other revolutions not yet called "glorious;" and other Revolutions not yet called glorious; and somewhat has been gained for poor Mankind. Men's ears are not now slit off by rash Officiality; Officiality will, for long henceforth, be more cautious about men's ears. The tyrannous Star-Chambers, branding-irons, chimerical Kings and Supplices at All-hallowtide, they are gone, or with immense velocity going. Oliver's works do follow him! The works of a man, bury them under what guano-mountains and obscene owl-droppings you will, do not perish, cannot perish. What of Heroism, what of Eternal Life, was in a Man and his Life, is with very great exactness added to the Eternities; remains forever a new divine portion of the Sum of Things; and no owl's voice, this way or that, in the least avails in the matter—But we have to end here.

Oliver is gone; and with him England's Puritanism laboriously built together by this man, and made a thing far-shining, miraculous to its own Century, and memorable to all the Centuries, soon goes. Puritanism, without its King, is *kingless*, anarchic; falls into dislocation, self-collision; staggers, plunges into ever deeper anarchy; King, Defender of the Puritan Faith there can now none be found;—and nothing but to recall the old discrowned Defender, with the remnant of his Four Surplices, and two Centuries of *Hypocrisis* (or Play-acting *not* so-called), and put up with all that, the best we may. The Genius of England no longer soars Sunward, world-defiant, like an Eagle through the storms "mewing her mighty youth," as John Milton saw her do; the Genius of England, much like a greedy Ostrich intent on provender and a whole skin mainly, stands with its *other* extremity Sunward, with its Ostrich head stuck into the readiest bush, of old Church-tippets, King-cloaks, or what other "sheltering Fallacy" there may be, and *so* awaits the issue. The issue has been slow; but it is now seen to have been inevitable. No Ostrich, intent on gross terrene provender, and sticking its head into Fallacies, but will be awakened one day—in *terrible à-posteriori* manner, if not otherwise!—Awake before it

come to that; gods and men bid us awake! The Voices of our Fathers, with thousand-fold stern monition to one and all, bid us awake.—*Cromwell: Conclusion.*

For some five years after editing *Cromwell*, Carlyle wrote little or nothing. He had come to be personally a celebrity—the “great talker” of the day. He grew fond of high society. His wife for a short time was jealous of him, and seriously thought of a formal separation. In fact, between his own inordinate self-esteem and the adulation of others, Carlyle fairly lost his head for a time. He came to the opinion that he was born to be a lawgiver and political ruler—the Cromwell of his age. As a first step toward this position, he began to look forward to a seat in Parliament. His views upon some great politico-social questions were put forth at the close of 1849 in a Magazine article entitled “Occasional Discourse on the Nigger Question,” subsequently reprinted as a pamphlet, and finally incorporated by Carlyle in the collected edition of his works. The *Nigger Question*, which practically involves Whites as well as Blacks, is thus stated:

#### THE NIGGER QUESTION.

I never thought the “rights of Negroes” worth much discussing, nor the rights of men in any form. The grand point is the *mights* of men—what portion of their “rights” they have a chance of getting sorted out, and realized, in this confused world. . . . West India Islands, still full of waste fertility, produce abundant pumpkins. Pumpkins, however, you will observe, are not the sole requisite for a human being. No; for a pig they are the one thing needful; but for a man they



are only the first of several things needful. The first is here ; but the second and remaining, how are they to be got ? . . .

Who it may be that has a right to raise pumpkins and other produce on these Islands, perhaps no one can, except temporarily, decide. The Islands are good withal for pepper, for sugar, for sago, arrow-root, for coffee, perhaps for cinnamon and precious spices—things far nobler than pumpkins; and leading toward Commerces. Arts, Politics, and Social Developments, which alone are the noble product where men (and not pigs with pumpkins), are the parties concerned ! Well, all this fruit, too—fruit spicy and commercial, fruit spiritual and celestial, so far beyond the merely pumpkinish and grossly terrene, lies in the West India lands : and the ultimate “proprietorship” of them—why, I suppose, it will vest in him who can *best* educe them from whatever of noble produce they were created fit for yielding. . . .

It was not Black Quashee, or those he represents, that made these West India Islands what they are ; or can, by any hypothesis, be considered to have the right of growing pumpkins there. For countless ages, since they first mounted, oozy, on the back of earthquakes, from their dark bed in the Ocean deeps, and, reeking, saluted the tropical Sun, and ever onward till the European white man first saw them, some short three centuries ago, these Islands produced mere jungle, savagery, poison-reptiles, and swamp malaria. Till the white European first saw them they were as if not created—their noble elements of cinnamon, sugar, coffee, pepper black and gray, lying all asleep, waiting the white enchanter who should say to them, Awake ! . . .

Never by act of Quashee's could one pumpkin have grown there to solace any human throat ; nothing but savagery and reeking putrefaction could have grown there. These plentiful pumpkins, I say, therefore, are not his : no, they are another's ; they are his only under conditions. . . . If Quashee will not honestly aid in bringing out these sugars, cinnamons, and nobler products of the West Indian Islands, for the benefit of all mankind, then I say neither will the Powers permit Quashee to continue growing pumpkins there for his

own lazy benefit ; but will shear him out, by and by, like a lazy gourd overshadowing rich ground. . . . The gods wish, besides pumpkins, that spices and valuable products be grown in their West Indies. Quashee, if he will not help in bringing out the spices, will get himself made a slave of again (which state will be a little less ugly than his present one), and with beneficent whip, since other methods avail not, will be compelled to work. . . .

Fair towards Britain it will be that Quashee give work for privilege to grow pumpkins. Not a pumpkin, Quashee, not a square yard of soil, till you agree to do the State so many days of service. Annually that soil will grow you pumpkins ; but annually also, without fail, shall you, for the owner thereof, do your appointed days of labor. The State has plenty of waste soil ; but the State will religiously give you none of it on other terms. The State wants sugar from these Islands, and means to have it ; wants virtuous industry in these Islands, and must have it. The State demands of you such service as will bring these results, this latter result which includes all. So will the State speak by-and-by. . . .

Already we hear of Black *Adscripti glebæ*, which seems a promising arrangement—one of the first to suggest itself in such a complicacy. It appears the Dutch Blacks, in Java, are already a kind of Adscripts, after the manner of the old European serfs ; bound, by royal authority, to give so many days of work in a year. Is not this something like an approximation ; the first step towards all manner of such ? Wherever, in British territory, there exists a Black man, and needful work to the just extent is not to be got out of him, such a law, in defect of a better, should be brought to bear upon him. On the whole, it ought to be rendered possible, ought it not, for White men to live beside Black men, and in some just manner to command Black men, and produce West Indian fruitfulness by means of them ? West Indian fruitfulness will need to be produced. If the English cannot find the method for that, they may rest assured there will another come (Brother Jonathan or still another) who can.—*The Nigger Question.*

*The Nigger Question* is styled by Carlyle a "Precursor to the Latter-day Pamphlets," which were issued in eight successive months from February to August, 1850, making in all a considerable volume. These pamphlets gained considerable notoriety; but not of a flattering kind. The general impression was that Carlyle was either crazy or had taken to whiskey-drinking—this latter being a conjecture for which there were no good grounds. Perhaps the best explanation of these strange publications is furnished by Carlyle himself, as quoted by Mr. Froude. He says:

#### THE LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS.

Latter-day Pamphlets either dead or else abused and execrated by all mortals—*non flocci facio*, comparatively speaking. Had a letter from Emerson explaining that I was quite wrong to get so angry, etc. I really value those savage utterances of mine at nothing. I am glad only—and this is an inalienable benefit—that they are out of me. "Stump Orator," "Parliament," "Jesuitism," etc., were and are a real deliverance to me.

In the fifth of these *Latter-day Pamphlets* Carlyle gives some advice to young Englishmen, which sounds strangely considering from what manner of man it came:

#### ORATORY AND LITERATURE.

Let the young English soul, in whatever logic-shop or nonsense-verse establishment he may be getting his young idea taught how to speak and spout, and print sermons and review articles, and thereby show himself and his fond patrons that it *is* an idea—lay this solemnly to heart; this is my deepest counsel to him! The idea you have once spoken, even if it were an idea, is no longer yours; it is gone from you; so much life and

virtue is gone, and the vital circulations of yourself and your destiny and activity are henceforth deprived of it. If you could not get it spoken, if you could still constrain it into silence, so much the richer are you. Better keep your idea while you can ; let it circulate in your blood, and there fructify ; inarticulately inciting you to good activities ; giving to your whole spiritual life a ruddier health. . . . Be not a Public Orator, thou brave young British man, thou that art now growing up to be something : not a Stump Orator if thou canst help it. Appeal not to the vulgar, with its long ears and seats in the Cabinet ; not by spoken words to the vulgar ; *hate* the profane vulgar, and bid it begone. Appeal by silent work, by silent suffering, if there be no work, to the gods, who have nobler seats than in the Cabinet for thee.

Talent for Literature, thou hast such a talent ? Believe it not, be slow to believe it ! To speak or write, Nature did not peremptorily order thee ; but to work she did. And know this : there never was a talent even for real Literature—not to speak of talents lost and damned in doing sham Literature, but was primarily a talent for doing something infinitely better of the silent kind. Of Literature, in all ways, be shy rather than otherwise at present. There where thou art, work, work ; whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it—with the hand of a man, not of a phantasm ; be that thy unnoticed blessedness and exceeding great reward. Thy words, let them be few, and well-ordered. Love silence rather than speech in these days, when, for very speaking, the voice of man has fallen inarticulate to man ; and hearts, in this loud babbling, sit dark and dumb towards one another. Witty :—above all, O be not witty ; none of us is bound to be witty, under penalties ; to be wise and true we all are, under the terriblest penalties !

Brave young friend, dear to me, and *known* to me too in a sense, though never seen nor to be seen by me—you are, what I am not, in the happy case to learn to *be* something and to *do* something, instead of eloquently talking about what has been, and was done, and may be ! The old are what they are, and will not alter ; our hope

is in you. England's hope, and the world's, is that there may once more be millions such, instead of units as now. *Mactè ; i fausto pede*. And may future generations, acquainted again with the silences, and once more cognizant of what is noble and faithful and divine, look back on *us* with pity and incredulous astonishment. —*Latter-day Pamphlet V*.

Quite different from this estimate of Literature is what Carlyle had written twenty-one years before:

#### THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

Could ambition always choose its own path, and were Will in human undertakings synonymous with Faculty, all truly ambitious men would be men of letters. Certainly, if we examine that love of power which enters so largely unto most practical calculations—nay, which our utilitarian friends have recognized as the sole end and origin, both motive and reward, of all earthly enterprises, animating alike the philanthropist, the conqueror, the money-changer, and the missionary—we shall find that all other arenas of ambition, compared with this rich and boundless one of literature—meaning thereby whatever respects the promulgation of Thought—are poor, limited, and ineffectual. . . .

When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand skulls, and was seen "standing at the gates of Damascus glittering in steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder," till his fierce hosts filed on to new victories and new carnage, the pale on-looker might have fancied that Nature was in her death-throes; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be, on that very gala-day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing ninepins on the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to man than that of twenty Tamerlanes. The Tartar Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, "passed away like a whirlwind," to be forgotten forever; and that German artisan has wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably ex-



panding itself through all countries and through all times. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporation of captains from Walter the Penniless to Napoleon Bonaparte compared with those "movable types" of Johannes Faust?

Above all it is ever to be kept in mind, that not by material but by moral force are men and their actions governed. How noiseless is thought! No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons, or immeasurable tumult of baggage-wagons, attends its movements. In what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority; for Kings and Emperors will be among its ministering servants; it will rule not over but *in* all heads, and with these its solitary combinations of ideas, as with magic formulas, bend the world to its will! The time may come when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than for his battles; and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute.  
—*Essay on Voltaire.*

Now Voltaire was simply a Man of Letters; a "Stump-Speaker," as Carlyle was; the stump of each of them being the cases of Faust's "movable types." Yet, of Voltaire, Carlyle goes on to say: "His doctrines have affected not only the belief of the thinking world, but in a high degree also the conduct of the active and political world; entering as a distinct element into some of the most fearful civil convulsions which European history has on record." Whether for good or ill, the fact is certain that it is the speakers and writers, not the statesmen and the soldiers, who have been the *doers* in the world. Of Carlyle himself, what more can be said than that he was, what he styled himself, "a Writer of Books?" Carlyle had fairly got rid of some bile by means of the *Latter-day*

*Pamphlets*, when he set himself down to writing the charming *Life of Stirling*, of whom there was nothing worthy of note except that he was a rather promising Man of Letters.

Carlyle had been for years thinking of writing a Life of Frederick the Great of Prussia. But the unhealthy "storm and stress" period of the *Latter-day Pamphlets* withdrew him from this labor; and it was not until early in 1853 that a beginning was fairly made of that work which was to occupy him for the next twelve years. Volumes I. and II. were completed in the spring of 1858; volume III. in the summer of 1862; and volumes IV. and V. early in 1865. In his journal he thus speaks of the finishing of this work:

#### COMPLETION OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

It nearly killed me: it and my poor Jane's dreadful illness, now happily over. No sympathy could be found on earth for these horrid struggles of twelve years, nor happily was any needed. One Sunday evening in the end of January, I walked out with the multiplex feeling—joy not very prominent in it, but a kind of solemn thankfulness traceable—that I had written the last sentence of that unutterable book, and, contrary to many forebodings in bad hours, had actually got done with it forever.

Carlyle had reached the age of threescore and ten. His life-work was as good as done, although he seemed to have taken a new lease of comparative health and spirits. The students of Edinburgh University elected him as their Lord Rector; his predecessor for the previous term of three years having been Mr. Gladstone. The

office is a purely honorary one, involving no duties except that of delivering an Inaugural Address, and perhaps a Valedictory at the close of the term. The Inaugural delivered April 2, 1866, was merely a plain talk, delivered without notes, and printed from the stenographer's report. Carlyle proposed to spend a few weeks in Scotland, mainly with his own kinsfolk. The 23rd of April had been fixed upon as the day of his return to his home. But two days before this his wife died suddenly in her carriage while taking a drive in the Park. Carlyle was deeply moved by this sudden deprivation. Near the close of the year he was persuaded by some friends to accompany them to Mentone in Southern France, close by the Italian frontier. Here he remained until the next March, busying himself in part by writing some *Reminiscences* of former days; which, however, were not published until after his death. But he grew weary of this balmy clime, and longed for his old London home. In his journal he thus discloses his frame of mind at this time:

#### CARLYLE AT MENTONE.

*March 8, 1867.*—Health very bad, cough *et cetera*, but principally indigestion—can have no real improvement till I see Chelsea again. Courage! get through the journey *taliter qualiter*, and don't have any more. I am very sad and weak, but not discouraged or indignant as sometimes. I live mostly alone with vanished shadows of the past. Many of them rise for a moment inexpressibly tender. One is never long absent from me. Gone, gone, but very beautiful and dear. Eternity, which cannot be very far off, is my one strong city. I look into it fixedly now and then. All terrors about it

seem to me superfluous ; all knowledge about it, any the least glimmer of certain knowledge impossible to living mortal. The universe is full of love, but also of inexorable sternness and severity, and it remains forever true that God reigns. Patience ! Silence ! Hope !

Carlyle returned to his old home at Chelsea. There was an evident demand for a uniform edition of his works ; and he set about revising them. In this edition they make thirty goodly octavo volumes. Of these, *Frederick* forms ten volumes ; the *Miscellanies*, six ; *Cromwell*, five ; the *French Revolution*, three ; the *Life of Schiller*, *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, *Past and Present*, *Latter-day Pamphlets*, and the *Life of Sterling*, each one volume. The translations of *Wilhelm Meister* and *German Romance* are not included in the works. Subsequently the quite unimportant books, *The Portraits of John Knox* and *The Kings of Norway*, were written ; and to the entire Works of Carlyle should be added the posthumous *Reminiscences*.

Carlyle was now a fairly rich man. His income from his books was far more than sufficient to meet his expenditures, and to leave him much which was applied to unostentatious private charity. His days of comparative poverty indeed came to an end in 1842, when, upon the death of her mother, the estate of Craigenputtock reverted to Jane Carlyle. By the death of his wife this estate—the value of which had considerably increased—became the property of Carlyle. All the kindred of his wife were dead ; and there was no person bearing her name of Welsh to whom Craigenputtock could be left. Carlyle did not

think it meet that this property should go into his own family. It should, he thought, revert to the public, yet in such a way as to keep up the name of Welsh. So he had a formal deed drawn up by which Craigenputtock, after his death, should be the property of the University of Edinburgh, the income to be appropriated to the support of poor and meritorious students, under the title of "The John Welsh Bursaries," John Welsh, the father of Jane Carlyle, being the one through whom the estate had descended to the Carlyles.

In 1874 Mr. Disraeli, just then made Prime Minister, evidently supposing that Carlyle's pecuniary means were restricted, offered to confer upon Carlyle the Grand Cross of the Bath, together with a pension of £300--the utmost which the Crown could grant for eminent literary service done to the nation. This offer was thus gracefully declined by Carlyle:

#### HONORS AND PENSION DECLINED.

Your splendid and generous proposals for my practical behoof must not any of them take effect. Titles of honor are, in all degrees of them, out of keeping with the tenor of my own poor existence hitherto in this epoch of the world, and would be an incumbrance and not a furtherance to me. As to money, it has, after long years of rigorous and frugal, but also (thank God, and those that are gone before me,) not degrading poverty, become in this latter time amply abundant, even superabundant; more of it, too, now a hindrance, not a help to me; so that the royal or other bounty would be more than thrown away in my case. And, in brief, that, except the feeling of your fine and noble conduct on this occasion, which is a real and permanent possession, there cannot anything be done that would not now be a sorrow rather than a pleasure.



Carlyle completed his seventy-eighth year on December 6, 1873. He had already nearly lost the use of his right hand, and was obliged to dictate to an amanuensis. But on this day he managed to write in pencil a few lines in his journal—the last legible words ever written by him:

CARLYLE'S LAST WRITTEN WORDS.

A life without work in it, as mine now is, has less and less worth to me; nay, sometimes a feeling of disgrace and blame is in me; the poor soul still vividly enough alive, but struggling in vain under the imprisonment of the dying or half-dead body. For many months past, except for idle *reading*, I am pitifully idle. Shame, shame! I say to myself; but I cannot help it. Great and strange glimpses of thought come to me at intervals, but to prosecute and fix them down is denied me. Weak, too weak, the flesh, though the spirit is willing.

But the vital powers were strong enough to hold out for eight years more. He still retained his interest in passing events, and though his memory of names and places gradually failed, he still talked at times, almost to the last, with much of his old spirit. But early in 1881 it became evident that the end was rapidly approaching. His power of speech failed him on the evening of the 4th of February; and he passed quietly away the next morning, at the age of eighty-five years and two months.

It seemed to be taken for granted that he would be laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Dean Stanley made a formal offer to that effect. But Carlyle had directed otherwise. He would be buried by the side of his father and his mother in

the old churchyard of his native Ecclefechan. Thither the remains were carried by rail, accompanied by only three of his London friends. There were no religious ceremonies at the grave—nothing which indicated that any clergyman was present. This, however, was in accordance with custom in Scotland, where the funeral prayers are offered at a private house, either before or after the interment. So had been buried the father and the mother of Carlyle ; and so he had desired to be buried.





CARMAN, BLISS, a contemporary American poet, was born at Fredericton, N. B., April 15, 1861. A witty account of himself is given in the following letter written by him to the editor of *The Critic* in 1896:

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

TO MR. GILDER'S OFFICE CAT :—

Dear Tom : A little bird (whose life pray spare !) tells me that you desire the main facts in the life of a certain minor bard. A smile of the broadest Cheshire over-spreads my countenance as I bethink me what a beautiful tale I could unfold for your credulous sympathy, if only I dared. But what dealer in fiction ever had the courage of his imagination? Not I, indeed. In the first place, you must know that this particular bardling is fallen upon sad and evil days of late, being accounted by his fellows a monstrous egotistic and over-rated person. This is good for him, as for all poets and artistic souls ; never was a race more in need of humility than they. Therefore I warn you give him not too much of the velvet over your claw. Now I, being cognizant of certain things, recount them to you badly, to be dressed again in your most melodious or heart-breaking strain as you see fit—as the moonlight may encourage you and boot-jacks allow.

He was born (since one must condescend to become earthly *somewhere* on this earth) at Fredericton, on the St. John River, in New Brunswick, April 15, 1861. His father was one William Carman, a lawyer, whose life is much better worth preserving than ever his son's will be—a man of——. But you don't want that, fine though it is. His mother who gave him his first name, was of

the Bliss family of Concord, Mass. All his people were of Loyalist descent. He was educated—or, rather, he went to school (until 1878) to George R. Parkin, the Imperial Federationist, whom he considers, after many years, the greatest teacher he has ever known. He was graduated from the University of New Brunswick in 1881, with some honors. But his chief memory of those days is of an ideal home beside an idyllic river, the indulgent love of many friends and the hatred of no one. Later years, until 1888, he spent in private reading and study at Edinburgh and Harvard. Also, he has taught school (which he vows the most odious of all human occupations), read law and followed the engineer's compass in the field. In 1890 he went to New York for a few days and remained three years or thereabout, as office editor of *The Independent*. Also, he has been connected with *The Cosmopolitan* and *The Atlantic*, on temporary engagements; and in the spring of 1894 he was guilty of starting *The Chap-Book*, which he conducted for two or three months, and with which he expects to be credited (or taxed) for years to come, though he has long since condoned that undertaking. Then his Works! *Low Tide on Grand Pré* (1893), second edition (1894); *Songs from Vagabondia* (1894), with Richard Hovey; *A Seamark: a Threnody for R. L. Stevenson* (1895); *Behind the Arras: A Book of the Unseen* (1895); *More Songs from Vagabondia* (1896).

In the last few years your aspirant has spent much of his winters in Washington, and much of his summers on Grand Pré. Partly because they are beautiful places, and more because his friends are there.

And the wheel! He cherishes a black, bitter, benighted bigotry against that harmless but undignified conveyance. And seeing trousered women ride through the streets of Boston, he is given to curse. Not while he has strength to dip a paddle in a mill pond, or intellect enough remaining to count a stack of poker chips, will he forsake these infinite amusements for any such base utilitarian thing as wheels. Bicycles are only fit for children and letter-carriers. The moment a gentleman puts his leg over one of them he becomes a "gent."

Now, Tom, for Heaven's sake, chew this up well. The artist must be egotistic ; but his name should be suppressed. Because he feels acutely, he imagines he is an entity or some such thing. He is not. He is nobody. And he ought to be kept strictly in private life. Let his work stand or fall on its own worth. He himself, like all his fellows, passes to the dust and the shadow. And if you will look for the source of this man's attempts at poetry, you will find them in Emerson and Arnold and Swinburne, and most of all in Browning. There is little influence of any others. His first poem of any consequence was printed in *The Atlantic* ("Low Tide on Grand Pré") in 1889, and it was not until about 1886 that he began to fit words together into lines.

## DRIFTING.

The while the river at our feet—  
A drowsy inland meadow stream—  
At set of sun the after-heat  
Made running gold, and in the gleam  
We freed our birch upon the stream.

There, down along the elms at dusk,  
We lifted dripping blade to drift,  
Through twilight scented fine like musk,  
Where night and gloom a while uplift,  
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands—  
Spirit of life or subtler thing—  
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands  
Of death, and taught us, whispering,  
The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed  
To hold the shadow of the sun ;  
The evening faltered, and I deemed  
That time was ripe, and years had done  
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

—*From Low Tide on Grand Pré.*



## A VAGABOND SONG.

There is something in the autumn that is native to my  
blood—

Touch of manner, hint of mood ;

And my heart is like a rhyme

With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keep-  
ing time.

O, the scarlet of the maple-trees can shake me like the  
cry

Of the bugles going by ;

And my lonely spirit thrills

When I see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood  
astir ;

And we rise and follow her,

When from every hill of flame

She is calling, calling, calling every vagabond by name

—*From More Songs from Vagabondia.*







ANDREW CARNEGIE.



CARNEGIE, ANDREW, born at Dunfermline, Scotland, November 25, 1837. When he was a mere child his father brought his whole family to America. The sons, of whom Andrew was the eldest, found employment, and while still young men engaged in the iron manufacturing business at Pittsburg, Pa., in which they made a large fortune.

When twelve years old Andrew began work as a telegraph messenger, became an operator and later manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad office at Pittsburg. He was soon promoted to be manager of the Pittsburg Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and successful ventures with Woodruff, inventor of the sleeping-car, and in the oil fields, were followed by the establishment of a rolling-mill, which expanded until Mr. Carnegie controlled iron and steel interests aggregating some \$20,000,000. Mr. Carnegie has given large sums for the establishment of free libraries in Scotland and America.

In 1874 Andrew Carnegie made a visit to his native land. Of this visit he wrote a pleasant account, *An American Four-in-hand in Britain* (1876). In 1878 he set out upon an extensive course of travel, of which he wrote an account, entitled *Round the World* (1884). In 1886 he put forth a work, *Democracy Triumphant*, describing the "Fifty Years' March of the Republic," and abounding

with carefully prepared statistical information. In the *American Four-in-hand* he gives a reminiscence of his departure for America, thirty years and more before :

#### SEEKING A NEW HOME.

We landed at the Broomilaw [on the Clyde near Glasgow] whither father and mother and Tom and I sailed thirty odd years ago, and began our seven weeks' voyage to the Land of Promise—poor emigrants in quest of fortune ; but not without thoughts in the radical breasts of our parents that it was advisable to leave the land which tolerated class distinctions. . . . My father saw through not only the sham but the injustice of rank, from the King to the Knight ; and loved America because she knows no difference in her sons. He was a Republican—aye, every inch—and his sons glory in that, and follow where he led. . . . Thanks to the generous Republic, which stood with open arms to receive us, as she stands to-day to welcome the poor of the world to share with her own sons, upon equal terms, the glorious heritage with which she is endowed.—*An American Four-in-hand in Britain.*

In his *Democracy Triumphant*, Mr. Carnegie gives, incidentally, an account of his first actual step toward fortune :

#### THE FIRST UPWARD STEP.

Well do I remember that, when a clerk in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, a tall, spare, farmer-looking kind of man came to me once, when I was sitting on the end seat of the rear car, looking over the line. He said he had been told by the conductor that I was connected with the railroad company, and he wished me to look at an invention he had made. With that he drew from a green bag a small model of a sleeping-berth for railway cars. He had not spoken a minute before, like a flash, the whole range of the discovery burst upon me. "Yes," I said, "that is some-



thing which the Continent must have." I promised to address him on the subject as soon as I had talked over the matter with my superior, Thomas A. Scott. Upon my return I laid it before Mr. Scott, declaring that it was one of the inventions of the age. He remarked, "You are enthusiastic, young man; but you may ask the inventor to come and let me see it." I did so, and arrangements were made to build two cars, and run them on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

I was offered an interest in the venture, which, of course, I gladly accepted. Payments were to be made 10 per cent. per month after the cars were delivered. This was all very satisfactory until the notice came that my share of the first payment was \$217.50; but that amount was as far beyond my means as if it had been millions. I was earning \$50 per month, however, and felt that I had prospects. I decided to call upon the local banker, Mr. Lloyd, state the case, and boldly ask him to advance the sum upon my interest in the affair. He put his hand upon my shoulder, and said, "Why, of course, Andie; you are all right. Go ahead. Here is the money." It is a proud day for a man when he pays his *last* note, but not to be named in comparison with the day in which he makes his *first* one, and gets a banker to take it. I have tried both, and I know.

The cars paid their subsequent payments from their earnings. I paid my first note from my savings, so much per month: and thus did I get my foot upon fortune's ladder. It is easy to climb after that. And thus came sleeping-cars into the world. Blessed be the man who invented sleeping-cars! Let me record his name, and testify my gratitude to him. It was my dear, quiet, modest, truthful, farmer-looking friend, T. T. Woodruff, one of the benefactors of the age.—*Triumphant Democracy.*

In the autumn of 1878 Mr. Carnegie set out on an extended trip "Round the World." The book in which he records the incidents of this journey is "affectionately inscribed to my Brother and trusty Associates, who toiled at home that I might

spend abroad." In this work he thus sums up what he regards as one of the great advantages to be derived from foreign travel.

#### HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

Another advantage to be derived from a journey round the world, is, I think, that the sense of the brotherhood of man—the unity of the race—is very greatly strengthened thereby. For one sees that the virtues are the same in all lands ; and produce their good fruits, and render their possessors blessed in Benares or Kioto as in London or New York ; that the vices, too, are akin ; and also that the motives which govern men and their actions and aims are very much the same all the world over. . . . We know now that all the children of the earth dwell under the reign of the same divine law ; and that for each and every one that law evolves through all ages the higher from the lower—the good from the evil ; slowly but surely separating the dross from the pure gold ; disintegrating what is pernicious to the race : so that the feeling that formerly told us that we alone had special care bestowed upon us gives place to the knowledge that every one, in his day and generation, wherever found, receives the truth best fitted for his elevation from that state to the next higher ; and so " ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew," and grows its own fruit after its kind. For these and many other reasons, let all thoughtful souls follow my example, and visit their brethren from one land to another till the circle is complete.—*Round the World*.

Much more ambitious in its aim is the work *Triumphant Democracy*. In the Preface he says: "Born a subject of the Monarchy, adopted a citizen of the Republic, how could it be otherwise than that I should love both lands, and long to do what in me lay to bring their people to share that love for each other?" The keynote of the work is struck in the opening paragraphs:

## THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

The old nations of the earth creep on at a snail's pace; the Republic thunders past with the rush of the Express. The United States—the growth of a single century—has already reached the foremost rank among nations, and is destined soon to outdistance all others in the race. In population, in wealth, in annual savings, and in public credit; in freedom from debt, in agriculture, and in manufactures, America already leads the civilized world. France, with her fertile plains and sunny skies, requires 160 years to grow two Frenchmen where one grew before. Great Britain—whose rate of increase is greater than that of any other European country—takes seventy years to double her population. The Republic has frequently doubled hers in twenty-five. In 1831 Great Britain and Ireland contained twenty-four millions of people, and fifty years later thirty-four millions; France increased during the same period from thirty-two millions to thirty-seven millions. The Republic bounded from thirteen millions to fifty millions. England gained ten, France five, the United States thirty-seven millions. Thus the Republic, in one half-century, added to her number as many as the present total population of France, and more than the present population of the United Kingdom. . . . Truly, the Republic is the Minerva of nations. . . . Full-armed has she sprung from the brow of Jupiter-Britain. The thirteen millions of Americans have now [1886] increased to fifty-six millions: more English-speaking individuals than exist in all the world besides.—*Triumphant Democracy, Chap. I.*

## COLONISTS AND CITIZENS.

But why talk of Canada, or any mere Colony? What book, what invention, what statue or picture—what anything—has a colony ever produced? or what man has grown up in a Colony who has become known beyond his own local district? None. Nor can a Colony ever give to mankind anything of value beyond wood, corn, and beef. If Canada and the Australian Colonies

were free and independent republics, the world would soon see the harvest of Democracy in noble works and in great minds. And for the mother of these nations the result would be infinitely better, even as to trade. Besides, she would be far prouder of her progeny : which, in itself, is not a bad return for a fond mother like her. — *Triumphant Democracy, Chap. V.*

#### FARM WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

The farms of America comprise 837,628 square miles—an area nearly equal to one-fourth of Europe, and **larger** than the four greatest European countries (Russia excepted) put together : namely, France, Germany, Austria and Hungary, and Spain. The capital invested in agriculture would suffice to buy up the whole of Italy, with its olive-groves and vineyards, its old historical cities, cathedrals, and palaces, and every other feudal appurtenance. Or, if the American farmers were to sell out, they could buy the entire peninsula of Spain, with all its traditions of mediæval grandeur ; and the flat lands which the Hollanders, at vast cost, have wrested from the sea, and the quaint old towns they have built there. If he chose to put by his savings for three years the Yankee farmer could purchase the fee-simple of pretty Switzerland and not touch his capital at all.— *Triumphant Democracy, Chap. IX.*

#### TWO NATIONS AND ONE PEOPLE.

The assimilation of the political institutions of the two countries proceeds apace, by the action of the older in the direction of the newer land. Year after year some difference is obliterated. Yesterday it was an extension of suffrage ; to-day it is universal and compulsory education ; to-morrow the joining of law and equity ; on the next day it will be the abolition of primogeniture and entail. A few years more, and all that remains of the feudalistic times will have disappeared, and the political institutions of the two divisions will be practically the same, with only such slight variations of structure as adapt them to the slightly varying conditions by which they are surrounded.

It has always been my chief ambition to do what little I can—if anything—to hasten this process, that the two divisions may thereby be brought more closely into unison; that the bonds between my dear native land and my beloved adopted land may be strengthened, and draw them more tightly together. For sure am I—who am in part a child of both, and whose love for the one and the other is as the love of man for mother and wife—sure am I that the better these grand divisions of the British race know each other, the stronger will grow the attachment between them. And just as sure am I that in their genuine affection and indissoluble alliance lie the best hopes for the elevation of the human race. God grant, therefore, that the future of my native and adopted lands may fulfil the hopes of the stanchest, ablest, and most powerful friend of this land, the Great Commoner of his own, that, “although they may be two Nations, they may be but one People.” Thus spoke John Bright; and, echoing once more that fond hope, I lay down my pen, and bid my readers, on both sides of the Atlantic, farewell.—*Triumphant Democracy, Chap. XX.*







CARPENTER, WILLIAM BENJAMIN, famous English biologist, was born in Exeter, October 29, 1813; died in London, November 10, 1885. His father, the Rev. Dr. Lant Carpenter, Unitarian minister, removed to Bristol in 1817, and the son was educated in that city. He began the study of medicine with Dr. J. B. Estlin, of Bristol, and sometime after accompanied this physician on a visit to the West Indies. He resumed his studies on his return to Bristol, and continued them in 1834 at University College, and Middlesex Hospital, London, and in 1835 at Edinburgh, where he was graduated in 1839. During a part of this time he had been Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence in the Bristol Medical School. In 1844 he was appointed Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution, and in the same year was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, lecturer or professor in the London Hospital and University College (1849), Principal of University Hall (1852), and Registrar of the University of London (1856). He edited a *Popular Cyclopædia of Science* (1843), and from 1847 to 1852 was the editor of the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*. Among his many published scientific works are: *Principles of Human Physiology*, *Animal Physiology*, *The Microscope and Its Revelations*, *Use of Alcoholic Liquors*, *Physiology of Temperance*,

*Mesmerism and Spiritualism, Nature and Man.* Dr. Carpenter received medals from the Royal and Geological Societies, the degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh, and in 1873 was made a corresponding member of the Institute of France. His death was due to burns received from the upsetting of a spirit-lamp.

#### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BELIEF.

But having happened long since to speak on the subject to Professor Max Müller, I learned from him the additional very important fact, that this condition of self-induced suspension of vital activity, forms, as it were, the climax of a whole series of states, with two of which I was myself very familiar—"electrobiology," or artificial reverie, and "hypnotism," or artificial somnambulism; both of them admirably studied by Mr. Braid, through whose kindness I had many opportunities of investigating their phenomena. The self-induction of these states, practised by the Hindoo devotees, is part of a system of a religious philosophy which is termed the Yoga; and by the kindness of Professor Max Müller I possess a very curious account of this philosophy, printed at Benares twenty-two years ago, by Sub-Assistant Surgeon Paul, who had carefully studied it. It appears from this that the object of the whole system is to induce a state of mystical self-contemplation, tending to the absorption of the soul of the individual into the Supreme Soul, the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer of the World; and that the lower forms of it consist in the adoption of certain fixed postures, which seem to act much in the same way with the fixation of the vision in Mr. Braid's methods. The first state, *prāṇdyāma*, corresponds very closely with that of reverie or abstraction; the mind being turned in upon itself and entirely given up to devout meditation, but the sensibility to external impressions not being altogether suspended. The second state, *pratyāhāra*, is one which—the external senses being closed, while the mind is still active—corresponds with some forms of somnambulism. Those

who have attained the power of inducing this condition then practise *dhardna*, a stage of complete quiescence of body and mind, corresponding with what is known as catalepsy—the body remaining in any posture in which it may be placed. From this they pass into the *dhyāna*, in which they believe themselves to be surrounded by flashes of external light or electricity, and thus to be brought into communion with the Universal Soul, which endows them with a clairvoyant power. And the final state of *samādhi*, which they themselves liken to the hibernation of animals, and in which the respiratory movements are suspended, is regarded as that of absolute mental tranquility, which, according to these mystics, is the highest state which man can attain; the individual being absolutely incapable of committing sin in thought, act, or speech, and having his thoughts completely occupied with the idea of Brahma or the Supreme Soul without any effort of his own mind.—*Nature and Man.*





CARTWRIGHT, WILLIAM, an English clergyman and dramatist, born at Northway, near Tewkesbury, in September, 1611; died at Oxford, November 29, 1643. He was the son of an inn-keeper, was educated at Oxford and became a popular and eloquent preacher. In 1643 he was chosen Junior Proctor and Reader in Metaphysics in the University, a few months before his sudden death. He was distinguished by graceful and attractive manners and by extraordinary industry, though his fame rests upon his personal popularity and the favorable criticism of his fellow-poets, especially Ben Jonson, rather than upon the merit of his verses. He wrote *The Ordinary*, *The Royal Slave*, a tragi-comedy; *The Lady Errant*, a tragi-comedy, and *The Siege; or Love's Convert*. A collection of his comedies, tragi-comedies, and other poems was published in 1647, and again in 1651.

ON BEN JONSON.

But thou still putt'st true passion on : dost write  
With the same courage that tried captains fight ;  
Giv'st the right blush and color unto things ;  
Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;  
Smooth yet not weak ; and, by a thorough care,  
Big without swelling, without painting fair.

ON A LADY WHO DIED SUDDENLY.

When the old, flaming Prophet climbed the sky  
Who at one glimpse did vanish, and not die,

He made more preface to a death than this :  
So far from sick, she did not breathe amiss.  
She who to Heaven more heaven doth annex,  
Whose lowest thought was above all our sex,  
Accounted nothing death but to be reprieved,  
And died as free from sickness as she lived.  
Others are dragged away, or must be driven ;  
She only saw her time, and stepped to Heaven,  
Where Seraphims view all her glories o'er,  
As one returned who had been there before.  
For while she did this lower world adorn,  
Her body seemed rather assumed than born :  
So rarefied, advanced, so pure and whole,  
That Body might have been another's Soul ;  
And equally a miracle it were  
That she could die, or that she could live here.

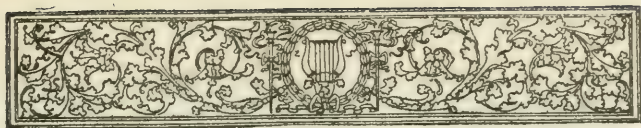
## TO CHLOE.

Chloe, why wish you that your years  
Would backward run, till they met mine ?  
That perfect likeness, which endears  
Things unto things, might us combine.  
Our ages so in dates agree,  
That twins do differ more than we.

There are two births ; the one when light  
First strikes the new awakened sense ;  
The other when two souls unite ;  
And we must count our life from thence :  
When you loved me, and I loved you,  
Then both of us were born anew.







CARY, ALICE and PHŒBE, American poets, were born on their father's farm, near Cincinnati, O., the former April 20, 1820, and the latter September 4, 1824. In 1849 they published conjointly a volume of *Poems*; and in the following year, upon the death of their mother, they removed to New York City, where they resided during the rest of their lives. Alice died there February 12, 1871; and her bereaved sister survived her but a few months, dying at Newport July 31st of the same year. In 1869 they had together prepared a volume entitled *From Year to Year*; and two years after their death their *Last Poems* was published. Alice, who was the more voluminous writer of the two, had early become known as "Patty Lee" by her contributions to the *National Era*. In her name were issued *Clovernook* (1852-53); *Hagar* (1852); *Lyra* (1852-55); *Clovernook Children* (1854); *Married, Not Mated* (1856); *Pictures of Country Life* (1859); *Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns* (1865); *The Bishop's Son* (1867); *Snow-Berries* (1867); and *A Lover's Diary* (1867). Phœbe published in her own name *Poems and Parodies* (1854); and *Poems of Faith, Hope and Love* (1867).

Horace Greeley used to tell with much pleasure how the Cary sisters came to New York to make their living by literature: and how, renting first a

cheap little house, they gradually built up a home of their own which became known far and wide as a literary centre: "Their parlor was not so large as some others, but quite as neat and cheerful; and the few literary persons or artists who occasionally met, at their informal invitation, to discuss with them a cup of tea and the newest books, poems, and events, might have found many more pretentious, but few more enjoyable, gatherings. I have a dim recollection that the first of these little tea-parties was held up two flights of stairs, in one of the less fashionable sections of the city; but good things were said there that I recall with pleasure even yet; while of some of the company, on whom I have not since set eyes, I cherish a grateful and pleasant remembrance. As their circumstances gradually though surely improved, by dint of diligent industry and judicious economy, they occupied more eligible quarters; and the modest dwelling they have for some years owned and improved, in the very heart of this emporium, has long been known to the literary guild as combining one of the best private libraries, with sunniest drawing-room (even by gas-light) to be found between Kingsbridge and the Battery."

#### AT DEACON WHITFIELD'S.

The whole family—that is, the Deacon and his wife, and their son and daughter, Jerry and Sally—were seated on the porch in the moonlight, cutting apples to dry—for, as the father and son returned from the harvest-field in the evening, they brought regularly each a basket of apples, which were duly prepared for drying

the next day—so that all the time was turned to good account. They worked in silence, and as at a task, which in fact it was, voluntarily assumed on the part of the old people, and quietly submitted to on that of the young. A low but belligerent growl of the great brindled watch-dog that lay at the front gate night and day caused in the little group a general sensation, which became especially lively when it was followed by the click of the latch at the gate, and the sound of a briskly approaching footstep.

"Who on earth can be coming, this time of night?" exclaimed the Deacon, in some alarm, for it was eight o'clock.

"I am afraid somebody is sick or dead," said Mrs. Whitfield; but she was kept in suspense only a moment, when the genial salutation of "Good evening, neighbors," dispelled all fears.

The visitor was Deacon White, a short, good-natured, blue-eyed man, who wore a fashionable hat and coat every day, and didn't cut apples of nights. Jerry immediately vacated his chair, in behalf of the guest, and seating himself on a great, speckled pumpkin, with an arch look at Sally, continued his work in silence; for the children, as they were always called, never presumed to talk in the presence of superiors—that is, older people. The two neighbors talked about everything: crops in general, the wheat harvest in particular, and the probable prices of oats and potatoes; then of the various changes which had taken place in the neighborhood within their remembrance; who had come from the East, and who had gone West, and who had been married, and who had died, until Sally began to think she never *should* find out what Deacon White came for. At last, however, he revealed his errand, making it a sort of parenthesis in the body of his conversation, as though it were a mere trifle, and he was used to such things every day; whereas it had doubtless troubled his mind from the beginning, and he expected its announcement to create some sensation, which, to his evident disappointment and mortification, it failed to do; or, if it did, Deacon Whitfield suffered not the slightest emotion to betray itself—a degree of

impassibility being one of the strong points of his character on which he particularly prided himself.

"Do you think our folks will go, Jerry?" said Sally, as she helped her brother carry away the basket of apple-parings.

"Yes, I guess not," said Jerry; and then added, in a bitterer tone, "I'm glad he did not ask me—I wouldn't have gone if he had."

The reader must know that the old-fashioned minister of the Clovernook church, having become dissatisfied with the new-fangled follies that had crept into the midst of his people, had lately shaken the dust from his feet and departed, after preaching a farewell sermon from the text, "Oh, ye generation of vipers!" upon which, a young man, reputed handsome, and of charmingly social and insinuating manners, had been invited to take the charge, and his approaching installation was about to be preceded by a dinner at Deacon White's, he himself extending to his brother deacons the invitations in person. He had secretly felt little edified for several years past with the nasal exhortations of the old pastor, which invariably closed with "A few more risings and settings of the sun," etc., and being pleased with the change himself, he naturally wished all the congregation to be so; and the dinner and merry-making at his house he meant as a sort of peace-offering to those who were likely to be disaffected; nevertheless, some few, among whom was Deacon Whitfield, were likely to prove stiff-necked.

A dinner-party at five o'clock! That was the *beatentest* thing he had heard of. He took supper at four.—*Clovernook.*

#### THE SURE WITNESS.

The solemn wood had spread  
Shadows around my head :  
"Curtains they are," I said,  
"Hung dim and still about the house of prayer :"  
Softly among the limbs,  
Turning the leaves of hymns,  
I hear the winds, and ask if God were there.  
No voice replied, but while I listening stood,  
Sweet peace made holy hushes through the wood.

With ruddy, open hand,  
 I saw the wild rose stand  
 Beside the green gate of the summer hills,  
 And, pulling at her dress,  
 I cried, "Sweet hermitess,  
 Hast thou beheld Him who the dew distils?  
 No voice replied, but while I listening bent  
 Her gracious beauty made my heart content

The moon in splendor shone :—  
 "She walketh Heaven alone,  
 And seeth all things," to myself I mused ;  
 "Hast thou beheld Him, then,  
 Who hides himself from men  
 In that great power through nature interfused ?"  
 No speech made answer, and no sign appeared,  
 But in the silence I was soothed and cheered.

Waking one time, strange awe  
 Thrilling my soul, I saw  
 A kingly splendor round about the night ;  
 Such cunning work the hand  
 Of spinner never planned ;  
 The finest wool may not be washed so white.  
 "Hast thou come out of Heaven ?"  
 I asked ; and lo !  
 The snow was all the answer of the snow.

Then my heart said, Give o'er ;  
 Question no more, no more !  
 The wind, the snow-storm, the wild hermit flower,  
 The illuminated air,  
 The pleasure after prayer,  
 Proclaim the unoriginated Power !  
 The mystery that hides him here and there,  
 Bears the sure witness he is everywhere.

—ALICE CARY.

#### LATENT LIFE.

Though never shown by word or deed,  
 Within us lies some germ of power,  
 As lies unguessed, within the seed,  
 The latent flower



And under every common sense  
That doth its daily use fulfil,  
There lies another, more intense,  
And beauteous still.

This dusty house, wherein is shrined  
The soul, is but the counterfeit  
Of that which shall be, more refined  
And exquisite.

The light which to our sight belongs,  
Enfolds a light more broad and clear ;  
Music but intimates the songs  
We do not hear.

The fond embrace, the tender kiss  
Which love to its expression brings,  
Are but the husk the chrysalis  
Wears on its wings.

The vigor falling to decay,  
Hopes, impulses that fade and die,  
Are but the layers peeled away  
From life more high.

When death shall come and disallow  
These rough and ugly masks we wear,  
I think, that we shall be as now—  
Only more fair.

And He who makes his love to be  
Always around me, sure and calm,  
Sees what is possible to me,  
Not what I am.

—ALICE CARY.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall  
Is one of a dim old forest,  
That seemeth best of all :

*ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY*

Not for its gnarled oaks olden,  
Dark with the mistletoe ;  
Not for the violets golden  
That sprinkle the vale below ;

Not for the milk-white lilies  
That lean from the fragrant ledge,  
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,  
And stealing their golden edge ;  
Not for the vines on the upland,  
Where the bright red berries rest,  
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip  
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,  
With eyes that were dark and deep ;  
In the lap of that old dim forest  
He lieth in peace asleep :  
Light as the down of the thistle,  
Free as the winds that blow,  
We roved there the beautiful summer  
The summers of long ago ;

But his feet on the hills grew weary  
And, one of the autumn eves,  
I made for my little brother  
A bed of the yellow leaves.  
Sweetly his pale arms folded  
My neck in a weak embrace,  
As the light of immortal beauty  
Silently covered his face ;

And when the arrows of sunset  
Lodged in the tree tops bright,  
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,  
Asleep by the gates of light.  
Therefore, of all the pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
The one of the dim old forest  
Seemeth the best of all.

—ALICE CARY.

## FADED LEAVES.

The hills are bright with maples yet ;  
But down the level land  
The beech-leaves rustle in the wind  
As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red  
Along the hill-tops glow,  
And in the still, sharp air, the frost  
Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the briar-rose  
Have lost their rounded pride :  
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums  
Are drooping heavy-eyed.

The cricket grows more friendly now,  
The dormouse sly and wise,  
Hiding away in the disgrace  
Of nature, from men's eyes.

The pigeons, in black wavering lines,  
Are swinging toward the sun,  
And all the wide and withered fields  
Proclaim the summer done.

His store of nuts and acorns now  
The squirrel hastes to gain,  
And sets his house in order for  
The winter's weary reign.

'Tis time to light the evening fire,  
To read good books, to sing  
The low and lovely songs that breathe  
Of the eternal Spring.

—ALICE CARY.

## DYING HYMN.

Earth with its dark and dreadful ills,  
Recedes and fades away ;  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills ;  
Ye gates of death give way !

My soul is full of whispered song ;  
My blindness is my sight ;  
Thy shadows that I feared so long  
Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,  
My faith doth so abound,  
I feel grow firm beneath my feet  
The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,  
Low as the grave, to go ;  
I know that my Redeemer lives :  
That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see,  
Where dwells my Lord and King ;  
O grave, where is thy victory !  
O death, where is thy sting !

—ALICE CARY.

#### FIELD PREACHING.

I have been out to-day in field and wood,  
Listening to praises sweet and counsel good,  
Such as a little child had understood,  
That, in its tender youth,  
Discerns the simple eloquence of truth.

The modest blossoms, crowding round my way,  
Though they had nothing great or grand to say,  
Gave out their fragrance to the wind all day ;  
Because his loving breath,  
With soft persistence, won them back from death.

And the right royal lily, putting on  
Her robes, more rich than those of Solomon,  
Opened her gorgeous missal in the sun,  
And thanked Him, soft and low,  
Whose gracious, liberal hand had clothed her so.

When wearied, on the meadow-grass I sank ;  
So narrow was the rill from which I drank,  
An infant might have stepped from bank to bank,  
And the tall rushes near  
Lapping together, hid its waters clear.

Yet to the ocean joyously it went ;  
And rippling in the fulness of content,  
Watered the pretty flowers that o'er it leant ;  
For all the banks were spread  
With delicate flowers that on its bounty fed.

The stately maize, a fair and goodly sight,  
With serried spear-points bristling sharp and bright  
Shook out his yellow tresses for delight,  
To all their tawny length,  
Like Samson, glorying in his lusty strength.

And every little bird upon the tree,  
Ruffling his plumage bright, for ecstasy,  
Sang in the wild insanity of glee ;  
And seemed, in the same lays,  
Calling his mate and uttering songs of praise.

The golden grasshopper did chirp and sing ;  
The plain bee, busy with her housekeeping,  
Kept humming cheerfully upon the wing,  
As if she understood  
That, with contentment, labor was a good.

I saw each creature, in his own best place,  
To the Creator lift a smiling face,  
Praising continually his wondrous grace ;  
As if the best of all  
Life's countless blessings was to live at all !

So, with a book of sermons, plain and true,  
Hid in my heart, where I might turn them through,  
I went home softly through the falling dew,  
Still listening, rapt and calm,  
To nature giving out her evening psalm.

While, far along the west, mine eyes discerned  
Where, lit by God, the fires of sunset burned,  
The tree-tops, unconsumed, to flame were turned,  
And I, in that great hush,  
Talked with his angels in each burning bush !

—PHEBE CARY.







OUR HOMESTEAD.

"And those orchard trees, oh, those orchard trees."

Drawing by F. Specht.

## OUR HOMESTEAD.

Our old brown homestead reared its walls  
From the wayside dust aloof,  
Where the apple-boughs could almost cast  
Their fruit upon its roof ;  
And the cherry-tree so near it grew  
That when awake I've lain  
In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs  
As they creaked against the pane ;  
And those orchard trees, oh, those orchard trees ;  
I have seen my little brothers rocked  
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-brier, under the window-sill,  
Which the early birds made glad,  
And the damask rose, by the garden fence  
Were all the flowers we had.  
I've looked at many a flower since then,  
Exotics rich and rare,  
That to other eyes were lovelier  
But not to me so fair ;  
For those roses bright, oh, those roses bright !  
I have twined them in my sister's locks,  
That are hid in the dust from sight.

We had a well, a deep old well,  
Where the spring was never dry,  
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones  
Were falling constantly,  
And there never was water half so sweet  
As the draught that filled my cup,  
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep  
That my father's hand set up.  
And that deep old well, oh, that deep old well !  
I remember now the plashing sound  
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,  
Where at night we loved to meet ;  
There my mother's voice was always kind,  
And her smile was always sweet ;

And there I've sat on my father's knee,  
And watched his thoughtful brow,  
With my childish hand in his raven hair,—  
That hair is silver now !  
But that broad hearth's light, oh, that broad hearth's  
light !  
And my father's look, and my mother's smile,  
They are in my heart to-night !

—PHÆBE CARY

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before ;

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea ;

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down ;  
Nearer leaving the Cross,  
Nearer gaining the Crown !

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the silent, unknown stream,  
That leads at last to the light.

Oh, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink ;  
If it be I am nearer home,  
Even to-day than I think ;

Father, perfect my trust ;  
Let my spirit feel in death,  
That her feet are firmly set  
On the rock of a living faith.

—PHÆBE CARY.



CARY, HENRY FRANCIS, an English scholar and translator, born at Gibraltar, December 6, 1772; died at London, August 14, 1844. He was the son of a captain in the British army, and was educated at Oxford, where he was early distinguished for his knowledge of the classics and of Italian, French, and English literature. He became vicar of Abbot's Bromley, Staffordshire, in 1796; removed to the living of Kingsbury, Warwickshire, in 1800; became reader at Berkeley Chapel, London, in 1807, and was appointed assistant keeper of printed books at the British Museum in 1826, resigning in 1837.

In 1805 he published a translation of Dante's *Inferno* in English blank verse, and in 1814 a translation of the entire *Divina Commedia*. It is on this work that his reputation as a literary man endures. It attracted little attention for some years until Coleridge, in a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, spoke of it in terms of high praise. The attention of the world having thus been called to the work, it gradually grew in public favor and soon took its place among standard translations; and, though many rivals have appeared, it still holds its honorable place. It has the great merits of accuracy, idiomatic vigor, and readableness. Cary had the satisfaction of seeing his work pass through four editions. He after-



ward translated *The Birds* of Aristophanes and the *Odes* of Pindar, and wrote a number of short memoirs in continuation of *Johnson's Lives of the Poets*.

#### THE ENTRANCE TO THE INFERNO.

"Through me you pass into the city of woe :  
Through me you pass into eternal pain ;  
Through me among the people lost for aye.  
Justice the founder of my fabric mov'd ;  
To rear me was the task of power divine,  
Supremest Wisdom and primeval Love.  
Before me things create were none, save things  
Eternal, and eternal I endure.  
All hope abandon ye who enter here."

Such characters in color dim I marked  
Over a portal's lofty arch inscribed :  
Whereat I thus : "Master, these words import  
Hard meaning." He as one prepar'd replied :  
"Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave ;  
Here be vile fear extinguish'd. We are come  
Where I have told thee we shall see the souls  
To misery doom'd, who intellectual good  
Have lost." And when his hand he had stretch'd forth  
To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was cheered,  
Into that secret place he led me on.

Here sighs with lamentations and loud moans  
Resounded through the air pierced by no star,  
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,  
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,  
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,  
With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,  
Made up a tumult that forever whirls  
Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd.  
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.  
I then, with error yet encompass'd, cried :  
"O master ! what is this I hear ? what race  
Are these who seem so overcome with woe ?"  
He thus to me : "This miserable fate  
Suffer the wretched souls of those who liv'd  
Without or praise or blame, with that ill band

Of angels mixed, who nor rebellious proved  
Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves  
Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove them forth,  
Not to impair his lustre, nor the depth  
Of Hell receives them, lest th' accursed tribe  
Should glory thence with exultation vain."

I then: "Master! what doth aggrieve them thus,  
That they lament so loud?" He straight replied:  
"That will I tell thee briefly. These of death  
No hope may entertain: and their blind life  
So meanly passes that all other lots  
They envy. Fame of them the world hath none,  
Nor suffers; Mercy and Justice scorn them both.  
Speak not of them, but look and pass them by."  
And I, who straightway look'd, beheld a flag,  
Which whirling ran around so rapidly,  
That it no pause obtain'd; and following came  
Such a long train of spirits I should ne'er  
Have thought that death so many had despoil'd.

Then looking farther onward I beheld  
A throng upon the shore of a great stream;  
Whereat I thus: "Sir, grant me now to know  
Whom here we view, and whence impell'd they seem  
So eager to pass o'er as I discern  
Through the blear light?" He thus to me in fear:  
"This shalt thou know, soon as our steps arrive  
Beside the woeful tide of Acheron."

Then with eyes downward cast and fill'd with shame,  
Fearing my words offensive to his ear,  
Till we had reach'd the river, I from speech  
Abstain'd. And lo! toward us in a bark  
Comes on an old man hoary white with eld,  
Crying, "Woe to you, wicked spirits! hope not  
Ever to see the sky again. I come  
To take you to the other shore across,  
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell  
In fierce heat and in ice. And thou who there  
Standest, live spirit! get thee hence, and leave  
These who are dead." But soon as he beheld  
I left them not, "By other way," said he,  
"By other haven shalt thou come to shore,  
Not by this passage; thee a nimbler boat

Must carry." Then to him thus spake my guide :  
"Charon ! thyself torment not : so 'tis willed,  
Where will and power are one : ask thou no more.'

Straightway in silence fell the shaggy cheeks  
Of him the boatman o'er the livid lake,  
Around whose eyes glared wheeling flames. Meanwhile  
Those spirits, faint and naked, color changed,  
And gnash'd their teeth, soon as the cruel words  
They heard. God and their parents they blasphemed,  
The human kind, the place, the time, the seed  
That did engender them and give them birth.

Then all together sorely wailing drew  
To the curs'd strand, that every man must pass  
Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,  
With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,  
Beck'ning, and each, that lingers, with his oar  
Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves,  
One still another following, till the bough  
Strews all its honors on the earth beneath ;  
E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood  
Cast themselves one by one down from the shore,  
Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.

Thus go they over through the umbered wave,  
And ever they on the opposing bank  
Be landed, on this side another throng  
Still gathers. "Son," thus spake the courteous guide,  
"Those who die subject to the wrath of God,  
All here together come from every clime,  
And to o'erpass the river are not loth :  
For so heaven's justice goads them on, that fear  
Is turned into desire. Hence ne'er hath passed  
Good spirit. If of thee Charon complain,  
Now mayst thou know the import of his words."

This said, the gloomy region trembling shook  
So terribly, that yet with clammy dews  
Fear chills my brow. The sad earth gave a blast,  
That, lightening, shot forth a vermilion flame,  
Which all my senses conquer'd quite, and I  
Down dropp'd, as one with sudden slumber seiz'd.

—*The Inferno, Canto III.*



CASANOVA DE SEIGNAULT, JEAN JACQUES, an Italian adventurer, was born in Venice in 1725; died at Dux, Bohemia, in 1803. His career of adventure and intrigue in almost all the countries of Europe has gained for him the name of "The Gil Blas of the Eighteenth Century." He was educated at Padua and Venice, and intended to become an ecclesiastic; but being in youth expelled from a seminary of priests for immorality, he started out upon his travels, and visited Naples, Rome, and Constantinople, leading a life of adventure. In 1745 he returned to his native city and supported himself as a violinist until the cure of a senator who had been attacked by apoplexy brought him into fortunate notice. His irregularities, however, drove him away again, and he wandered off to Milan, Mantua, Verona, Ferrara, Bologna, Parma, and then to Paris, where he arrived in 1750. Here he was patronized by the nobility, and became acquainted with several authors of distinction, including Voltaire and Rousseau. But everywhere he got into trouble and disgrace. He was allowed to visit the Court of Frederick the Great; Catherine of Russia was disposed to befriend him; he hobnobbed with Louis XV., and was well known at Versailles; but everywhere he cheated at cards and got drunk; and in 1755 he arrived home again at

Venice. Here he was arrested as a spy and imprisoned under the leads of the Doge's Palace. His getting out of this prison is one of the celebrated escapes in the annals of adventure. It made him famous, and he was lionized, and allowed to set the fashions for society; until, making every place too hot for its inhabitants, first one city, then another—Varsovia, Paris, Madrid—had to drive him out. Among his exploits, we find him in 1761 professing magic and undertaking for a stipulated sum of money to regenerate Madame D'Urfé into a young man. In 1790 he became librarian to Count Waldstein, in whose castle he died thirteen years afterward. Among the literary works of Casanova are a translation of the *Iliad*; a number of histories; a work of fiction entitled *Eight Years among the Inhabitants of the Interior of the Globe*; *Récit de Sa Captivité* (1788); and his celebrated *Mémoires*, which have been often republished.

#### THE PIOMBI.

The cells for the state prisoners are on the highest floor, in the roof of the ducal palace, which roof is neither covered with slates nor tiles, but with plates of lead (piombi) three feet square, and about a line in thickness. The only access to them is through the gate of the palace and through those galleries along which I had been brought, and in the way up to them the council-hall of the state inquisitors is passed. The secretary alone keeps the key, and the jailer returns it to him every morning after he has performed his service for the prisoners. This arrangement was made because, at a late hour of the day, the Council of Ten assembled in an adjoining chamber, called *La Bussola*, and the jailers would have had to pass through an ante-room where people in attendance on that Council were in waiting.



These prisoners occupy the two opposite sides of the building, three, among which were mine, toward the west, and four toward the east. The gutter on our side ran along the inner court; on the other side it overhung the canal *Rio di Palazzo*. The cells on that side are very light, and a man can stand upright in them; but it was not so with the others, which were called *trave*, from the beams which crossed the windows in the roof. The floor of my cell was the ceiling of the hall of the inquisitors, who, according to the rules, assembled only at night after the meeting of Ten.—*Translated from the French in 1826.*

## THE POZZI.

There are also nineteen frightful subterraneous dungeons in the ducal palace, destined for prisoners condemned to death. All judges and rulers on earth have esteemed it a mercy if they left the wretch his life, however painful that life might be to him. It can only be a mercy when the prisoner considers it himself as such; and he ought to be consulted on the subject, or else the intended mercy becomes injustice. These nineteen subterraneous dungeons are really graves; but they are called “wells” (*pozzi*), because they are always two feet deep in water, the sea penetrating through the gratings that supply the wretched light that is allowed to them. The prisoner who will not stand all day long in salt water must sit on a trestle, that serves him at night for a bedstead; on this is placed his mattress, and each morning his bread, water, and soup, which he must swallow immediately, if he do not wish to contend for it with large sea rats that infest these wretched abodes.

I knew of a Frenchman, who having served as a spy for the Republic, in a war with the Turks, had sold himself as an agent also to them. He was condemned to death, but his sentence was changed to perpetual imprisonment in the “well”; he was four and forty years of age when he was first immured, yet he lived seven and thirty years in them; he could only have known hunger and misery, yet thought “*dum vita superest bene est*,” and to this misery did I now expect to be condemned.—*From the Memoirs; Old Translation.*



CASAS, BARTOLOMÉ DE LAS, a Spanish missionary to the Indians of America, was born at Seville in 1474; died at Madrid, July, 1566. He was educated at Salamanca, and is supposed by some historians to have accompanied Columbus to the West Indies in 1498. Others conclude that he first crossed the Atlantic in 1502, in company with Ovando. In 1510 he took orders as a priest at San Domingo; whence he went to Cuba with Velasquez. Here he distinguished himself for his humane treatment of the natives, whose cause he championed against the cruelties practised upon them by his countrymen. In his zeal for the Indians he returned to Spain several times, and, obtaining decrees in their favor, did what he could to have them carried out among the colonists. During one of these visits home, the title of "Protector of the Indians" was conferred upon him; but such was the opposition he met with in his crusade against Indian slavery that, in despair—and, as he afterward confessed, in an evil moment—he recommended negro slavery as a substitute. So that this apostle of freedom has been charged with having been the father of American slavery. Negroes, however, had been already brought to the New World as slaves. For a time he became disheartened, and, assuming the tonsure in 1522, he retired to the Dominican convent in San Do-

mingo; but in 1530 he again appeared as a crusader in behalf of the Indians, visiting Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua, and even Germany. Three times he crossed the ocean to Germany, where he published his writings against the oppression of the Indians. Some of the laws which he procured to be passed were received with such alarm in America as to cause rebellion; and notwithstanding his preaching had accomplished incalculable good, so far short did the result fall of the end he aimed at that, in 1547, he resigned and retired to Valladolid. Many of the works of Las Casas are still in manuscript, unpublished, notwithstanding their vast historical importance. His *Historia de las Indias* was printed in 1875. The *Destruction of the Indias by the Spaniards*, which was published in London in 1583, and again in 1625, is a translation of his *Breuissima Relacion de la Destruycion de las Indias*, which he had issued at Seville in 1552.

#### THE REWARD OF HOSPITALITY.

There was a certain man named Juan Bono, and he was employed by the members of the *audiencia* of St. Domingo to go and obtain Indians. He and his men, to the number of fifty or sixty, landed on the island of Trinidad. Now the Indians of Trinidad were a mild, loving, credulous race, the enemies of the Caribs, who ate human flesh. On Juan Bono's landing, the Indians, armed with bows and arrows, went to meet the Spaniards, and to ask them who they were, and what they wanted. Juan Bono replied that his crew were good and peaceful people, who had come to live with the Indians; upon which, as the commencement of good fellowship, the natives offered to build houses for the Spaniards. The Spanish captain expressed a wish to have one large house built. The accommodating Indians set about building it. It was to be in the form of

a bell, and to be large enough for a hundred persons to live in. On any great occasion it would hold many more. Every day, while this house was being built, the Spaniards were fed with fish, bread, and fruit by their good-natured hosts. Juan Bono was very anxious to see the roof on, and the Indians continued to work at the building with alacrity. At last it was completed, being two stories high, and so constructed that those within could not see those without. Upon a certain day Juan Bono collected the Indians together, men, women, and children, in the building, to see, as he told them, "what was to be done." Whether they thought they were coming to some festival, or that they were to do something more for the great house does not appear. However, there they all were, four hundred of them, looking with much delight at their own handiwork. Meanwhile, Juan Bono brought his men round the building, with drawn swords in their hands ; then, having thoroughly entrapped his Indian friends, he entered with a party of armed men, and bade the Indians keep still, or he would kill them. They did not listen to him, but rushed against the door. A horrible massacre ensued. Some of the Indians forced their way out, but many of them, stupefied at what they saw, and losing heart, were captured and bound. A hundred, however, escaped, and, snatching up their arms, assembled in one of their own houses, and prepared to defend themselves. Juan Bono summoned them to surrender : they would not hear of it ; and then he resolved to pay them completely for the hospitality and kind treatment he had received ; and so, setting fire to the house, the whole hundred men, together with some women and children were burnt alive. The Spanish captain and his men retired to the ships with their captives. From his own mouth I heard that which I write. Juan Bono acknowledged that never in his life had he met with the kindness of father and mother but in the island of Trinidad. "Well, then, man of perdition, why did you reward them with such ungrateful wickedness and cruelty?" "On my faith, Padre, because they gave me for instructions to take them in peace if I could not by war."—WILSON'S *Translation*.



CASAUBON, ISAAC, distinguished critic and scholar, son of French refugee parents, was born at Geneva, February 8, 1559; died at London, July 1, 1614. Until he was nineteen years old his only education was such as his father, a Huguenot minister, who had returned with his family to France after the edict of 1561, could give him when at home and not in hiding or flying from the persecutions of those troubled times. But at nineteen he was sent to the Academy (University) of Geneva. Here he studied Greek with Francis Portus, a native of Crete. At Portus's death, in 1581, he requested that Casaubon, then only twenty-two, be made his successor. He remained at the academy as Professor of Greek until 1596, and during this time he began publishing his editions of Greek authors which first brought him into notice as a keen and learned critic. In 1596 he accepted an invitation from the University of Montpellier, France, to become Professor of Greek, but he remained here only three years. In 1600, soon after the publication of his *Athenæus*, he was invited to Paris by Henry IV. to teach Greek, and four years after he was appointed sub-librarian of the royal library. After the assassination of Henry IV., in 1610, Casaubon went to London hoping to find leisure and rest, but James I., by whom he was very kindly received, gave him no opportunity for this, and he died



while engaged on a work for the King, a criticism of the *Annals* of Baronius. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Among his works are *Athenæus*, *On Ecclesiastical Liberty*, *Characters of Theophrastus*, and an edition of Polybius and of Aristotle's works.

JANUARY 1, 1610.—That I, my wife, children, sister, and all dear to me, may happily begin this year, and may see it to a joyful termination, I humbly entreat Thee, immortal God, through Thine own mercy, and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thine only begotten Son. Thee, I say, do I humbly supplicate, and adore Thy great name. Now assuredly, if ever, and more than ever, do I, my wife, and all that are mine, stand in need of Thy protection and assistance. For now have I come to this, that I am compelled to engage in continual spiritual combats. Frequent discussions must be held with that eminent man who is unquestionably superior in learning to all the rest of my opponents, and is scarcely inferior in ability to any one of them. Above all others, *he* presses me who is the first man in the kingdom of France; he who, by the goodness of God, has now for so many years supported me, and furnished me with the leisure which I possess. The matter, then, has come to this point that, if I continue to oppose his wish, I must lose his favor, and be deprived of his benefactions. If this should happen, what lies before me but that I should be, humanly speaking, the most miserable of men? What hope have I, far or near? For, indeed, foreseeing long ago that that would happen which now seems on the point of occurring, so that my present position would be quite insecure, I have made every effort to procure some other means of support. But all the hopes which were held out to me have failed. . . . As often as I reflect on my condition, immortal God, horror rises up in my mind from the fear, lest, owing to the circumstances in which I am placed, I should do anything which would offend Thy thrice holy name, a thing which I hate, and from which I shrink with my whole heart.—*Diary*.





EMILIO CASTELAR.



CASTELAR, EMILIO, a Spanish statesman, orator, and miscellaneous writer, born at Cadiz, September 8, 1832. After studying in the schools of Alicante, Castelar completed his education at Madrid. In 1854 he made his first appearance as an orator in the Liberal cause. In 1856 he was appointed Professor of History in the University of Madrid, which position he lost in 1864, in consequence of his connection with a Democratic journal. During the revolutionary movement of 1866 Castelar was arrested and sentenced to death but made his escape from Spain, and occupied the next two years in travelling and writing. After the revolution of 1868 he returned to Spain, resumed his professorship, and opposed the establishment of a monarchy. On the resignation of King Amadeo he was chosen Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a few days later President of the Spanish Republic. His efforts to suppress the Carlists were unsuccessful; and a vote of confidence in him having been defeated in 1874, he resigned the Presidency, and went to Switzerland. The next year he resigned his position in the University.

Castelar has written novels, poems, travels, works on politics, slavery, war, etc. Among his publications are *Ernesto*, a novel (1855); *Lucan, His Life, His Genius, His Poems* (1857): *Popular Legends*

(1857); *Democratic Ideas* (1858); *Civilization in the First Five Centuries of Christianity* (1858-59); *Account of the War in Africa* (1859); *The Redemption of the Slave* (1859); *Letters to a Bishop upon the Liberty of the Church* (1864); *Parliamentary Speeches* (1871); *Old Rome and New Italy* (1873); *Life of Lord Byron*, and *The History of a Heart*, a romance.

#### THE PROPHETS AND SIBYLS OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

How wonderful is each of these figures ! One cannot comprehend how the poor genius of man has performed so much. I have seen artists, in mute contemplation before these frescoes, let fall their arms in astonishment, and shake their heads in desperation, as if saying, "Never can we copy this !" . . .

Isaiah is reading the book of human destiny. His cerebrum is like the curve of a celestial sphere, an urn of ideas, as the tops of high mountains are the crystal sources from which descend great rivers. The angel calls him, and, without dropping his book, he slowly raises his head toward heaven, as if suspended between two infinities. Jeremiah wears the sackcloth of the penitent, which suits the prophet wandering near Jerusalem. His lips vibrate like a conqueror's trumpet. His beard falls in wavy masses upon his breast. His head is inclined like the crown of a cedar struck by the lightning. His melancholy eyes overflow with tears. His hands are vigorous, but swelled by bearing the tottering stones of the sanctuary. He is thinking of the complaint and the elegies of the children of Israel, captives by the waters of Babylon, and the pitiful lamentation of the Queen of Nations, solitary and desolate as a widow.

Ezekiel is transported ; his spirit possesses him. He speaks with his visions as if occupied with a divine delirium. Invisible monsters hover around and shake their wings in his hearing, producing apparently a violent tempest, like the roaring and surging of the ocean. The sea-breeze fills his mantle as if it were a sail.



Daniel is himself absolutely absorbed in writing, relating to the world the history of the chastisement of tyrants and the hopes and happiness of the good; the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar—changed from a god into a beast; the crime and punishment of Belshazzar, surprised by death in the midst of the orgy where he feasted his concubines, giving them wine in the cups stolen from the sacred temple; the condemnation of the courtiers of Darius, devoured in the pit by hungry lions. . . . Jonah is terrified, as, rising from the bosom of the sea to go into the desert, he watches the fate of the great city of Nineveh. Zachariah is the most aged of the group. He staggers as if the ground were rent under his feet by the trembling of the earthquake announced in his last prophecy.

What is most admirable about those colossal figures—and this we can never weary of admiring—is, that not only are they decorations of a hall, the adornments of a chapel, but men—men who have suffered our sorrows and experienced our disappointments; whom the thorns of the earth have pierced; whose foreheads are furrowed by the wrinkles of doubt, and whose hearts are transfixed by the chill of disenchantment; men who have seen battles and beheld the slaughter of their fellows; who have looked on tragedies where generations are consumed, and who see falling on their brows the damp of death while seeking to prepare by their efforts a new society; whose eyes are worn and almost blind from looking continually at the movable and changing glass of time, and at humanity exhausted by the slow fire of ideas; men whose powerful and concentrated nerves support the weight of their great souls; and upon the souls the still greater burden of aspirations which admit not of realization; of impossible dreams and of painful struggles without victory; with no satisfaction on the earth, but with boundless desires for the infinite. . . .

How sublime are the sibyls of the Sistine Chapel! How our eyes and our thoughts turn from one to the other without being able to fix themselves! These figures appear to be the mothers of ideas, the embodiment of eternal beings. Anyone would say they hold in their

fingers the thread of universal life, and that they weave the web of nature. They are the Persian, the Erythræan, the Delphian, the Lybian, the Cumæan. If you search for their genealogies, you must find Dante, Plato, Isaiah, and Æschylus ; they are of the same race. . . . Sibyl of Persia ! bowed by the weight of ages, thou rememberest how the infant world confided to thee her secrets and confessed her sorrows, and how before death, oppressed by years and labor, thou didst desire to write a cyclical poem on the leaves of thy brazen book ! Thou of Libya ! who comest upon us, rushing as if the scorching sand of the desert burned thy feet—to bring to man some great idea, gathered in space, where all ideas are transformed like mysterious larvæ. Erythræ ! thou wert youthful as Greece, beautiful as one of the sirens of thy Archipelago, a songstress sweet as the earth of the poets, undulating and graceful as the seas which bring forth divinities, the friend of light, and trimming the lamp by thy side round whose brilliancy the human conscience shall hover as a butterfly ! Maiden of Cumæ ! virgin, like Iphigenia, immolated for kings, thou didst receive the kiss of Apollo upon thy lips, the shadow of the laurel on thy brow, the immortality of genius in thy bosom ; thou wert formed to intone a song of harmony which should vibrate through countless ages ! Thou, Sibyl of Delphi, leavest thy cavern, and there, where the mountains are chiselled as if by the hand of a sculptor, where the Tyrrhene Sea is most lovely, near the Gulf of Baiæ, looking like a Grecian Goddess, and intoxicated as a Bacchante reclining on her couch of vine leaves, breathest the soft melody of hope ! Are ye of flesh ? Are ye women ? Have ye felt love, sorrow and disappointment ? Or are ye but the archetypes of things, the symbols of art, the shades of the muses, invoked by all the poets, and that none have beheld but in unrealized and impossible visions—the various forms of the eternal Eve—named alternately Sappho, Beatrice, Laura, Vittoria Colonna, Héloïse—and who stand by the cradle and the tomb of all ages, smiling to us hopefully, awakening in us new aspirations, or flying to our arms as an illusion soon vanishing in the infinite.—*Old Rome and New Italy.*

## TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

The Puritans are the patriarchs of liberty ; they opened a new world on the earth ; they opened a new path for the human conscience ; they created a new society. Yet, when England tried to subdue them and they conquered, the republic triumphed and slavery remained. Washington could only emancipate his Slaves. Franklin said that the Virginians could not invoke the name of God, retaining Slavery. Jay said that all the prayers America sent up to Heaven for the preservation of liberty while Slavery continued were mere blasphemies. Mason mourned over the payment his descendants must make for this great crime of their fathers. Jefferson traced the line where the black wave of Slavery should be stayed.

Nevertheless, Slavery increased continually. I beg that you will pause a moment to consider the man who cleansed this terrible stain which obscured the stars of the American banner. I beg that you will pause a moment, for his immortal name has been invoked for the perpetuation of Slavery. Ah ! the past century has not, the century to come will not have, a figure so grand, because as evil disappears so disappears heroism also.

I have often contemplated and described his life. Born in a cabin of Kentucky, of parents who could hardly read ; born a new Moses in the solitude of the desert, where are forged all great and obstinate thoughts, monotonous, like the desert, and, like the desert, sublime ; growing up among those primeval forests, which, with their fragrance, send a cloud of incense, and, with their murmurs, a cloud of prayers to Heaven ; a boatman at tender years in the impetuous current of the Ohio, and at seventeen in the vast and tranquil waters of the Mississippi ; later, a woodman, with axe and arm felling the immemorial trees, to open a way to unexplored regions for his tribe of wandering workers ; reading no other book than the Bible, the book of great sorrows and great hopes, dictated often by prophets to the sound of fetters they dragged through Nineveh and

Babylon ; a child of Nature, in a word, by one of those miracles only comprehensible among free peoples, he fought for the country, and was raised by his fellow-citizens to the Congress at Washington, and by the nation to the presidency of the Republic ; and when the evil grew more virulent, when those States were dissolved, when the slaveholders uttered their war cry and the slaves their groans of despair—the woodcutter, the boatman, the son of the Great West, the descendant of Quakers, humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history, ascends the Capitol, the greatest moral height of our time, and strong and serene with his conscience and his thought ; before him a veteran army, hostile Europe behind him, England favoring the South, France encouraging reaction in Mexico, in his hands the riven country ; he arms two millions of men, gathers a half million of horses, sends his artillery 1,200 miles in a week, from the banks of the Potomac to the shores of Tennessee ; fights more than six hundred battles ; renews before Richmond the deeds of Alexander, of Cæsar ; and, after having emancipated 3,000,000 slaves, that nothing might be wanting, he dies, in the very moment of victory—like Christ, like Socrates, like all redeemers, at the foot of his work. His work ! Sublime achievement ! over which humanity shall eternally shed its tears, and God his benedictions.—*The Redemption of the Slave.*





CASTIGLIONE, BALDASSARE, an Italian nobleman, was born at Casatico, in the duchy of Mantua, in 1478, and died at Toledo in 1529. He was educated at Milan, and became so well instructed as a critic of art that Raphael and Michelangelo are said never to have thought their works perfect until they had his approbation. His shining talents, his knowledge, and his pleasing manners won him the favor of the Duke of Urbino, a patron of literature, at whose Court he was honorably entertained, and who employed him as envoy to the British Court. Henry VIII., to whom he was sent, made him a knight. He was afterward sent as envoy to Louis XII. of France. Tasso devoted a sonnet to the death of Castiglione; and Giulio Romano raised in Padua a monument to his memory. His literary works include two volumes of *Letters*, which were issued at Padua in 1769; Latin and Italian *Poems*, which are models of excellence; and the celebrated book—that upon which his fame chiefly rests—*Del Cortegiano* (*The Courtier*), a manual for the nobility and gentry, remarkable for elegance of style, and valuable historically and as the autobiography of a noble mind. The first edition of this work was published at Venice in 1528, and has been since translated into several of the languages of Europe. The Italians call it “Il Libro d’Oro”—



The Book of Gold—and it has been characterized as always new, always interesting, always instructive. It is written in the form of a dialogue, and specifies all the qualities which an accomplished, intelligent, honest courtier ought to possess, and the manner in which he ought to use them for the good of his prince. Tasso said of Castiglione's writings that their beauty deserved that in all ages they should be read and praised, and that, as long as courts should endure, as long as princes, ladies, and gentlemen should meet together, and as long as valor and courtesy should abide in the hearts of the human race, so long should the name of Castiglione be prized.

#### THE PALACE OF URBINO.

Federigo, the Duke of Urbino, erected on the rugged site of the old capital a palace which has been said by many to be the most beautiful palace in Italy. And so fittingly did he furnish this palace, and so completely, that one might say it was not a mere palace, but a palatial city. Not only did it have the silver vases and the hangings of richest golden and silken cloths, and such-like things as the great are wont to furnish their splendid residences withal; but it was beyond measure beautified and enriched with ancient marble statues and antique bronzes, with the choicest paintings, and with all sorts of instruments of music; nor might there be aught admitted to the furnishing of the duke's palace that was not of exceeding rarity and excellence. Also at great expense did he bring together therein very many books, both excellent and rare, written in the Greek, the Latin, and the Hebrew tongues; and these he sumptuously adorned with gold and silver adornings, deeming this collection of these valuable books to be, indeed, the paramount treasure of this his magnificent palace.—*From Il Cortegiano, translated for THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE*

## THE DUCHESS.

To my lady the Duchess was held of all in so worthy a reverence that each thought it the greatest pleasure to please her in all ways, and decorum and a sweet freedom from restraint were so happily blended that laughter and play were by her presence enlivened yet tempered with dignity. Goodness and magnanimity governed all her words and actions ; and any who might see her but once would know her for a lady of the highest degree. All felt the impress of her influence, and all were tuned into accord with the quality and pitch of her very presence. Thus each desired to imitate her as a pattern of behavior. The lofty virtue that was in the very bearing of this lady, and all her noblest qualities, I cannot now rehearse ; they are well known, nor could pen or tongue of mine express them as is fit. If anything might seem to be wanting in her, or were somewhat hidden, as it were, from view, it was but as though fortune herself had staggered, wondering at such rarity of virtue, and had chosen rather to reveal those qualities through adversity and the pangs of misfortune ; so that it might be seen that with a woman's fragile frame and beauty of person there may be blent that prudence, and that strength of character, and that combination of all the virtues, that is so seldom found even among those of the sterner and hardier sex.—*From Il Cortegiano, translated for THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE.*





CATHERWOOD, MARY (HARTWELL), an American novelist and journalist, was born in Luray, O., December 16, 1847. Her father, a physician, died when she was ten years old, and her mother a year later. From this time her girlhood was spent with relatives, or at a boarding-school. She was educated at the Granville (Ohio) Female College, and in 1877 was married to James S. Catherwood. Her first contributions to literature were for a juvenile magazine published in Boston, but her first literary success was in the *Romance of Dollard* (1889), a story of Canadian life, first published as a serial in *The Century*. She has written some excellent children's stories, among them *Old Caravan Days*, *The Dogberry Ranch*, *Secrets at Roseladies*, and *Rocky Fork*. Her first novel, *Craque-o'-Doom*, was published in 1881. Her latest works are *The Story of Tonty* (1890); *The Lady of Fort St. John* (1891); *Old Kaskaskia*, a story of old Louisiana life (1893); *The White Islander* (1893); *The Chase of Saint Castin and Other Stories* (1894). In 1891 Mrs. Catherwood accepted an editorial position on the *Chicago Graphic*.

#### THE PRIEST'S VISIT TO THE RIVER CÔTE.

The sacrament of marriage, so easy of attainment in New France at that time, had evidently been dispensed with in the first hut this spiritual father entered. His man carried in his sacred luggage, and the

temporary chapel was soon set up in a corner unoccupied. The children hovered near in delight, gazing at tall candles and gilt ornaments, for even in that age of poverty the pomps of the Roman Church were carried into settlers' cabins throughout New France. Dollier de Casson had for his confessional closet a canopy of black cloth stretched over two supports. The penitent crept under this merciful wing, and the priest, seated on a stool, could examine the soul as a modern photographer examines his camera; except that he used ear, instead of eye.

The interior of a peasant censitaire's dwelling changes little from generation to generation. One may still see the crucifix over the principal bed, joints of cured meat hanging from rafters, and the artillery of the house resting there on hooks. A rough-built loom crowded inmates whom it clothed. And against the wall of the entrance side dangled a vial of holy water as a safeguard against lightning.

Dollier de Casson stood up to admonish his little flock, gathered from all the huts of the Côte, into silence before him. The men took off their rough caps and put them under their arms, standing in a disordered group together. Though respectful and obedient, they did not crowd their spiritual father with such wild eagerness as the women, who, on any seat found or carried in, sat hungrily, hushing around their knees the nipped French dialect of their children.

"What is this, Antonio Brunette?" exclaimed Father de Casson after he had cast his eyes among them. "Could you not wait my coming, when you well knew I purposed marrying you this time? You intend to have the wedding and the christening together?"

"Father," expostulated the swart youth, avoiding the priest to gaze sheepishly at his betrothed's cowering distress, "Pierre's daughter is past sixteen, and we would have been married if you had been here. You know the king lays a fine on any father who lets his daughter pass sixteen without binding her in marriage. And Pierre is a very poor man."

"Therefore, to help Pierre evade his Majesty's fine, you must break the laws of Heaven, must you, my son?"

Hearty penance shall ye both do before I minister to you the sacrament of marriage. My children, the evil one prowls constantly along the banks of this river, while your poor confessors can only reach you at intervals of months. Heed my admonitions. Where is Pierre's wife?"

Down went Pierre's face between his hands into his cap.

"Dead," he articulated from its hollow. "Without absolution. And the little baby on her arm, it went with her unbaptized."

"God have pity on you, my children," said Dollier de Casson. "I will say masses over her grave, and it is well with the little, unblemished soul. How many children have you, Pierre?"

"Seventeen, father."

"Twenty-six, he should say, father," a woman near the priest declared. "For the widow of Jean Ba'ti' Morin has nine."

"And why should Pierre count as his own the flock of Jean Ba'ti' Morin's widow?"

"Because he is to marry her, father, when Antonio Brunette marries his oldest girl."

"If I come not oftener," remarked the priest, "you will all be changed about and newly related to each other so that I shall not know how to name ye. I will read the service for the dead over your first wife, Pierre, before I marry you to your second. It is indeed better to be dwelling in love than in discord. Have you had any disagreements?"

"No, father; but Jean Ba'ti's oldest boy has taken to the woods and is off among the Indians, leaving his mother to farm alone, with only six little lads to help her."

"Another coureur de bois," said the priest, in displeasure.

"Therefore, father," opportunely put in Jean Ba'ti's widow, "I having no man at all, and Pierre having no woman at all, we thought to wed."

"Think now of your sins," said Father de Casson, "from oldest to youngest. After penance and absolution and examination in the faith ye shall have mass."



The solemn performance of these religious duties began and proceeded until dusk obliterated all faces in the dimly lighted cabin. Stump-roots were piled up in the fireplace, and Pierre's daughter, between her prayers, put on the evening meal to cook.

If a child tittered at going under the confessional tent, its mother gave it a rear prod with admonishing hand. In that humble darkness Father de Casson's ear received the whispers of all these plodding souls, and his tongue checked their evil and nourished their good. The cabin became a chapel full of kneeling figures telling beads.

This portion of his duty finished, Dollier de Casson postponed the catechizing, and made Pierre take a lighted stick of pine and show him that ridge where—under mother and baby lay. There was always danger of surprise by the Iroquois. The men and women who followed in irregular procession through the vast dimness of northern twilight kept on their guard against moving stumps or any sudden uprising like the rush of quails from some covert. In rapid tones the priest repeated the service for the dead ; then called his followers from their knees to return to the house to celebrate the weddings of Pierre and Pierre's daughter.

After this rite, supper was served in Pierre's house, the other families dispersing to their own tables—cabbage-soup, fat pork, and coarse bread made from pounded grain ; for this côte was too poor to have a mill. These were special luxuries for Father de Casson, for the usual censitaire supper consisted of bread and eels. The missionary priest, accustomed with equal patience to fasting or eating, spread his hands above unsavory steam and blessed the meal. Silently, while he spoke, the door opened, and a slim, dark girl entered the house.—*The Romance of Dollard.*





CATLIN, GEORGE, an American explorer, artist, and descriptive writer, born at Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 26, 1796; died at Jersey City, N. J., December 23, 1872. He early abandoned the profession of law for that of art, and became a portrait-painter. In 1832 he set out upon a course of travel among the Indians of the Northwest, studying their history, traditions, manners, and customs, and making numerous portraits and other pictures. The results of this journey were embodied in the large work, profusely illustrated, *The Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians* (1841). This was followed by *The North American Portfolio of Hunting Scenes* (1844); *Eight Years' Travel and Residence in Europe* (1848); *The Breath of Life* (1864); and, still later, *Rambles among the Rocky Mountains and the Andes*. The first of these works is the one by which mainly the author will be remembered.

#### MANDAN CUSTOMS IN REGARD TO THE DEAD.

These people never bury the dead, but place the bodies on slight scaffolds just above the reach of human hands, and out of the way of wolves and dogs; and they are there left to moulder and decay. This cemetery, or place of deposit for the dead, is just back of the village, on a level prairie; and, with all its appearances, history, forms, ceremonies, etc., is one of the strangest and most interesting objects to be described in the vicinity of this peculiar race.

Whenever a person dies in the Mandan village, and the customary honors and condolence are paid to his remains, and the body dressed in its best attire, painted, oiled, feasted and supplied with bow and quiver, shield, pipe and tobacco—knife, flint and steel, and provisions enough to last him a few days on the journey which he is to perform; a fresh buffalo's skin, just taken from the animal's back, is wrapped around the body, and tightly bound and wound with thongs of raw hide from head to foot. Then other robes are soaked in water, till they are quite soft and elastic, which are also bandaged around the body in the same manner, and tied fast with thongs, which are wound with great care and exactness, so as to exclude the action of the air from all parts of the body. There is then a separate scaffold erected for it, constructed of four upright posts, a little higher than human hands can reach; and on the tops of these are small poles passing around from one post to the others; across which are a number of willow-rods just strong enough to support the body, which is laid upon them on its back, with its feet carefully presented toward the rising sun.

There are a great number of these bodies resting exactly in a similar way; excepting in some instances where a chief, or a medicine-man, may be seen with a few yards of scarlet or blue cloth spread over his remains, as a mark of public respect and esteem. Some hundreds of these bodies may be seen reposing in this manner in this curious place, which the Indians call "the village of the dead;" and the traveller who visits this country to study and learn, will not only be struck with the novel appearance of the scene, but if he will give attention to the respect and devotions that are paid to this sacred place, he will draw many a moral deduction that will last him through life; he will learn, at least, that filial, conjugal, and paternal affection are not necessarily the results of civilization; but that the Great Spirit has given them to man in his native state, and that the spices and improvements of the enlightened world have never refined upon them. There is not a day in the year in which one may not see in this place evidences of this fact that will wring tears from his eyes,

and kindle in his bosom a spark of respect and sympathy for the poor Indian, if he never felt it before. Fathers, mothers, wives, and children, may be seen lying under these scaffolds, prostrated upon the ground, with their faces in the dirt, howling forth incessantly the most piteous and heart-broken cries and lamentations for their kindred; tearing their hair—cutting their flesh with their knives, and doing other penance to appease the spirits of the dead, whose misfortunes they attribute to some sin or omission of their own, for which they sometimes inflict the most excruciating self-torture. When the scaffolds on which the bodies rest decay and fall to the ground, the nearest relations, having buried the rest of the bones, take the skulls, which are perfectly bleached and purified, and place them in circles of an hundred or more on the prairie—placed at equal distances apart (some eight or nine inches from each other) with the faces of all looking to the centre; where they are religiously protected and preserved in their precise positions from year to year, as objects of religious and affectionate veneration.

There are several of these “Golgothas” or circles of twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and in the centre of each ring or circle is a little mound of three feet high, on which uniformly rest two buffalo skulls (a male and female); and in the centre of the little mound is erected a “medicine pole,” about twenty feet high, supporting many curious articles of mystery and superstition, which they suppose have the power of guarding and protecting this sacred arrangement. Here, then, to this strange place do these people again resort, to evince their further affection for the dead—not in groans and lamentations, however, for several years have cured the anguish; but fond affections and endearments are here renewed, and conversations are here held and cherished with the dead. Each one of these skulls is placed upon a bunch of wild sage, which has been pulled and placed under it. The wife knows (by some mark or resemblance) the skull of her husband or her child, which lies in this group; and there seldom passes a day that she does not visit it with a dish of the best cooked food that her wigwam affords, which she sets before the skull at night,

and returns for the dish in the morning. As soon as it is discovered that the sage on which the skull rests is beginning to decay the woman cuts a fresh bunch and places the skull carefully upon it, removing that which was under it.

Independent of the above-named duties which draw the women to this spot, they visit it from inclination and linger upon it to hold converse and company with the dead. There is scarcely an hour in a pleasant day but more or less of these women may be seen sitting or lying by the skull of their child or husband—talking to it in the most pleasant and endearing language that they can use (as they were wont to do in former days) and seemingly getting an answer back. It is not unfrequently the case that the woman brings her needle-work with her, spending the greater part of the day sitting by the skull of her child, chatting incessantly with it while she is embroidering or garnishing a pair of moccasins; and perhaps overcome with fatigue, falls asleep, with her arms encircled around it, forgetting herself for hours; after which she gathers up her things and returns to the village.—*Manners, etc., of the North American Indians.*







CATO, MARCUS PORCIUS PRISCUS, a Roman statesman, warrior, and writer, surnamed "The Censor," was born at Tusculum, 234 B.C., and died 149 B.C. He served in the Roman army at the age of seventeen, and distinguished himself alike by his valor and by his temperate life. He never drank anything but water, and always contented himself with the very plainest food. By the interest of his friend, Valerius Flaccus, he was appointed military tribune in Sicily; and afterward became quæstor in Africa under Scipio, where he displayed strict economy in the expenditure of the public money. After passing through other employments he was chosen consul in 195 B.C., in which station he had Valerius Flaccus for his colleague. He conducted the war in Further Spain with great success; and on his arrival at Rome was honored with a triumph. Eight years afterward he was elected censor, and exercised the functions of that office with a stringency which passed into a proverb; and a statue was erected to him with a laudatory inscription. In his later years, fearing the rivalry of Carthage, he always concluded his speeches in the Senate with the expression, "*Delenda est Carthago!*" He wrote a history of Roman affairs, of which only a few fragments remain; but a treatise of his on husbandry is extant, bearing the title *De Re Rustica*. *Lives of Cato*, by Cor-

nelius Nepos, by Aurelius Victor, and by Plutarch, have come down to us; and we have many particulars of his life and character in the writings of Cicero and Livy. Cicero praises his compositions for their acuteness, their wit, and their conciseness; and speaks with emphasis of the impressiveness of Cato's eulogy and the satiric bitterness of his invective.

#### THE FARM.

The bailiff shall maintain discipline; shall see to the observance of the holidays; and shall be watchful that the property of others is let alone, and that his own is taken care of. In the household, he shall be the arbitrator of disputes, and shall see to the punishment of those who are guilty of offence. He must see that the members of the household do not suffer; that they be neither cold nor hungry. Let him keep them from idleness; and thus they will be held back from thieving and all wrong-doing; for if the bailiff himself does not allow evil, no evil will come to pass. Yet if the bailiff consent to wrong-doing, let the master see that it be surely punished. Let the bailiff evince gratitude for any act of kindness; so that who doeth well may joyfully continue in well-doing. Let the bailiff not be seen loafing about; nor be drunken; nor be a guest at feasts. Let him be diligent to keep the household active, and to see that all the commands of the master receive prompt obedience. Nor let him think himself wiser than the master. Moreover, let the bailiff be the friend of his master's friends; yet let him give no heed to any, except as he be so bidden of the master. Let him not meddle with priestly functions, unless it be beside the hearth and at the compitalia. Only by order of the master must the bailiff give credit; and then let him see that payments are punctually made. To none, except it be to only two or three families—from whom he for convenience must borrow—must he lend the seed-corn; nor the utensils of the kitchen; nor the barley; nor the wine; nor the oil. Let him also render his account with the master

requently. Let him not allow over-time to the mechanic, the hired hand, nor the tool-grinder ; nor buy without the knowledge of the master ; nor secrete anything from the master ; nor have loungers about the place ; nor seek to the sooth-sayer, the prophet, the priest, or the magician. Let him be acquainted with all the details of the work ; and let him put his own hand to them frequently, but without fatigue. Thus will he know the minds of the workers ; and thus will they labor with more content ; while he himself will not be longing to wander about, and his health and sleep will be good. And let the bailiff be the first to rise in the morning, and the last to retire at night ; seeing to it that the doors are locked, that all are asleep in their proper places, and that the cattle have been fed.—*From De Agricultura, translated for* THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE.





CATS, JAKOB, a Dutch poet, was born at Brouwershaven in 1577, and died near The Hague in 1660. He was educated at Leyden and Orléans, and was an advocate in The Hague and in Middleburg. He represented his country twice at two very dissimilar Courts in England, that of Charles I., who knighted him in 1627, and that of Oliver Cromwell. Upon his return home he retired from public life, and in a rural retreat near The Hague betook himself to the cultivation of poetry. Cats was the people's poet, and was for generations known affectionately as "Father Cats." His poems on country life are full of good precepts of wisdom and virtue. His works include *Houwelijck (Fidelity)*, which appeared in 1625; *A Looking-Glass of the Old Times and the New* (1632), and *The Wedding Ring* (1637). Edmund William Gosse perhaps expresses the present critical estimate of Cats in his article on the *Literature of Holland*, when he says: "In this voluminous writer the genuine Dutch habit of thought, the utilitarian and didactive spirit which we observe in Houwaert and in Boendale, reached its zenith of fluency and popularity. Cats was a man of large property and high position in the state, and his ideas never rose above the horizon of wealth and easy domestic satisfaction. He is an exceedingly dull and prosaic writer, whose

Alexandrines run smoothly on without any power of riveting the attention or delighting the fancy. Yet his popularity with the middle classes in Holland has always been immense, and his influence extremely hurtful to the growth of all branches of literary art."

THE STATUE OF MEMNON.

We read in books of ancient lore  
An image stood in days of yore,  
Which, when the sun with splendor dight  
Cast on its lips his golden light,  
Those lips gave back a silver sound,  
Which filled for hours the waste around ;  
But when again the living blaze  
Withdrew its music-waking rays,  
Or passing clouds its splendor veiled,  
Or evening shades its face concealed,  
This image stood all silent there,  
Nor lent one whisper to the air.

This was of old.—And even now,  
The man who lives in fortune's glow  
Bears off the palm of sense and knowledge,  
In town and country, court and college ,  
And all assert, *nem. con.*, whatever  
Comes from his mouth is vastly clever :  
But when the glowing sun retires,  
His reign is o'er, and dimmed his fires,  
And all his praise like vapor flies—  
For who e'er calls a poor man wise ?







**CATULLUS, CAIUS VALERIUS**, a Roman poet, born at Verona about 87 B.C.; died at Rome about 54 B.C. He inherited a competent estate, and lived a life of pleasure. He was the earliest Latin lyric poet of any note. At an early age he went to Rome and enjoyed the society of the most celebrated men of the day, including Cicero, Cæsar, and Pollio. On his arrival at the Imperial City he was possessed of considerable means, and this fact, together with his brilliant genius and vivacity, brought him at once into the society of men of the highest intellectual activity and refinement of the time, as well as of the most profligate of the luxurious city. Catullus being a mere boy, accustomed to the simple habits of his native province, plunged at once into the deepest dissipation of the age. The pace sustained by the more mature of his associates was more than the young man could endure, and he soon squandered his patrimony and undermined his health, and died just when his genius should have been a-ripening. He was remarkable for the versatility of his imagination, the loveliness of his conception, and the facility of his expression. His earlier poems record the various stages of his passion for a woman named Lesbia, who finally proved unfaithful to him, as she had to his predecessor in her affections. His poetic narration of the events of

his time is as reliable as current history of more pretentious tone. His longest poem is *The Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis*, in hexameter verse. "His *Atys*," says Professor William Ramsay, "is one of the most remarkable poems in the whole range of Latin literature. Rolling impetuously along in a flood of wild passion, bodied forth in the grandest imagery and the noblest diction, it breathes in every line the fiery vehemence of the Greek dithyramb. We admire by turns his unaffected ease, playful grace, vigorous simplicity, pungent wit, and slashing invective."

About one hundred and sixteen poems attributed to him are extant, most of which are short. Many of the poems are of an amatory character, with not unfrequently a tone of grossness. Catullus has been a favorite subject of translation. There is a literal prose rendering by Walter Kelly, and several metrical versions—or rather imitations—by various authors.

DEDICATED TO CORNELIUS NEPOS.

My little volume is complete,  
With all the care and polish neat  
That makes it fair to see :  
To whom shall I then—to whose praise—  
Inscribe my lively, graceful lays ?—  
Cornelius, friend, to thee.  
Thou only of the Italian race  
Hast dared in three small books to trace  
All time's remotest flight :  
O Jove, how labored, learned and wise !  
Yet still thou ne'er wouldst quite despise  
The trifles that I write.  
Then take the book I now address,  
Though small its size, its merit less,

'Tis all thy friend can give :  
 And let me, guardian Muse, implore  
 That when at least one age is o'er,  
 This volume yet may live.

—*Translation of* GEORGE LAMB.

#### HIS COUNTRY HOUSE AT SIRMIO.

O best of all the scattered spots that lie  
 In sea or lake—apple of landscape's eye !  
 How gladly do I drop within thy nest,  
 With what a sigh of full, contented rest,  
 Scarce able to believe my journey's o'er  
 And that these eyes behold thee safe once more !  
 Oh where's the luxury like the smile at heart,  
 When the mind, breathing, lays its load apart :  
 When we come home again, tired out, and spread  
 The loosened limbs o'er the all-wished-for bed !  
 This, this alone is worth an age of toil.—  
 Hail, lovely Sirmio ! Hail, paternal soil !  
 Joy, my bright waters, joy : your master's come !  
 Laugh every dimple on the cheek of home.

—*Translation of* LEIGH HUNT.

#### ON QUINTIA AND LESBIA.

Quintia is beauteous in the millions' eye :  
 Yes—beauteous in particulars, I own ;  
 Fair-skinned, straight-shaped, tall-sized ; yet I deny  
 A beauteous whole ; of *charmingsness* there's none :  
 In all that height of figure there is not  
 A seasoning spice of that—I know not what ;  
 That fragrant something, grace without a name :  
 But Lesbia's air is charming as her frame ;  
 Yes—Lesbia, beauteous in one graceful whole,  
 From all her sex their single graces stole.

—*Translation of* ELTON.

#### ON HIS OWN LOVE.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell  
 The cause of my love and my hate, may I die !  
 I can feel it alas ! I can feel it too well,  
 That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

—*Translation of* MOORE.

## SAPPHO'S ODE.

Blest as the immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas that deprived my soul of rest,  
And raised such tumults in my breast ;  
For while I gazed, in transport tost  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed ; the subtle flame  
Ran quick through all my vital frame ;  
On my dim eyes a darkness hung ;  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung ;

With dewy damp my limbs were chilled ;  
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled ;  
My feeble pulse forgot to play ;  
I fainted, sank, and died away.

—*Translation of* AMBROSE PHILLIPS.





CAXTON, WILLIAM, the first English printer, born about 1422; died about 1492. Few details of his life are known. He says: "I was born and lerned myn englissh in Kente in the weeld, where I doubte not is spoken as brode and rude englissh as is in ony place of england." He thanks his parents for giving him a good education. In 1438 he was apprenticed to a merchant, upon whose death he went to Bruges, where he entered into business for himself, became governor of a Company of Merchant Adventurers, and was twice sent to negotiate a treaty with the Duke of Burgundy concerning the wool-trade. In 1471 he entered the service of Margaret, the Duchess of Burgundy. About this time he learned the art of printing. The first book printed in English was *The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, the translation of which Caxton had begun in 1469, and had finished after he entered the service of the Duchess. The year of his return to England is uncertain. *The Game and Playe of Chesse Moralised*, printed in 1474, is said to have come from his press at Westminster; but the first book known certainly to have been printed in England is the *Dictes and Notable Wyse Sayenges of the Phylosophers*, which bears the date 1477. No fewer than ninety-nine works, many of them translated into English by Caxton, are known to have been



printed by him. Among them are *The Chronicles of England* (1480); *Description of Britayne* (1480); *The History of Reynart, the Foxe* (1481); *Confessio Amantis* (1483); *The Golden Legende* (1483); *The Knyghte of the Toure* (1484); *The Subtyl Historyes and Fables of Esope* (1484); *The Lyf of Charles the Grete* (1485); *The Book of Fayttes of Armes and of Chyvalrye* (1489), and *The Arte and Crafte to Know Well to Aye* (1490). Caxton's industry ceased only with life. The translation of the *Vitæ Patrum* was completed by him a few hours before he died.

#### THE TWO MASTERS OF ARTS.

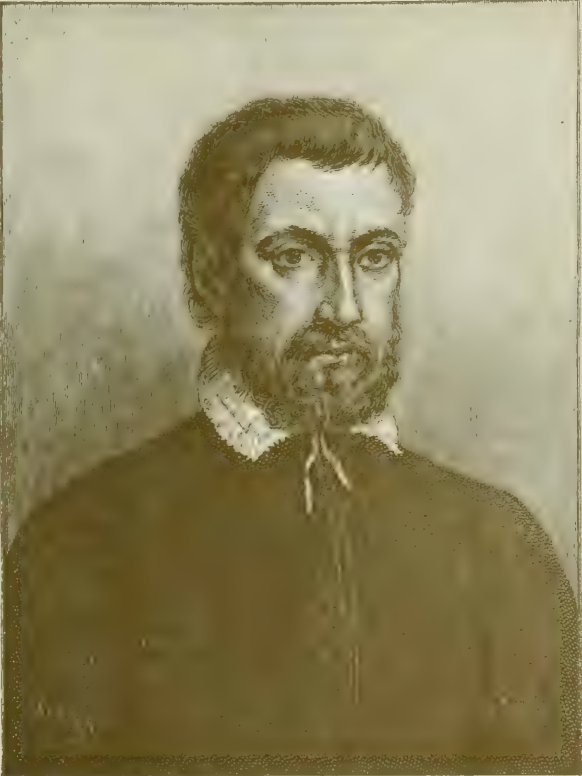
Now, then, I will finish all these fables with this tale that followeth, which a worshipful priest and a parson told me late: He said that there were dwelling at Oxenford two priests, both Masters of Arts—of whom that one was quick and could put himself forth; and that other was a good, simple priest. And so it happened that the master that was pert and quick was anon promoted to a benefice or twain, and after to prebends, and for to be a dean of a great prince o' chapel, supposing and weening that his fellow, the simple priest, should never be promoted, but be always an annual, or, at the most, a parish priest. So after a long time that this worshipful man, this dean, came running into a good parish with five or seven horses, like a prelate, and came into the church of the said parish, and found there this good, simple man, sometime his fellow, which came and welcomed him lowly. And that other bade him "Good morrow, Master John," and took him slightly by the hand, and axed him where he dwelt. And the good man said, "In this parish." "How," said he, "are ye here a sole priest, or a parish priest?" "Nay, sir," said he, "for lack of a better, though I be not able nor worthy, I am parson and curate of this parish." And then that other vailed [lowered] his bonnet, and said, "Master Parson, I pray you to be not displeased: I had supposed ye had

not been beneficed. But, master," said he, "I pray you what is this benefice worth to you a year?" "Forsooth," said the good, simple man, "I wot never; for I never make accompts thereof, how well I have had it four or five years." "And know ye not," said he, "what it is worth?—it should seem a good benefice." "No, forsooth," said he, "but I wot well what it shall be worth to me." "Why," said he, "what shall it be worth?" "Forsooth," said he, "if I do my true dealing in the cure of my parishes in preaching and teaching, and do my part belonging to my cure, I shall have heaven therefore. And if their souls be lost, or any of them by my default, I shall be punished therefore. And hereof I am sure." And with that word the rich dean was abashed: and thought he should be the better, and take more heed to his cures and benefices than he had done. This was a good answer of a good priest and an honest. And herewith I finish this book, translated and imprinted by me, William Caxton.—*Fable told by Caxton at the end of Æsop's Fables.*





CELLINI, BENVENUTO, a Florentine artist, whose *Autobiography* is a famous Italian classic, was born November 10, 1500; died February 13, 1571. He served an apprenticeship with a jeweller and goldsmith, and at the same time applied himself to the study of drawing, engraving, and music. He was appointed by Clement VII. his goldsmith and musician. Being of a very turbulent disposition, he was frequently engaged in quarrels, in one of which he so severely wounded his antagonist that he was forced to make his escape from Florence to Rome in the disguise of a friar. Here he distinguished himself by his courage in defending the citadel against the Constable Bourbon, whom he says he killed as he attempted to scale the city walls. He also defended the Castle of St. Angelo; and the Prince of Orange he declares was killed by the ball which was shot from a cannon he had directed. After this he was employed to engrave stamps for the mint, and the coins and medals which he executed are very beautiful. On the death of Clement VII., in 1534, he returned to Florence, whence he went to France, where he was patronized by Francis I. But soon quitting that country he revisited Rome, where he was confined for a long time in the Castle of St. Angelo on the charge of having robbed the fortress of a considerable treasure when he had formerly had the care of it. He escaped, but was



BENVENUTO CELLINI





retaken, and suffered great hardships until released by the mediation of Cardinal Ferrara. He then revisited France, where he executed some fine works of sculpture and cast large figures in metal, which gained him a high reputation. After staying there five years he returned to his own country, and was employed by the Grand Duke Cosmo de Medici, who gave him a studio, where he commenced his great work, *Perseus*. The story of the casting of Cellini's *Perseus* has played an important part in later literature. The success of this performance was so great that, in gratitude, the artist went on a pilgrimage to Vallombrosa and Camaldoli. He now contested the palm of glory with Bandinelli for a design of Neptune; and when his work was pronounced the best, his rival died of grief. Cellini's fame was now established, and he spent the remainder of his days in Florence. He worked equally well in marble and metal, and wrote a treatise on the goldsmith's art and another on sculpture and the casting of metals. His *Autobiography*, having long circulated in manuscript, was printed in 1730. Goethe translated it into German, and it has been rendered into English by W. Roscoe and J. A. Symonds. "From the pages of this book," says Mr. Symonds, "the Genius of Renaissance, incarnate in a single personality, leans forth and speaks to us. . . . Cellini is the most candid of autobiographers, and as ignorant of shame as he is candid."

#### THE FIERCE LITTLE FLORENTINES.

My brother, younger than myself by two years, a very bold and hot-headed boy (who was then about

fourteen, and I two years older), one Sunday, between the Porta San Gallo and the Porta Pinta, got into a quarrel with a youth of twenty, sword in hand, and pressed him so closely that he gave him a severe wound, and was proceeding further; but a great crowd had gathered, among which were many friends of his antagonist, who, when they saw things going badly for their friend, began to throw stones, one of which struck my poor young brother on the head, so that he fell down as if dead. I, who happened to be present, though without either friends or arms, called out to my brother to withdraw, as he had done enough. As soon as he fell down, I rushed to him and, seizing his sword, placed myself in front of him, against many swords and stones lifted against me—nor ever left my brother till some brave soldiers came from the Porta San Gallo and saved me from the crowd, wondering much to find such courage in one so young. I then took my brother home for dead: and it was no easy matter to bring him to himself.—*From his Autobiography.*

#### THE DEATH OF POMPEO.

Pompeo had gone into an apothecary's shop at the corner of the Chiavica, on some business of his own: but I was told he was boasting of having braved me, which was very unfortunate for him. As I arrived at the corner he came out of the shop, and his bravos opened their ranks and received him in their midst. I put my hand to a sharp little dagger I had, and forcing my way through the bravos, laid hold of him by the breast with such rapidity and certainty that none of them could interfere. As I pulled him toward me, he turned away his face, in his terror, and I struck him below the ear. At the second stroke he fell dead, which was not my intention; but, as people say, blows are not bargained for. I then retired by the Strada Julia, meditating where to take refuge.—*From his Autobiography.*

#### A MIRACULOUS INCIDENT.

Once when I was in prison, in a terrible dream, words of the greatest importance were written on my fore-

head, as with a pen; and he who did it charged me three times to keep silence and betray it to no one. When I awoke I found my forehead marked; in my poem of *The Capitol*, written in prison, an account is given of several such events. I was also told, without knowing who said it, of all that would happen to Signor Pier Luigi, so clear and distinct that I have always believed that it came from an angel of Heaven. And I cannot here refrain from mentioning one thing, the most wonderful that has ever happened to any man, which I say in justification of God and his secret ways, which he condescended to make me worthy to know—that from the time when I saw these things there rested a splendor (inexplicable miracle!) upon my head, which has been evident to every man to whom I have chosen to show it, though these have been very few. This can be perceived above my shadow in the morning, from the rising of the sun to two o'clock, and most distinctly when the grass is still wet with dew; also it is visible in the evening when the sun sinks toward the north. I became aware of it in Paris, because the air there is much clearer, and it showed much better than in Italy, where clouds are more general; but everywhere I can see it, and show it to others, though never so well as in France.—*From the Memoirs.*

## THE CONFLICT.

Oh troubled spirit mine,  
Cruel! how sad is this surviving!  
If 'gainst us stands the will Divine,  
Who is there for us, succor giving?  
Away, away to better living.

Ah, wait awhile  
For happier days will be,  
Heaven promises, than e'er you knew before.  
The coming hours will smile,  
Since the great God has granted free  
Grace that will never turn to weeping more.



CENTLIVRE, SUSANNAH, a British actress and dramatic writer, born in Ireland about 1670; died in London, December 1, 1723. Her father, a Mr. Freeman, had been forced to flee from England at the restoration of Charles II., on account of his adherence to the cause of Parliament. The daughter, having been left an orphan, came to London, and at the age of sixteen was married to a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox, the founder of the family of that name. Her husband dying within a year, she married a military officer named Carol, who was some eighteen months after killed in a duel. His widow went upon the stage, and also wrote several dramatic works, which were popular in their day; some of which, as *The Busybody* and *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, are still occasionally produced upon the stage. At the age of thirty-eight she married Joseph Centlivre, chief cook to Queen Anne. Mrs. Centlivre led an irreproachable life, and her wit and beauty rendered her a favorite in literary society. Her dramatic works were printed in 1761, and subsequently in 1872. *The Busybody*, in which Marplot is the leading character, ranks high among English comedies. *The Busybody* was first acted at Drury Lane, May 12, 1709. It was one of the most successful, as it is generally regarded as the best, of Mrs. Centlivre's plays, which number eighteen in all. Never-

theless, it was at first so coldly regarded by the actors that Wilkes is said to have thrown down his part of Sir George Airy, and to have been with difficulty induced to resume it. A part of the plot is taken from Ben Jonson's *The Devil Is an Ass*. Steele, in the *Tatler*, speaks of *The Busybody*, and says that "the plot is laid with that subtlety of spirit which is peculiar to females of wit." Martin Marplot, a silly, cowardly, inquisitive fellow, is not unlike Dryden's Mar-all, and is generally regarded as the original of the later Paul Pry. This character was first introduced in *The Busybody*, and was more fully developed in the comedy *Marplot in Lisbon*.

## HOW MARPLOT GOT THE PATCH OVER HIS EYE.

*Charles*.—Sir George, here's a gentleman has a passionate desire to kiss your hand.

*Sir George*.—Oh, I honor men of the sword, and presume this gentleman has lately come from Spain or Portugal, by his scars.

*Marplot*.—No, really, Sir George, mine sprung from civil fury. Happening last night into the Groom-Porter's, I had a strong inclination to go ten guineas with a sort of a—sort of a—kind of a milksop, as I thought. Devil take the dice he flung out; and my pockets being empty, as Charles here knows they often are, he proved a surly North Briton and broke my face for my deficiency.

*Sir George*.—Ha! ha! and did you not draw?

*Marplot*.—Draw, Sir! why I did but lay my hand upon my sword, to make a swift retreat, and he roared out: "Now the Deel a ma sol, Sir, gin ye touch yer steel Ise whip mine through yer wem!"

*Sir George*.—Ha! ha! ha!

*Charles*.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! safe was the word, so you walked off, I suppose.



*Marplot.*—Yes ; for I avoid fighting, purely to be serviceable to my friends, you know.

*Sir George.*—Your friends are much obliged to you, Sir ; I hope you'll rank me in that number.

*Marplot.*—Sir George, a bow from the side box, or to be seen in your chariot, binds me ever yours.

*Sir George.*—Trifles ; you may command 'em when you please.

*Charles.*—Provided he may command you.

*Marplot.*—Me ! why, I live for no other purpose. Sir George, I have the honor to be caressed by most of the reigning toasts of the town ; I'll tell 'em you are the finest gentleman——.

*Sir George.*—No, no, prithee let me alone to tell the ladies.

—*From The Busybody.*







CERVANTES.



CERVANTES-SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE, a distinguished Spanish poet and novelist, born near Madrid, Spain, October 9 (?), 1547; died there, April 23, 1616. He was of a respectable family, and is said to have spent two years at the University of Salamanca, and to have studied afterward in Madrid. In 1568 he went to Italy in the service of Cardinal Aquaviva, and two years afterward became a soldier. He distinguished himself at the naval battle of Lepanto, where his left hand was shattered by a gunshot. After five years of army life he obtained leave of absence; but on his way to Spain was taken prisoner, and sent to Algiers, where he remained a captive for five years. He was at length ransomed by his friends, and re-entered the army, in which he continued to serve until 1583. He then began his literary career, his first work being a prose pastoral entitled *Galatea*. In 1584 he married. During the next ten years he wrote about thirty dramas, of which only two survive. In 1588 he went to Seville as Commissioner to the Indian squadrons, and helped to victual the ships of the Spanish Armada. For several years after this time his life is involved in obscurity. He is said to have visited La Mancha, and to have been imprisoned there on a charge of malversation in office. It is also said that while in prison he conceived the idea of *Don Quixote*. In

1603 he was living in Valladolid. In 1604 he published the first part of *Don Quixote*, which ran through four editions in a single year. In 1613 he published *Novelas Exemplares*, or *Didactic Tales*, twelve stories which display a thorough acquaintance with every phase of Spanish life. The next year appeared Cervantes's most successful poem, a burlesque entitled *Viage al Parnassus*, and a volume of plays. During this year (1614) his tranquillity was disturbed by the appearance of a book purporting to be a continuation of the adventures of Don Quixote, in which the knight is a raging maniac and the squire a dull buffoon. To this book Cervantes refers several times in his own Second Part, which was published late in 1615. He was now impoverished and diseased. On the 4th of April, 1616, he entered the order of Franciscans, and died within three weeks.

#### MAMBRINO'S HELMET.

Soon after Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered as if it had been of gold ; and scarcely had he seen it when, turning to Sancho, he said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences ; especially that which says, 'Where one door is shut another is open.' I say this because if fortune last night shut the door against what we sought, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now opens wide another, for a better and more certain adventure ; in which, if I am deceived, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my ignorance of fulling-mills or to the darkness of night. This I say because, if I mistake not, there comes one towards us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet, concerning which thou mayest re-



member I swore the oath."—"Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho; "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills to finish the milling and mashing of our senses."—"The devil take thee," replied Don Quixote: "what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?"—"I know not," answered Sancho, "but, in faith, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say."—"How can I be mistaken in what I say, thou scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming towards us on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head!"—"What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a gray ass, like mine, with something on his head that glitters."—"Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote. "Retire, and leave me alone to deal with him, and thou shalt see how, in order to save time, I shall conclude this adventure without speaking a word, and the helmet I have so much desired remain my own." . . .

Now the truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight which Don Quixote saw was this: There were two villages in that neighborhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; therefore the barber of the larger served also the less, wherein one customer now wanted to let blood, and another to be shaved; to perform which, the barber was now on his way, carrying with him his brass basin; and it so happened that while upon the road it began to rain, and to save his hat, which was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which, being lately scoured, was seen glittering at the distance of half a league; and he rode on a gray ass, as Sancho had affirmed. Thus Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-gray steed, and his basin for a golden helmet; for whatever he saw was quickly adapted to his knightly extravagances; and when the poor knight drew near, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rosinante's best speed, and couched his lance, intending to run him through and through; but, when close upon him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out, "De-

fend thyself, caitiff ! or instantly surrender what is justly my due."

The barber, so unexpectedly seeing this phantom advancing upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance than to slip down from the ass ; and no sooner had he touched the ground than, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he scampered over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. The basin he left on the ground ; with which Don Quixote was satisfied, observing that the pagan had acted discreetly, and in imitation of the beaver, which, when closely pursued by the hunters, tears off with his teeth that which it knows by instinct to be the object of pursuit. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet ; who, holding it in his hand, said, " Before Heaven, the basin is a special one, and is well worth a piece of eight, if it is worth a farthing." He then gave it to his master, who immediately placed it upon his head, turning it round in search of the vizor ; but not finding it he said, " Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a prodigious head—the worst of it is that one-half is wanting."

When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing ; which, however, he instantly checked on recollecting his master's late choler. " What dost thou laugh at, Sancho ?" said Don Quixote. " I am laughing," answered he, " to think what a huge head the pagan had who owned that helmet, which is for all the world just like a barber's basin."—" Knowest thou, Sancho, what I conceive to be the case ? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the possession of one who, ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one-half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed look like a barber's basin : but to me, who know what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired in the first town where there is a smith, that it shall not be surpassed or even equalled by that which the god of smiths himself made and forged for the god of battles. In the meantime I will wear it as I best can,

for something is better than nothing, and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones.”—“It will so,” said Sancho, “if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship’s chaps. . . . But setting this aside, tell me, sir, what shall we do with this dapple-gray steed which looks so much like a gray ass, and which that caitiff whom your worship overthrew has left behind here to shift for itself? for, by his scouring off so hastily, he does not think of ever returning for him: and, by my beard, the beast is a special one.”—“It is not my custom,” said Don Quixote, “to plunder those whom I have overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from the vanquished their horses and leave them on foot, unless the victor had lost his own in the conflict; in such case it is lawful to take that of the enemy as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse or ass, or whatever thou wilt have it to be; for when we are gone his owner will return for him.”—“God knows whether it were best for me to take him,” replied Sancho, “or at least to exchange him for mine, which, methinks, is not so good. Verily, the laws of chivalry are very strict if they do not even allow the swopping of one ass for another; but I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I were so inclined?”—“I am not very clear as to that point,” answered Don Quixote; “and, being a doubtful case, until better information can be had, I think thou mayest make the exchange, if thou art in extreme want of them.”—“So extreme,” replied Sancho, “that I could not want them more if they were for my own proper person.” Thus authorized, he proceeded to an exchange of caparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for his new furniture.

Being thus refreshed and comforted both in body and mind, they mounted; and, without determining upon what road to follow, according to the custom of knights-errant, they went on as Rosinante’s will directed, which was a guide to his master and also to Dapple, who always followed in love and good-fellowship, wherever he led the way,—*Don Quixote, translation of* JARVIS.

## DON QUIXOTE'S ADVICE TO SANCHO PANZA.

At this time Don Quixote came up to them, and hearing how soon Sancho was to depart to his government, he took him by the hand and, with the duke's leave, led him to his chamber, in order to give him some advice respecting his conduct in office ; and having entered, he shut the door, and, almost by force made Sancho sit down by him, and with much solemnity addressed him in these words :

"I am thankful to Heaven, friend Sancho, that even before fortune has crowned my hopes prosperity has gone forth to meet thee. I, who had trusted in my own success for the reward of thy services, am still but on the road to advancement, whilst thou, prematurely, and before all reasonable expectation, art come into full possession of thy wishes. Some must bribe, importune, solicit, attend early, pray, persist, and yet do not obtain what they desire ; whilst another comes and, without knowing how, jumps at once into the preferment for which so many had sued in vain. It is truly said that 'merit does much, but fortune more.' Thou, who in respect of me art but a very simpleton, without either early rising or late watching, without labor of body or mind, by the air alone of knight-errantry breathing on thee, findest thyself the governor of an island, as if it were a trifle, a thing of no account ! All this I say, friend Sancho, that thou mayest not ascribe the favor done thee to thine own merit, but give thanks, first to Heaven, which disposeth things so kindly ; and, in the next place, acknowledge with gratitude the inherent grandeur of the profession of knight-errantry. Thy heart being disposed to believe what I have now said to thee, be attentive, my son, to me, thy Cato, who will be thy counsellor, thy north star, and thy guide, to conduct and steer thee safe into port, out of that tempestuous sea upon which thou art going to embark, and where thou wilt be in danger of being swallowed up in the gulf of confusion. *First*, my son, fear God ; for to fear Him is wisdom, and being wise, thou canst not err. *Secondly*, consider what thou art, and endeavor to know



thyself, which is the most difficult study of all others. The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity, and the fate of the frog that foolishly vied with the ox will serve thee as a caution; the recollection, too, of having been formerly a swine-herd in thine own country will be to thee, in the loftiness of thy pride, like the ugly feet of the peacock."

"It is true," said Sancho, "that I once kept swine; but I was only a boy then; when I grew toward a man I looked after geese, and not hogs. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose, for all governors are not descended from kings."

"That I grant," replied Don Quixote; "and therefore those who have not the advantage of noble descent should fail not to grace the dignity of the office they bear with gentleness and modesty, which when accompanied with discretion, will silence those murmers which few situations in life can escape. Conceal not the meanness of thy family, nor think it disgraceful to be descended from peasants; for, when it is seen that thou art not thyself ashamed, none will endeavor to make thee so; and deem it more meritorious to be a virtuous, humble man than a lofty sinner. . . . Remember, Sancho, if thou takest virtue for the rule of life, and valuest thyself upon acting in all things conformably thereto, thou wilt have no cause to envy lords and princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue is a common property, and may be acquired by all; it has, moreover, an intrinsic worth which blood has not. This being so, if peradventure any one of thy kindred visit thee in thy government, do not slight or affront him, but receive, cherish, and make much of him; for in so doing thou wilt please God, who allows none of His creatures to be despised; and thou wilt also manifest therein a well-disposed nature."

"If thou takest thy wife with thee (and it is not well for those who are appointed to governments to be long separated from their families), teach, instruct, and polish her from her natural rudeness; for it often happens that all the consideration a wise governor can acquire is lost by an ill-bred and foolish woman. If thou shouldst become a widower (an event which is



possible), and thy station entitle thee to a better match, seek not one to serve thee for a hook and angling-rod, or a friar's hood to receive alms in; for, believe me, whatever the judge's wife receives, the husband must account for at the general judgment, and shall be made to pay four-fold for all that of which he has rendered no account during his life.

"Be not under the dominion of thine own will; it is the vice of the ignorant, who vainly presume on their own understanding. Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, from thee than the applications of the wealthy. Be equally solicitous to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich and the sighs and entreaties of the poor. Whenever equity may justly temper the rigor of the law, let not the whole force of it bear upon the delinquent; for it is better that a judge should lean on one side of compassion than severity. If perchance the scales of justice be not correctly balanced, let the error be imputable to pity, not to gold. If perchance the cause of thine enemy come before thee, forget thy injuries and think only on the merits of the case. Let not private affection blind thee in another man's cause; for the errors thou shalt thereby commit are often without remedy, and at the expense both of thy reputation and fortune. When a beautiful woman comes before thee to demand justice, consider maturely the nature of her claim, without regarding either her tears or her sighs, unless thou wouldst expose thy judgment to the danger of being lost in the one, and thy integrity in the other.

"Revile not with words him whom thou hast to correct with deeds; the punishment which the unhappy wretch is doomed to suffer is sufficient, without the addition of abusive language. When the criminal stands before thee, recollect the frail and depraved nature of man, and, as much as thou canst without injustice to the suffering party, show pity and clemency; for though the attributes of God are all equally adorable, yet His mercy is more shining and attractive in our eyes than His justice.

"If, Sancho, thou observest these precepts, thy days

will be long and thy fame eternal, thy recompense full, and thy felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy children to thy heart's content, and they and thy grandchildren shall want neither honors nor titles. Beloved by all men, thy days shall pass in peace and tranquillity ; and, when the inevitable period comes, death shall steal on thee in a good and venerable old age, and thy grandchildren's children, with their tender and pious hands, shall close thine eyes."—*Don Quixote*, translation of JARVIS.





CHADBOURNE, PAUL ANSEL, an American scientist and teacher, born at Berwick, Me., October 21, 1823; died in New York, February 23, 1883. After his graduation from Williams College, in 1848, he became Professor of Natural History and Chemistry at Bowdoin College, and subsequently at Williams. In 1867 he was elected President of the University of Wisconsin; in 1872 President of Williams College, and in 1882 President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. His works are: *The Relations of Natural History to Intellect, Taste, Wealth and Religion*; *Natural Theology*; *Instinct in Animals and Men*; and *Strength of Men and Stability of Nations*.

"President Chadbourne"—we quote from *The Literary World*—"was a scientist as well as a theologian, a man who understood nature as well as philosophy, who knew how to investigate facts as well as to reason from them. Such men take vastly broader views than the mere specialist, and unfortunately usually have a smaller following than the mere dogmatist." To the vigorous and tireless energy of Dr. Chadbourne the editor of Appleton's *Annual* penned in 1883 the following just tribute: "Activity and zeal were specially prominent in his career. He travelled extensively in his own country, as well as in foreign lands. His life was full of adventure, of singular vicissi-

tudes, and of noble, memorable work. He served four institutions of learning, three of them as president. He led parties for scientific exploration and research; he managed large and important business enterprises; and he published a number of scientific books. He was a theologian, too, of no mean power, and his mind and heart were at rest in possessing and enjoying those truths firmly held by the denomination with which he was connected."

#### APPARENT FORETHOUGHT IN PLANTS.

This apparent forethought in preparing materials and storing them for a time of need is not manifested by the trees alone, but in a greater or less degree it is exercised by every plant that grows—more manifest is it in those that live more than a single year. What wonders are performed beneath our very feet! If we could look beneath the thick woven sward of the meadows, or roll back the decaying leaves of the forest, or pluck up the thickened root-stocks of the water lily and kindred forms from their oozy beds beneath the shallow lakes, we should find in every place evidence of instinct-like forethought among the plants and provision for their future wants. When the frost of autumn and ice of winter have covered the earth with death, so that to the eye there seems to be but mere remnants of withered grass and herbage, we still wait in confident expectation that spring will wake new forms to sudden life from hidden germs, as by enchantment. In roots of grass and bulb of lily, in all the thousand storehouses beneath the soil, the busy, prudent plants have laid up their provisions ready for instant use—not to preserve life in winter—but for their spring's work in bringing sudden beauty of leaf and flower upon the earth, when awakened to activity from their winter's sleep. They answer to the call of the great magician, the Sun, whose touch dissolves, as by enchantment, the flinty soil and palsyng power of winter; and now with eager haste

they utilize the stores of food which they carefully reserved the year before, when they seemed to be living to the extent of their means. There is no such foolish extravagance in the plant economy as living to the full extent of income each year, except when the time has come for the plants to pass away, and then, with true parental instinct, they bequeath all they possess to their children; which bequest is always found to be just enough to start the young plantlets well in life, till large enough to work and gather materials for themselves. All the wealth of beauty in early spring—the green blade of grass—the fragrant Arbutus of the hill-side and the golden Caltha by the brook—these all are the products of plant labor of the former year. These slow, secret processes are hid from the eye of the most careful observer, and they would never be known were it not for the sudden display of leaf and flower in springtime that reveals the secret of this hoarded wealth.—*Instinct in Animals and Men.*







CHADWICK, JOHN WHITE, an American religious writer and Unitarian clergyman, was born at Marblehead, Mass., October 19, 1840. He was educated at Exeter Academy and at Harvard ; and studied theology at the Harvard Divinity School. In 1864 he was ordained and became pastor of the Second Unitarian Society in Brooklyn, N. Y. He has written a great deal for magazines and for the weekly and daily press, and has been very active in theological controversy. One of his books, a volume of sermons, was translated into German and published under the title *Religion ohne Dogma*. Besides many articles for cyclopædias, especially for *Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia*, he has published, in book form, *The Life of N. A. Staples* (1870); *A Book of Poems* (1875); *The Book of To-day* (1878); *The Faith of Reason* (1879); *Some Aspects of Religion* (1879); *The Man Jesus* (1881); *Belief and Life* (1881); *Origin and Destiny* (1883); *In Nazareth Town* (1884); *A Daring Faith* (1885); *A Legend of Good Poets* (1886).

CARPE DIEM.

O soul of mine, how few and short the years  
Ere thou shalt go the way of all thy kind,  
And here no more thy joy or sorrow find  
At any fount of happiness or tears !  
Yea, and how soon shall all that thee endears  
To any heart that beats with love for thee  
Be everywhere forgotten utterly,

With all thy loves and joys, and hopes and fears !

But O my soul, because these things are so  
Be thou not cheated of to-day's delight.

When the night cometh, it may well be night ;

Now it is day. See that no minute's glow  
Of all the shining hours unheeded goes,  
No fount of rightful joy by thee untasted flows.

BY THE SEASHORE.

The curvèd strand of cool, gray sand

Lies like a sickle by the sea ;

The tide is low, but, soft and slow,  
Is creeping higher up the lea.

The beach-birds fleet, with twinkling feet,

Hurry and scurry to and fro ;

And sip and chat of this and that  
Which you and I may never know.

The runlets gay, that haste away,

To meet each snowy-bosomed crest,

Enrich the shore with fleeting store  
Of art-defying arabesque.

Each higher wave doth touch and lave

A million pebbles smooth and bright ;

Straightway they grow a beauteous show,  
With hues unknown before bedight.

High up the beach, far out of reach

Of common tides that ebb and flow,

The drift-wood's heap doth record keep  
Of storms that perished long ago.

Nor storms alone : I hear the moan

Of voices choked by dashing brine,

When sunken rock or tempest shock  
Crushed the good vessel's oaken spine.

Where ends the beach the cliffs upreach,

Their lichen-wrinkled foreheads old ;

And here I rest while all the west  
Grows brighter with the sunset's gold.

Far out at sea the ships that flee  
Along the dim horizon's line,  
Their sails unfold like cloths of gold,  
Transfigured by that light divine.

A calm more deep as 'twere asleep,  
Upon the weary ocean falls ;  
So low it sighs, its murmur dies,  
While shrill the boding cricket calls.

Oh peace and rest ! upon the breast  
Of God himself I seem to lean ;  
No break, no bar of sun or star,  
Just God and I, with naught between.

Oh when some day in vain I pray  
For days like this to come again,  
I shall rejoice with heart and voice  
That one such day has ever been.





CHALMERS, THOMAS, a famous Scottish divine, and miscellaneous writer, born at Anstruther, Scotland, March 17, 1780; died at Edinburgh, May 31, 1847. At a very early age he entered the University of St. Andrews, where he distinguished himself especially in mathematics and the natural sciences. He zealously continued his studies in these departments at the University of Edinburgh, and after his ordination and appointment to the parish of Kilmany in 1803. In 1808 he published an *Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources*. Not long afterward he was invited by Dr. Brewster, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, to write the article on "Christianity" for that publication. His studies for this article brought about an entire change in his religious character. Henceforth he was not merely a Christian moralist, but an earnest evangelical preacher.

In 1815 he was called to the ministry of the Tron Church, Glasgow. Here he delivered a series of *Astronomical Discourses*, which were published early in 1817, and before the close of the year passed through nine editions, not less than 20,000 copies in all. In 1819 he became minister of the large and poor parish of St. John's. There were about 2,000 families in the parish, mostly consisting of factory-workers and common labor-



Thomas Chalmers





ers, of whom not more than 800 families were connected with any Christian congregation. His labors—not merely as a preacher but as actual “overseer” of this large parish—were enormous, and in every way most successful. For one thing, the pauper expenditure of the parish was steadily reduced from £1,400 to £280 a year. At the commencement of this ministry Chalmers began a series of quarterly pamphlets on *The Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns*, devoted to the elucidation of the religious and civic reforms which he was carrying on.

His health began to decline under the pressure of his manifold labors, and in 1823 he accepted the offer (the seventh of the kind which he had received during eight years) of the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. In 1827 he wrote his treatise on *The Use and Abuse of Literary and Ecclesiastical Endowments*. In 1828 he was transferred to the chair of Theology in the University of Edinburgh; and soon began the preparation of an extended treatise on *Political Economy*, which was published in 1832. He was now invited to write one of the series of the “Bridgewater Treatises.” He chose for his subject *The Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man*. This volume was published in 1833, and is conceded to be one of the ablest of those famous treatises.

Dr. Chalmers had hitherto taken no prominent part in the general affairs of the Church of Scotland; but he was now forced to the front by the death of Dr. Andrew Thomson, who had long

been the acknowledged leader of the "Evangelical" party, which had gained the ascendancy in that Church. Into the details of the contest which ensued in the General Assembly, and lasted nearly ten years, we need not here enter. The upshot of all was, that in 1843, four hundred and seventy clergymen formally withdrew from the General Assembly, and constituted themselves into the "Free Church of Scotland," Dr. Chalmers being elected as their first "Moderator," or presiding officer. For a couple of years he was vigorously engaged in organizing the Free Church movement; but he gradually withdrew from the work, occupying himself with his duties as principal of the Free Church College, and perfecting his *Institutes of Theology*, a work which was not published until after his death, which occurred suddenly. He had bidden his family good-night on the Sabbath evening of May 30, 1847, being apparently in his usual health. When his room was entered the next morning, he was found dead in his bed, with no indication that there had been any painful struggle. The body was already cold, indicating that death had occurred some hours previously.

The *Works* of Chalmers were carefully edited by his son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna. They comprise (in the American edition) four volumes, besides a volume of *Correspondence*. In addition to these there are nine volumes of "Posthumous Works," containing *Daily Scripture Readings*, *Sabbath Scripture Readings*, *Institutes of Theology*, *Prelections on Butler's Analogy*, and a volume of *Ser-*

*mons* preached from 1798 to 1847. In all, fourteen volumes.

#### THE SUPREMACY OF CONSCIENCE.

When consciences pronounce differently of the same action, it is for the most part, or rather, it is almost always, because understandings view it differently. It is either because the controversialists are regarding it with unequal degrees of knowledge, or each through the medium of his own partialities. The consciences of all would come forth with the same moral decision, were all equally enlightened in the circumstances, or in the essential relations and consequences of the deed in question; and, what is just as essential to this uniformity of judgment, were all viewing it fairly, as well as fully. It matters not, whether it be ignorantly or wilfully, that each is looking at this deed but in the one aspect or in the one relation that is favorable to his own peculiar sentiment. In either case, the diversity of judgment on the moral qualities of the same action is just as little to be wondered at as a similar diversity on the material qualities of the same object—should any of the spectators labor under an involuntary defect of vision, or voluntarily persist in shutting or in averting his eyes. It is thus that a quarrel has well been termed a “misunderstanding,” in which each of the combatants may consider, and often honestly consider, himself to be in the right; and that on reading the hostile memorials of two parties in a litigation, we can perceive no difference in their moral principles, but only in their historical statements; and that in the public manifestoes of nations when entering upon war, we can discover no trace of a contrariety of conflict in their ethical systems, but only in their differently put or differently colored representations of fact; all proving that, with the utmost diversity of judgment among men respecting the moral qualities of the same thing, there may be a perfect identity of structure in their moral organs notwithstanding; and that Conscience, true to her office, needs but to be rightly informed that she may speak the same language, and give forth the same lessons in all the countries of the earth.

It is this which explains the moral peculiarities of different nations. It is not that justice, humanity, and gratitude are not the canonized virtues of every region ; or that falsehood, cruelty, and fraud would not, in their abstract and unassociated nakedness, be viewed as the objects of moral antipathy and rebuke. It is that, in one and the same material action, when looked to in all the lights of which, whether in reality or by the power of imagination, it is susceptible, various, nay, opposite, moral characteristics may be blended ; and that while one people look to the good only without the evil, another may look to the evil only without the good. And thus the identical acts which in one nation are the subjects of a most reverent and religious observance may, in another, be regarded with a shuddering sense of abomination and horror. And this, not because of any difference in what may be termed the moral categories of the two peoples, nor because, if moral principles in their unmixed generality were offered to the contemplation of either, either would call evil good or good evil. When theft was publicly honored and rewarded in Sparta, it was not because theft in itself was reckoned a good thing ; but because patriotism, and dexterity, and those services by which the interests of patriotism might be supported, were reckoned to be good things. When the natives of Hindostan assemble with delight around the agonies of a human sacrifice, it is not because they hold it good to rejoice in a spectacle of pain ; but because they hold it good to rejoice in a spectacle of heroic devotion to the memory of the dead. When parents are exposed, or children are destroyed, it is not because it is deemed to be right that there should be the infliction of misery for its own sake ; but because it is deemed to be right that the wretchedness of old age should be curtailed, or that the world should be saved from the miseries of an overcrowded species. In a word, in the very worst of these anomalies some form of good may be detected, which has led to their establishment ; and still some universal and undoubted principle of morality, however perverted or misapplied, can be alleged in vindication of them. A people may be



deluded by their ignorance ; or misguided by their superstition ; or, not only hurried into wrong deeds, but even fostered into wrong sentiments, under the influence of that cupidity or revenge which are so perpetually operating in the warfare of savage or demi-savage nations. Yet, in spite of the topical moralities to which these have given birth, there is an unquestioned and universal morality notwithstanding. And in every case, where the moral sense is unfettered by these associations, and the judgment is uncramped, either by the partialities of interest or by the inveteracy of national customs which habit and antiquity have rendered sacred, Conscience is found to speak the same language, nor, to the remotest ends of the world, is there a country or an island where the same uniform and consistent voice is not heard from her.

Let the mists of ignorance and passion and artificial education be only cleared away ; and the moral attributes of goodness and righteousness and truth be seen undistorted, and in their own proper guise ; and there is not a heart or a conscience throughout earth's teeming population which could refuse to do them homage. And it is precisely because the Father of the human family has given such hearts and conscience to all His children that we infer these to be the very sanctities of the Godhead, the very attributes of His own primeval nature.—*The Bridgewater Treatise.*

#### COMPARATIVE INSIGNIFICANCE OF THIS EARTH.

Though the earth were to be burnt up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished forever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship ? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the

heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar ; the light of other suns shines upon them ; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions ? that they are occupied with people ? that the charities of home and of neighborhood flourish there ? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in ? that there piety has its temples and its offerings ? and the richness of the Divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers ?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them, and what are they who occupy it ? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendor and variety by the destruction of our planet as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time the life which we know by the microscope it teems with is extinguished ; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us ; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients ; and the whole of animated nature may wither and

die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe toward the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security.

Now it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man ; and though at this moment His energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in His providence as if we were the objects of His undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same being whose eye is abroad over the whole universe gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal ; that though His mind takes into His comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him as if I were the single object of his attention ; that He marks all my thoughts ; that He gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me ; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.—*The Bridgewater Treatise.*



CHAMBERS, ROBERT, a Scottish publisher and author, born at Peebles, Scotland, July 10, 1802; died at St. Andrews, March 17, 1871. While he was a boy his father removed to Edinburgh, where he was placed in a classical school, with the design of giving him a university education; but the straitened circumstances of his parents prevented the execution of this plan, and he was compelled to earn his livelihood. At the age of sixteen he established himself as a second-hand bookseller. After a few years he entered into partnership with his elder brother, William Chambers, who had engaged in the same business. In 1832 the brothers began the publication of *Chambers's Journal*, a periodical which is still continued under the charge of Robert Chambers [Secundus]. At first Robert Chambers was merely a contributor to the *Journal*; but he soon became joint-editor. The brothers founded a great publishing establishment, in which they were so closely connected that it is not easy to assign to each his special share in the conduct of it; but in general William acted as the business manager, and Robert as the literary conductor. The works of Robert Chambers are very numerous. Among them are *Traditions of Edinburgh*, *A History of the Rebellion of 1745*, *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, *Biography of Distinguished Scotchmen*, *Life and Writings of Burns*,



*Ancient Sea-Margins*, and *The Book of Days*. He was also the principal compiler of *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature*.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS (born in 1800; died in 1883) wrote several books, among which are *Things as They Are in America* (1853); *History of Peebleshire* (1864); *France, its History and Revolutions* (1871); *Memoir of Robert Chambers* (1872), and *Stories of Remarkable Persons* (1879). Both brothers, though not college-taught, received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh.

From Robert Chambers's *Rebellion of 1745* we give a characteristic passage:

#### THE HIGHLANDERS AT THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

It was not till the cannonade had continued nearly half an hour, and the Highlanders had seen many of their kindred stretched upon the heath, that Charles at last gave way to the necessity of ordering a charge. The aid-de-camp intrusted to carry his message to the Lieutenant-General—a youth of the name of Mac-Lauchlan—was killed by a cannon-ball before he reached the first line; but the general sentiment of the army as reported to Lord George Murray, supplied the want; and that general took it upon him to order an attack, without Charles's permission having been communicated. Lord George had scarcely determined upon ordering a general movement, when the MacIntoshes—a brave and devoted clan, though never before engaged in action—unable any longer to brook the un-avenged slaughter made by the cannon, broke from the centre of the line, and rushed forward through smoke and snow to mingle with the enemy. The Atholemen, Camerons, Stewarts, Frasers, and MacLeans, then also went on, Lord George Murray heading them with that rash bravery for which he was so remarkable. Thus, in



the course of one or two minutes, the charge was general along the whole line ; except at the left extremity, where the MacDonalds, dissatisfied with their position, hesitated to engage.

It was the emphatic custom of the Highlanders, before an onset, to *scrug their bonnets*—that is, to pull their little blue caps down over their brows, so as to insure them against falling off in the ensuing *mêlée*. Never, perhaps, was this motion performed with so much emphasis as on the present occasion, when every man's forehead burned with the desire to revenge some dear friend who had fallen a victim to the murderous artillery. A Lowland gentleman, who was in the line, and who survived until a late period, used always, in relating the events of Culloden, to comment, with a feeling something like awe, upon the terrific and more than natural expression of rage, which glowed on every face and gleamed in every eye, as he surveyed the extended line at this moment. It was an exhibition of mighty and all-engrossing passion, never to be forgotten by the beholder.

The action and event of the onset were, throughout, quite as dreadful as the mental emotion which urged it. Notwithstanding that the three files of the front line of English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry—notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment—onward, onward went the headlong Highlanders, flinging themselves into, rather than rushing upon the lines of the enemy, which, indeed, they did not see for smoke till involved among their weapons. All that courage—all that despair could do—was done. They did not fight like living or reasoning creatures, but like machines under the influence of some uncontrollable principle of action. The howl of the advance—the scream of the onset—the thunders of the musketry and the din of the trumpets and drums confounded one sense ; while the flash of the firearms, and the glitter of the brandished broadswords, dazzled and bewildered another. It was a moment of dreadful and agonizing suspense—but only a moment ; for the whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. They swept through and over that frail bar-

rier, almost as easily and instantaneously as the bounding cavalcade brushes through the morning labors of the gossamer which stretch across its path ; not, however, with the same unconsciousness of the event. Almost every man in their front rank, chief and gentleman, fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved ; and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife. When the first line had been completely swept aside, the assailants continued their impetuous advance till they came near the second, when, being almost annihilated by a profuse and well-directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been but an hour before, a numerous and confident force, at last submitted to destiny, by giving way and flying. Still a few rushed on, resolved rather to die than thus forfeit their well-acquired and dearly estimated honor. They rushed on—but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished as he reached the points of the bayonets.—*The Rebellion of 1745.*

A curious episode in the literary career of Robert Chambers was the writing and publication of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. The book appeared anonymously in 1844, and at once aroused general attention. Edition after edition was called for within the ensuing ten years. Extraordinary precautions had been taken to prevent its authorship from being known. These were so successful that the 1877 edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says: "His knowledge of geology was one of the principal grounds on which the authorship of the celebrated anonymous work, the *Vestiges of Creation*, was very generally attributed to Robert Chambers. As, however, neither he himself nor anyone entitled to speak for him ever acknowledged the work, its

authorship remains a mystery." It was not, indeed, until 1884 that the mystery of the authorship was cleared up. In that year Mr. Alexander Ireland, one of the four persons to whom the secret had been confided, put forth a new edition (the twelfth), in which he gives all the details of the composition and publication of the work, together with the reasons which led the author to withhold his name from it.

#### CHARACTER OF THE VESTIGES.

"Now," continues Mr. Ireland, "as probably the oldest survivor of his intimate associates, and cherishing, as I fondly do, the recollection of his valued and irreplaceable friendship, it seems to me to be a duty to the memory of Robert Chambers that I should place on record, while it is still in my power to do so, the honorable fact that to his genius the world was indebted for that remarkable work, which in this country was the immediate forerunner of Darwin's theory of Evolution. The *Vestiges* is a work conceived and executed in a reverent and truly religious spirit, the author attempting to set forth, in befitting language, the system of law ordained by the Almighty, whereby all things, from the beginning of time, and throughout illimitable space, have been and are connected and bound together as the orderly manifestations of his Divine Power."

#### THEORY OF PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT.

The proposition determined on after much consideration is that the several series of animated beings, from the simplest and oldest up to the highest and most recent, are, under the providence of God, the results, *first*, of an impulse which has been imparted to the forms of life, advancing them, in definite times, by generation, through grades of organization terminating in the highest dicotyledons and vertebrata; these grades being few in number and generally marked by intervals of organic character, which we find to be a practical

difficulty in ascertaining affinities; *second*, of another impulse connected with the vital forces, tending in the course of generations to modify organic structures in accordance with external circumstances—as food, the nature of the habitat and the meteoric agencies—these being the “adaptations” of the natural theologian. We may contemplate these phenomena as ordained to take place in every situation and time, where and when the requisite materials and conditions are presented; in other orbs as well as in this; in any geographical area of this globe which may at any time arise:—observing only the variations due to difference of materials and of conditions.

The nucleated vesicle is contemplated as the fundamental form of all organizations; the meeting-point between the inorganic and the organic; the end of the mineral and beginning of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, which thence start in different directions, but in a general parallelism and analogy. This nucleated vesicle is itself a type of mature and independent being, as well as the starting-point of the fœtal process of every higher individual in creation—both animal and vegetable. We have seen that the *proximate principles*, or first organic combinations, being held—and in some instances proved—as producible by the chemist, an operation which would produce in these the nucleated vesicle, is all that is wanting effectually to bridge over the space between the inorganic and the organic. Remembering these things, it does not seem, after all, a very immoderate hypothesis that a *chemico-electric operation, by which the germinal vesicles were produced*, was the first phenomena in organic creation, and that the second was *an advance of these through a succession of higher grades and a variety of modifications* in accordance with laws of the same absolute nature as those by which the Almighty rules the physical department of Nature. —*Vestiges*.

#### POSSIBLE ORIGIN OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

The idea that any of the lower animals were concerned in the origin of Man is usually scouted by unreflecting persons as derogatory to human dignity. It



might in the same way seem a degradation to a full-grown individual to contemplate him as having once been a helpless babe upon his mother's knee ; or to trace him further back, and regard him as an embryo wherein no human lineaments had as yet appeared. All organic things are essentially progressive : there would be no end to perplexity and misjudgment if we were to take up each at its maturity, and hold it as made ridiculous by the consideration of what it was in its earlier stages : —The grandeur of the oak, for instance, lost in the idea of its once having been an acorn ; the nobleness of a Washington, or the intense intellectual force of a Bonaparte, sunk in recollections of their schoolboy days. In nature much will appear humble by contrast ; but to a healthy mind nothing will appear contemptible. When we look in a right spirit into her mysteries, we discover only the manner in which her master is pleased to work, and then all appears beautiful exceedingly. Thus it has never occurred to any physiologist to love or admire his race less, because he knew that the human organization has to pass through stages of reproduction, the earlier of which are not to be distinguished from those of the invertebrate animal. So need it never be imputed as a degradation to mankind that the force and tendencies of their illustrious nature once lay imperfectly developed in some humble form of being.—*Vestiges*.

#### THE MENTAL CONSTITUTION OF MAN AND ANIMALS.

Common observation shows a great general superiority of the human mind over that of the inferior animals. Man's mind is almost infinite in device ; it ranges over all the world ; it forms the most wonderful combinations ; it seeks back into the past, and stretches forward into the future ; while the animals generally appear to have a narrow range of thought and action. But so also has an infant but a limited range, and yet it is mind which works there, as well as in the most accomplished adults. The difference between mind in the lower animals and in man is a difference in degree only ; it is not a specific difference. All who have studied animals by actual observation, and even those



who have given a candid attention to the subject in books, must attain more or less clear convictions of this truth, notwithstanding the obscurity which prejudice may have engendered.

We see animals capable of affection, jealousy, envy ; we see them quarrel, and conduct quarrels in the very manner pursued by the ruder and less educated of our own race. We see them liable to flattery, inflated with pride, and dejected by shame. We see them as tender to their young as human parents are, and as faithful to a trust as the most conscientious of human servants. The horse is startled by marvellous objects, as a man is. The dog and many others show tenacious memory. The dog also proves himself possessed of imagination by the act of dreaming. Horses finding themselves in want of a shoe, have of their own accord gone to a farrier's shop, where they were shod before. Cats closed up in rooms, will endeavor to obtain their liberation by pulling a latch or ringing a bell. A monkey, wishing to get into a peculiar tree, and seeing a dangerous snake at the bottom of it, watched for hours till he found the reptile for a moment off its guard ; he sprang upon it, and, seizing it by the neck, bruised its head to pieces against a stone ; after which he quietly ascended the tree. We can hardly doubt that the animal seized and bruised the head, because he knew or judged there was danger in that part. It has several times been observed that in a field of cattle, when one or two were mischievous, and persisted long in annoying or tyrannizing over the rest, the herd, to all appearance, consulted, and then, making a united effort, drove the troublers off the ground. The members of a rookery have also been observed to take turns in supplying the needs of a family reduced to orphanhood. All of these are acts of reason, in no respect different from similar acts of men. Moreover, although there is no heritage of accumulated knowledge amongst the lower animals, as there is amongst us, they are in some degree susceptible of those modifications of natural character and capable of those accomplishments which we call education.

The taming and domestication of animals, and the

changes thus produced upon their nature in the course of generations, are results identical with civilization amongst ourselves ; and the quiet, servile steer is probably as unlike the original wild cattle of this country as the English gentleman of the present day is unlike the rude baron of the age of King John. Between a young, unbroken horse and a trained one, there is, again, all the difference which exists between a wild youth, reared at his own discretion in the country, and the same person when he has been toned down by long exposure to the influences of refined city society. Of extensive combinations of thought, we have no reason to believe that any animals are capable—and yet most of us must feel the force of Sir Walter Scott's remark, that there was scarcely anything which he would not believe of a dog. There is a curious result of education in certain animals, namely, that habits to which they have been trained in some instances become hereditary. . . . This hereditariness of specific habits suggests a relation to that form of psychological manifestation usually called instinct ; but instinct is only another term for mind, or is mind in a peculiar state of development ; and though the fact were otherwise, it could not affect the conclusion, that manifestations such as have been enumerated are mainly intellectual manifestations, not to be distinguished as such from those of human beings.—*Vestiges.*





CHAMISSE, ADELBERT VON, poet and miscellaneous writer, French by birth, German by adoption and in literary life, born at the Castle of Boncourt, in Champagne, January 30, 1781; died at Berlin, August 21, 1838. He came of a good family of Champagne, who, at the outbreak of the French Revolution, fled to Prussia, where, in 1796, Adelbert became one of the Queen's pages. He afterward obtained a commission in the army, which he resigned in 1806. He had applied himself with ardor to the study of German, and on his release from the army joined in the publication of an *Almanac of the Muses*. During a visit to Madame de Staël he began the study of botany, which he pursued with such success that in 1815 he was appointed botanist of the expedition under Kotzebue for the circumnavigation of the globe. On his return he became custodian of the Botanical Gardens of Berlin, where he spent the remainder of his life. Chamisso wrote numerous poems, among which are *The Lion's Bride*, *Retribution*, *Woman's Love and Life*, and *Cousin Anselmo*. He is best known by a prose narrative, *Peter Schlemihl*, the man who lost his shadow, which was first published in 1814.

#### THE TRANSFER OF THE SHADOW.

The sun now began to shine more intensely, and to annoy the ladies. The lovely Fanny carelessly addressed

the gray man, whom, as far as I know, nobody had addressed before, with the frivolous question : " Had he a *marquée* ? " He answered with a low reverence, as if feeling an undeserved honor had been done him ; his hand was already in his pocket, from which I perceived canvas, bars, ropes, iron-work—everything, in a word, belonging to a most sumptuous tent, issuing forth. The young men helped to erect it ; it covered the whole extent of the carpet, and no one appeared to consider all this as at all extraordinary. If my mind was confused, nay terrified, with these proceedings, how was I overpowered from him. At last I could bear it no longer. I determined to steal away from the company, and this was easy for one who had acted a part so little conspicuous. I wished to hasten back to the city, and to return in pursuit of my fortune the following morning to Mr. Jones, and if I could muster up courage enough, to inquire something about the extraordinary gray man. Oh, had I been thus privileged to escape !

I had hastily glided through the rose-grove, descended the hill, and found myself on a wide grassplot, when, alarmed with the apprehension of being discovered wandering from the beaten path, I looked around me with inquiring apprehension. How was I startled when I saw the old man in the gray coat behind, and when the next breathed wish brought from his pocket three riding-horses. I tell you, three great and noble steeds, with saddles and appurtenances ! Imagine for a moment, I pray you, three saddled horses from the same pocket which had before produced a pocket-book, a telescope, an ornamented carpet twenty paces long and ten broad, a pleasure-tent of the same size, with bars and iron-work ! If I did not solemnly assure you that I had seen it with my own eyes, you would certainly doubt the narrative.

Though there was so much of embarrassment and humility in the man, and he excited so little attention, yet his appearance to me had in it something so appalling, that I was not able to turn my eyes. Advancing towards me, he immediately took off his hat, and bowed to me more profoundly than any one had ever done before. It was clear he wished to address me,

and without extreme rudeness I could not avoid him. I, in my turn, uncovered myself, made my obeisance, and stood still with bare head, in the sunshine, as if rooted there. I shook with terror while I saw him approach ; I felt like a bird fascinated by a rattle-snake. He appeared sadly perplexed, kept his eyes on the ground, made several bows, approached nearer, and with a low and trembling voice, as if he were asking alms, thus accosted me :

“Will the gentleman forgive the intrusion of one who has stopped him in this unusual way ? I have a request to make, but pray pardon——”

“In the name of heaven, Sir !” I cried out in my anguish, “what can I do for one who——”

We both started back, and methought both blushed deeply. After a momentary silence, he again began :

“During the short time when I enjoyed the happiness of being near you, I observed, Sir—will you allow me to say so—I observed, with unutterable admiration, the beautiful shadow in the sun, which, with a certain noble contempt, and perhaps without being aware of it, you threw off from your feet ; forgive me this, I confess too daring intrusion ; but should you be inclined to transfer it to me ?”

He was silent, and my head turned round like a water-wheel. What could I make of this singular proposal for disposing of my shadow ? “He is crazy !” thought I ; and with an altered tone, yet more forcible, as contrasted with the humility of his own, I replied :

“How is this, good friend ? Is not your own shadow enough for you ? This seems to me a whimsical sort of bargain indeed.”

He began again. “I have in my pocket many matters which might be not quite unacceptable to the gentleman ; for this invaluable shadow I deem any price too little.”

A chill came over me. I remembered what I had seen, and knew not how to address him whom I had just ventured to call my good friend. I spoke again, and assumed an extraordinary courtesy to set matters in order.

“Pardon, Sir, pardon your most humble servant. I



do not quite understand your meaning ; how can my shadow——”

He interrupted me. “I only beg your permission to be allowed to lift up your noble shadow, and put it in my pocket : how to do it is my own affair. As a proof of my gratitude for the gentleman, I leave him the choice of all the jewels which my pocket affords ; the genuine divining-rods, mandrake roots, change-pennies, money-extractors, the napkins of Roland's Squire, and divers other miracle-workers—a choice assortment ; but all this is not fit for you—better that you should have Fortunatus's wishing-cap, restored spick-and-span new ; and also a fortune-bag which belonged to him.”

“Fortunatus's fortune-bag !” I exclaimed ; and great as had been my terror, all my senses were now enraptured by the sound. I became dizzy, and nothing but double ducats seemed sparkling before my eyes.

“Condescend, Sir, to inspect and make a trial of this bag.” He put his hand into his pocket, and drew from it a moderately-sized, firmly-stitched purse of thick cordovan, with two convenient leather cords hanging to it, which he presented to me. I instantly dipped into it, drew from it ten pieces of gold, and ten more, and ten more, and yet ten more ;—I stretched out my hand. “Done ! the bargain is made ; I give you my shadow for your purse.”

He grasped my hand, and knelt down behind me, and with wonderful dexterity I perceived him loosening my shadow from the ground from head to foot ;—he lifted it up ;—he rolled it together and folded it, and at last put it into his pocket. He then stood erect, bowed to me again, and returned back to the rose-grove. I thought I heard him laughing softly to himself. I held, however, the purse tight by its strings—the earth was sun-bright all around me—and my senses were still wholly confused.

At last I came to myself, and hastened from a place where apparently I had nothing more to do. I first filled my pockets with gold, then firmly secured the strings of the purse round my neck, taking care to conceal the purse itself in my bosom. I left the park unnoticed, reached the high road, and bent my way to

the town. I was walking thoughtfully towards the gate, when I heard a voice behind me :

"Holla ! young Squire ! holla ! don't you hear ?" I looked round—an old woman was calling after me ;—"Take care, Sir, take care—you have lost your shadow !" "Thanks, good woman !"—I threw her a piece of gold for her well-meant counsel, and walked away under the trees.

At the gate I was again condemned to hear from the sentinel, "Where has the gentleman left his shadow ?" and immediately afterward a couple of women exclaimed, "Good heavens ! the poor fellow has no shadow !" I began to be vexed, and carefully avoided walking in the sun. This I could not always do : for instance, in the Broad Street, which I was next compelled to cross ; and as ill-luck would have it, at the very moment when the boys were being released from school. A confounded hunch-backed vagabond—I see him at this moment—had observed that I wanted a shadow. He instantly began to bawl out to the young tyros of the suburbs, who first criticised me, and then bespattered me with mud : "Respectable people are accustomed to carry their shadows with them when they go into the sun."

I scattered handfuls of gold among them to divert their attention ; and, with the assistance of some compassionate souls, sprang into a hackney-coach. As soon as I found myself alone in the rolling vehicle, I began to weep bitterly. My inward emotion suggested to me, that even as in this world gold weighs down both merit and virtue, so a shadow might possibly be more valuable than gold itself ; and that as I had sacrificed my riches to my integrity on other occasions, so now I had given up my shadow for mere wealth ; and what ought, what could become of me ?—*Peter Schlemihl.*

#### THE LION'S BRIDE.

With the myrtle wreath decked, for the bridal arrayed,  
The keeper's young daughter, the rosy-cheeked maid,  
Steps into the den of the lion ; he flies  
To the feet of his mistress, where, fawning, he lies.

The mighty beast, once so intractable, wild,  
Looks up at his mistress, so sensible, mild,  
The lovely young maiden, now melting to tears,  
Caresses the faithful one, fondles, and cheers.

"We were in the days that are now passed away,  
Like children, fond playfellows, happy and gay,  
To each other so dear, to each other so kind,  
Far, far are the days of our childhood behind.

"How proudly thou shookest, ere we were aware,  
Thy kingly head, midst the gold waves of the hair;  
Thou seest me a woman, no more thou wilt find  
The child of the past, with its infantile mind.

"O were I the child still, O were I but free,  
To stay, my brave, honest, old fellow, with thee!  
But I must now follow, at others' commands,  
Must follow my husband to far distant lands.

"He saw me; it pleased him to say I was fair,  
He wooed me: 'tis done, see the wreath in my hair!  
My faithful old fellow, alas! we must part,  
With tears in my eyes, and with grief in my heart.

"Dost thou understand me? thou lookest so grim,  
I am calm, but thou tremblest in every limb;  
I see him advancing whom I must attend,  
So now the last kiss will I give thee, my friend!"

As the maiden's lips touched him, to bid him adieu,  
She felt the den tremble, it quivered anew;  
And when at the grating the youth he espied,  
Grim horror seized hold of the trembling bride.

He stands as a guard at the entrance door,  
He lashes his tail, loud, loud is his roar;  
She threatens, commands, and implores, but in vain.  
In anger he bars the gate, shaking his mane.

Loud shrieks of wild terror without there arise,  
"Bring weapons! bring weapons! be quick!" the  
youth cries,

"My hand will not fail, through his heart will I fire!"  
Loud roars the excited one, foaming with ire.

The wretched maid ventures, approaches the door,  
Transformed, he his mistress seized wildly and tore;  
The beautiful form, now a horrible spoil,  
Lies bloody, distorted, and torn on the soil.

And when the dear blood of the maiden was shed,  
He gloomily laid himself down by the dead,  
Beside her he lay, by his sorrow opprest,  
Till the musket ball pierced through the heart in his  
breast.

—*Translation of* ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

#### LAST SONNETS.

I feel, I feel, each day, the fountain failing;  
It is the death that gnaweth at my heart;  
I know it well, and vain is every art  
To hide the fatal ebb, the secret ailing.  
So wearily the spring of life is coiling,  
Until the fatal morning sets it free:  
Then sinks the dark, and who inquires for me  
Will find a man at rest from all his toiling.  
That I can speak to thee of death and dying,  
And, yet my cheeks the loyal blood maintain,  
Seems bold to thee, and almost over-vain:  
But Death!—no terror in the world is lying;  
And yet the thought I cannot well embrace,  
Nor have I looked the angel in the face.

He visited my dreams, the fearful guest!  
My careless vigor, while I slumbered, stealing;  
And, huge and shadowy above me kneeling,  
Buried his woesome talons in my breast.  
I murmured—"Dost thou herald my hereafter?  
Is it the hour? Art calling me away?  
Lo! I have set myself in meet array."—  
He broke upon my words with mocking laughter.  
I scanned him sharply, and the terror stood  
In chilly dew—my courage had an end.

His accents through me like a palsy crept.  
"Patience!" he cried: "I only suck thy blood:  
Didst think 'twas Death already? Not so, friend;  
I am Old Age, thy fable; thou hast slept."

They say the year is in its summer glory;  
But thou, O Sun, appearest chill and pale,  
The vigor of thy youth begins to fail—  
Say, art thou, too, becoming old and hoary?  
Old Age, forsooth!—what profits our complaining?  
Although a bitter guest and comfortless,  
One learns to smile beneath its stern caress,  
The fated burden manfully sustaining:  
'Tis only for a span, a summer's day.  
Deep in the fitful twilight have I striven,  
Must now the even-feast of rest be holding:  
One curtain falls—and, lo! another play!  
"His will be done whose mercy much has given:"  
I'll pray—my grateful hands to heaven folding.







CHAMPOLLION-FIGEAC, JEAN JACQUES, French linguist and archæologist, was born at Figeac, in the department of Lot, October 5, 1778; died May 9, 1867. For a number of years he was professor of Greek at Grenoble. In 1807 he published *Antiquities of Grenoble. Ancient Egypt*, a very valuable work, was published later, and in 1819 *Chronicles of the Greek Kings of Egypt*. For the latter he received a prize from the Institute of Grenoble. From 1828 to 1848 he was conservator of the manuscripts of the Royal Library in Paris. In 1848 he was appointed librarian to Napoleon III. He published a *Treatise on Archæology* (1843), and after the death of his brother, Jean François, edited a number of his works.

KING AMÉNOPHIS I., A DISTINGUISHED EGYPTIAN RULER.

The reign of King Aménophis I. lasted about thirty years. Numerous contemporary monuments remain to us of this prince, and a still greater number consecrated to his glorious memory by the kings, his successors, who honored him by a worship almost divine.

His name is inscribed in the royal litanies, the text of which is preserved on manuscripts of papyrus; the image of this Pharaoh is also placed on a number of bas-reliefs, in the centre of those of the Egyptian divinities, and associated with such acts of piety as are performed by kings, princes, and persons of different castes.

A deified statue of Aménophis I. in white clay stands in the Museum at Turin. In the Egyptian Museum at Paris, monuments of this same Pharaoh in various

shapes and materials are to be seen, either warring against foreigners, the enemies of Egypt, or carried in a palanquin at the side of the goddess Thméi, she of justice and of peace, who covers him with her wings; and, lastly, receiving at the same time, with the god Osiris offerings of fruit and flowers presented by a family of the country.

The queen, his wife, is habitually associated with the honors paid to the king. Her name is Ahmos-Nofré-Ari, *the conceived of the God Moon, the beneficent Ari*, and from some monumental records we may be authorized to believe that she was an Ethiopian. The sojourn in Upper Egypt of the kings of the seventeenth dynasty and that of Aménophis himself during his youth, would account for this alliance of the son of Ahmôsis with the daughter of some Ethiopian personage of distinction.

Queen Nofré-Ari is also inscribed in the royal litanies; a statue of painted wood in the Museum at Turin represents this queen. The inscription traced on its base gives her the titles of royal spouse of Ammon, the lady of the world, the principal royal spouse, and guardian of the regions of Upper and Lower Egypt.

Her name is also preserved in the acts of adoration addressed to the memory of her husband by the kings and queens who succeeded them on the throne.—*Ancient Egypt, translation of* MARY S. LESTER.





CHAMPOLLION, JEAN FRANÇOIS, a noted French Egyptian scholar, distinguished from his less celebrated elder brother as "Champollion the younger." He was born at Figeac, in the department of Lot, December 23, 1790; died at Paris, March 4, 1832. He was educated by his brother, Champollion-Figeac, who was professor of Greek at Grenoble. He devoted much time to the study of the Oriental languages, especially Coptic. In 1807 he went to Paris to continue these studies. In 1809 he was made assistant professor of History in the Lyceum of Grenoble, and in 1812 was appointed principal professor there. From 1811 to 1814 he had published two volumes of a work entitled *Geographical Description of Egypt Under the Pharaohs*, in which he reproduced manuscripts from the Coptic, giving the national geography of Egypt. A comparison of these manuscripts with the monuments convinced him that the three systems of Egyptian writing, the hieroglyphic, the hierotic, and the demotic were practically the same. From a study of the famous Rosetta Stone he obtained a key to the hieroglyphic writing, and from this key obtained equivalents of twenty-one letters of the Greek alphabet. This discovery was announced to the Academy of Inscriptions in 1822. Its value was at once appreciated, and pronounced by Niebuhr the greatest discovery of the

century. In 1824 he published a *Summary of the Hieroglyphic System of the Ancient Egyptians*. In 1826 he was appointed director of the Royal Egyptian Museum at Paris, and in 1828 he was commissioned to conduct a scientific expedition to Egypt in company with Rosellini, who had received a like commission from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Leopold II. After his return to Paris he was made a member of the Academy of Inscriptions, and in 1831 a chair of Egyptian Antiquities was created especially for him in the College of France. He died while engaged with Rosellini in preparing to publish the results of their researches in Egypt. A number of his works were edited and published after his death by his brother, Champollion-Figeac.

Many interesting stories have been told of his readiness at deciphering hieroglyphics. Landing at Karnak, on his way to Upper Egypt, he spent an hour or two in the vast halls of the ruined temple. A hundred scholars had gazed on a sculptured group which represents a god as offering to Shishak a host of captured cities and countries; but none of them had ever read anything to connect all this with the Scripture history. Champollion passed his keen eye along the group silently; then read aloud to his friends: "MELEK AIUDAH!"—King of Judah. "It was like a voice," says the relater, "out of the ancient ages, that sound among the ruins of Karnak, as the great scholar read the story of the son of Solomon on the wall of his conqueror's temple."

The Rosetta Stone—a trilingual tablet dis-

covered in Egypt by the French and turned over to the English by treaty—had long lain silent and mysterious in the British Museum. Scholars had tried to talk with it; and Dr. Young had once seemed in a fair way to cultivate its acquaintance. But to none would it tell its riddle, until Champollion came along; then to him it gave its secret as to a long-awaited friend. Champollion's great service to the cause of literature consisted in his opening to us of these many centuries after Christ the door to the literature of those far-away centuries before Christ. And as the key—a skeleton key, one might say—to this great achievement was his famous decipherment of the Rosetta Stone, perhaps no better opportunity will occur than the present to present a specimen of this celebrated document of antiquity.

#### DIVINE HONORS TO KING PTOLEMY.

It has pleased the priests of all the temples in the land to decree that all the honors belonging to the King Ptolemy, ever living, the well beloved of Pthah, god Epiphanes, most gracious, as well as those which are due to his father and mother, the gods philopatores, and those which are due to his ancestors, should be considerably augmented; that the statue of King Ptolemy, ever living, be erected in each temple, and placed in the most conspicuous spot, which shall be called the Statue of Ptolemy, avenger of Egypt; near this statue shall be placed the principal god of the temple, who will present him with the arms of victory; and everything shall be disposed in the manner most appropriate. That the priests shall perform, three times a day, religious service to these statues; that they shall adorn them with sacred ornaments; and that they shall have care to render them, in the great solemnities, all the honors which, accord-



ing to usage, ought to be paid to the other deities ; that there be consecrated to King Ptolemy a statue, and a chapel, gilded, in the most holy of the temples ; that this chapel be placed in the sanctuary, with all the others ; and that in the great solemnities, wherein it is customary to bring out the chapels from the sanctuaries, there shall be brought out that of the god Epiphanes, most gracious ; and that this chapel may be better distinguished from the others, now and in the lapse of time hereafter, there shall be placed above it the ten golden crowns of the king, which shall bear on their anterior part an asp, in imitation of those crowns of aspic form which are in the other chapels ; and in the middle of these crowns shall be placed the royal ornament termed PSHENT, that one which the king wore when he entered the Memphis, in the temple, in order to observe the legal ceremonies prescribed for the coronation ; that there be attached to the tetragon encircling the ten crowns affixed to the chapel above named, phylacteries of gold with this inscription : " This is the chapel of the King, of that King who has rendered illustrious the upper and the lower region ; " that there be celebrated a festival ; and a great assembly be held in honor of the ever living, of the well beloved of Pthah, of the King Ptolemy, god Epiphanes most gracious, every year ; this festival shall take place in all the provinces, as well in Upper as in Lower Egypt ; and shall last for five days, to commence on the first day of the month of Thoth ; during which those who make the sacrifices, the libations, and all the other customary ceremonies, shall wear crowns ; they shall be called the priests of the god *Epiphanes-Eucharistos*, and they shall add this name to the others that they borrow from the deities to the service of whom they are already consecrated. And in order that it may be known why, in Egypt, he is glorified and honored, as is just, the god Epiphanes, most gracious sovereign, the present decree shall be engraved on a stela of hard stone, in Sacred Characters, in Writing of the Country, and in Greek Letters ; and this stela shall be placed in each of the temples of the first, second, and third class existing in all the kingdoms.—*Gliddon's English Wording.*



CHANNING, WILLIAM ELLERY, an American divine and essayist, born at Newport, R. I., April 7, 1780; died at Bennington, Vt., October 2, 1842. He was educated at Harvard University, graduating in 1798. In 1803 he was ordained minister of the Federal Street Congregational Church in Boston. In an ordination sermon preached in 1819 he advanced Unitarian views. His tractate on *The Evidences of Christianity* and his *Address on War* led the authorities of Harvard University in 1821 to bestow on him the title of D.D. He has been termed "the apostle of Unitarianism." He says of himself: "I wish to regard myself as belonging not to a sect, but to a community of free minds, of lovers of the truth, and followers of Christ both on earth and in heaven." Coleridge said of him: "He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." The best known of Channing's works are *Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte*, *Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton*, *Essay on the Character and Writings of Fénelon*, *Essay on Self-Culture*, *Essay on the Importance and Means of a National Literature*, *Address on War*, and *The Evidences of Christianity*.

#### THE PHILOSOPHICAL MIND.

Intellectual culture consists, not chiefly, as many are apt to think, in accumulating information, though this

is important, but in building up a force of thought which may be turned at will on any subject on which we are called to pass judgment. This force is manifested in the concentration of the attention, in accurate, penetrating observation, in reducing complex subjects to their elements, in diving beneath the effect to the cause, in detecting the more subtle differences and resemblances of things, in reading the future in the present, and especially in rising from particular facts to general laws or universal truths. This last exertion of the intellect, its rising to broad views and great principles, constitutes what is called the philosophical mind, and is especially worthy of culture. What it means your own observation must have taught you. You must have taken note of two classes of men, the one always employed on details, on particular facts, and the other using these facts as foundations of higher, wider truths. The latter are philosophers. For example, men had for ages seen pieces of wood, stones, metals, falling to the ground. Newton seized on these particular facts, and rose to the idea that all matter tends, or is attracted, towards all matter ; and then defined the law according to which this attraction or force acts at different distances, thus giving us a grand principle which, we have reason to think, extends to and controls the whole outward creation. One man reads a history, and can tell you all its events, and there stops. Another combines these events, brings them under one view, and learns the great causes which are at work on this or another nation, and what are its great tendencies, whether to freedom or despotism, to one or another form of civilization. So, one man talks continually about the particular actions of this or another neighbor, whilst another looks beyond the acts to the inward principle from which they spring, and gathers from them larger views of human nature. In a word, one man sees all things apart and in fragments, whilst another strives to discover the harmony, connection, unity of all.

One of the great evils of society is that men, occupied perpetually with petty details, want general truths, want broad, fixed principles. Hence many, not wicked, are unstable, habitually inconsistent, as if they were

overgrown children rather than men. To build up that strength of mind which apprehends and clings to great universal truths is the highest intellectual self-culture; and here I wish you to observe how entirely this culture agrees with that of the moral and religious principles of our nature, of which I have previously spoken. In each of these the improvement of the soul consists in raising it above what is narrow, particular, individual, selfish, to the universal and unconfined. To improve a man is to liberalize, enlarge him in thought, feeling and purpose. Narrowness of intellect and heart, this is the degradation from which all culture aims to rescue the human being.—*Self-Culture.*

## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

His intellect was distinguished by rapidity of thought. He understood by a glance what most men, and superior men, could learn only by study. He darted to a conclusion rather by intuition than reasoning. In war, which was the only subject of which he was master, he seized in an instant on the great points of his own and his enemy's positions; and combined at once the movements by which an overpowering force might be thrown with unexpected fury on a vulnerable part of the hostile line, and the fate of any army be decided in a day. He understood war as a science; but his mind was too bold, rapid, and irrepressible, to be enslaved by the technics of his profession. He found the old armies fighting by rule, and he discovered the true characteristic of genius, which, without despising rules, knows when and how to break them. He understood thoroughly the immense moral power which is gained by originality and rapidity of operation. He astonished and paralyzed his enemies by his unforeseen and impetuous assaults, by the suddenness with which the storm of battle burst upon them; and, whilst giving to his soldiers the advantages of modern discipline, breathed into them, by his quick and decisive movements, the enthusiasm of ruder ages. This power of disheartening the foe and of spreading through his own ranks a confidence and exhilarating courage which made war a pastime, and seemed to



make victory sure, distinguished Napoleon in an age of uncommon military talent, and was one main instrument of his future power.

The wonderful effects of that rapidity of thought by which Bonaparte was marked, the signal success of his new mode of warfare, and the almost incredible speed with which his fame was spread through nations, had no small agency in fixing his character and determining for a period the fate of empires. These stirring influences infused a new consciousness of his own might. They gave intensity and audacity to his ambition ; gave form and substance to his indefinite visions of glory, and raised his fiery hopes to empire. The burst of admiration which his early career called forth must, in particular, have had an influence in imparting to his ambition that modification by which it was characterized, and which contributed alike to its success and to its fall. He began with *astonishing* the world, with producing a sudden and universal sensation, such as modern times had not witnessed. To astonish, as well as to sway by his energies, became the great aim of his life. Henceforth to rule was not enough for Bonaparte. He wanted to amaze, to dazzle, to overpower men's souls, by striking bold, magnificent, and unanticipated results. To govern ever so absolutely would not have satisfied him if he must have governed silently. He wanted to reign through wonder and awe, by the grandeur and terror of his name, by displays of power which would rivet on him every eye, and make him the theme of every tongue. Power was his supreme object, but a power which should be gazed at as well as felt, which should strike men as a prodigy, which should shake old thrones as an earthquake, and, by the suddenness of its new creations, awaken something of the submissive wonder which miraculous agency inspires. . . . He lived for effect. The world was his theatre, and he cared little what part he played, if he might walk the sole hero on the stage, and call forth bursts of applause which would silence all other fame. . . .

His history shows a spirit of self-exaggeration unrivalled in enlightened ages, and which reminds us of an Oriental king to whom incense had been burned



from his birth as to a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow-beings. He had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood which is developed in truly great souls, with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves, willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him. His heart, amidst its wild beatings, never had a throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind, to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude, that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder; and for this selfish, solitary good, parted with peace and imperishable renown. . . .

His original propensities, released from restraint and pampered by indulgence to a degree seldom allowed to mortals, grew up into a spirit of despotism as stern and absolute as ever usurped the human heart. The love of power and supremacy absorbed, consumed him. . . . To him all human will, desire, power, were to bend. His superiority none might question. He insulted the fallen, who had contracted the guilt of opposing his progress; and not even woman's loveliness, and the dignity of a queen, could give shelter from his contumely. His allies were his vassals, nor was their vassalage concealed. Too lofty to use the arts of conciliation, preferring command to persuasion, overbearing and all-grasping, he spread distrust, exasperation, fear, and revenge through Europe; and when the day of retribution came the old antipathies and mutual jealousies of nations were swallowed up in one burning purpose to prostrate the common tyrant, the universal foe.

Such was Napoleon Bonaparte. But some will say he was still a great man. This we mean not to deny. But we would have it understood that there are various

kinds or orders of greatness, and that the highest did not belong to Bonaparte. There are different orders of greatness. Among these, the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral* greatness or magnanimity; to that sublime energy by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe which would sever it from the cause of freedom and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is "ever ready to be offered up" on the altar of its country or of mankind.

Of this moral greatness, which throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a god, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never to have dawned upon his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice seems not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition. His ruling passions, indeed, were singularly at variance with magnanimity. *Moral* greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others' interest with too much heartiness, to live an hour for what Napoleon always lived, to make itself the theme, and gaze, and wonder of a dazzled world.

Next to moral, comes *intellectual* greatness, or genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this we mean that sublime capacity of thought through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge, rises from the finite and transient to the infinite and everlasting, frames to itself from its own fulness lovelier and sublimer forms than it beholds, discerns the harmonies between the world with-

in and the world without us, and finds in every region of the universe types and interpreters of its own deep mysteries and glorious inspirations. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers and to the master spirits in poetry and the fine arts.

Next comes the greatness of *action*; and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects. To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte, and that he possessed it we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man who raised himself from obscurity to a throne, who changed the face of the world, who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations, who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans, whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny, whose donatives were crowns, whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes, who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps and made them a highway, and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack and the deserts of the Arab—a man who has left this record of himself in history has taken out of our hands the question whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, an energy equal to great effects.—*The Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.*

#### POETRY.

Poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops it dims its fires and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or mis-

anthropy she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good.

Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep, though shuddering, sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind above and beyond the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware that it is objected to poetry that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars—the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good and wealth the chief interest of life—we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earthborn prudence. But passing over this topic, we would observe that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the

vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry when the letter is falsehood the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labors and pleasures of our earthly being.

The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire:—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being.—*The Character and Writings of Milton.*

#### THOUGHT.

I have said that the elevation of man is to be sought, or, rather, consists, first, in Force of Thought exerted for the acquisition of truth; and to this I ask your serious attention. Thought, thought, is the fundamental distinction of mind and the great work of life. All that a



man does outwardly is but the expression and completion of his inward thought. To work effectually, he must think clearly. To act nobly, he must think nobly. Intellectual force is a principal element of the soul's life, and should be proposed by every man as a principal end of his being.

It is common to distinguish between the intellect and the conscience, between the power of thought and virtue, and to say that virtuous action is worth more than strong thinking. But we mutilate our nature by thus drawing lines between actions or energies of the soul which are intimately, indissolubly, bound together. The head and the heart are not more vitally connected than thought and virtue. Does not conscience include, as a part of itself, the noblest action of the intellect or reason? Do we not degrade it by making it a mere feeling? Is it not something more? Is it not a wise discernment of the right, the holy, the good? Take away thought from virtue, and what remains worthy of a man? Is not high virtue more than blind instinct? Is it not founded on, and does it not include clear, bright perceptions of what is lovely and grand in character and action? Without power of thought, what we call conscientiousness, or a desire to do right, shoots out into illusion, exaggeration, pernicious excess. The most cruel deeds on earth have been perpetrated in the name of conscience. Men have hated and murdered one another from a sense of duty. . . . The worst frauds have taken the name of pious. Thought, intelligence, is the dignity of a man, and no man is rising but in proportion as he is learning to think clearly and forcibly, or directing the energy of his mind to the acquisition of truth. Every man, in whatever condition, is to be a student. No matter what other vocation he may have, his chief action is to Think.

I say every man is to be a student, a thinker. This does not mean that he is to shut himself within four walls and bend body and mind over books. Men thought before books were written, and some of the greatest thinkers never entered what we call a study. Nature, Scripture, Society, and Life, present perpetual subjects for thought; and the man who collects, con-

centrates, employs his faculties on any of these subjects, for the purpose of getting the truth, is so far a student, a thinker, a philosopher, and is rising to the dignity of a man. It is time that we should cease to limit to professed scholars the titles of thinkers, philosophers. Whoever seeks truth with an earnest mind, no matter when or how, belongs to the school of intellectual men.

In a loose sense of the word, all men may be said to think; that is, a succession of ideas, notions, passes through their minds from morning to night; but in as far as this succession is passive, undirected, or governed only by accident and outward impulse, it has little more claim to dignity than the experience of the brute, who receives, with like passiveness, sensations from abroad through his waking hours. Such thought—if thought it may be called—having no aim, is as useless as the vision of an eye which rests on nothing, which flies without pause over earth and sky, and of consequence receives no distinct image. Thought, in its true sense, is an energy of the intellect. In thought the mind not only receives impressions of suggestions from without or within, but reacts upon them, collects its attention, concentrates its forces upon them, breaks them up, and analyzes them like a living laboratory, and then combines them anew, traces their connections, and thus impresses itself on all the objects which engage it.—*On the Elevation of the Working Classes.*

Several other members of the Channing family have contributed to various departments of literature. EDWARD T. CHANNING (1790–1856), a brother of William E., Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, was for many years editor of the *North American Review*, to which he contributed many articles. Another brother, WALTER CHANNING (1786–1876), Professor of Obstetrics in Harvard, published numerous professional works, also *A Physician's Vacation, or A Summer in Europe*, and *Addresses on Pau-*

*perism.* WILLIAM FRANCIS CHANNING (1820–1901), a son of the divine, is the author of works relating to magnetism and electricity; WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING (1818–1901), a son of Dr. Walter Channing, has published several volumes of verse, and two of prose, *Conversations in Rome*, and *Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist*; WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING (1810–84), another nephew of William Ellery Channing, has been a prolific contributor to periodical literature, and is the author of several books, among them a *Memoir of William Ellery Channing* and a *Memoir of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*.





CHAPIN, EDWIN HUBBELL, a noted American Universalist pulpit orator, born at Union Village, N. Y., in 1814; died in New York in 1880. He was educated at Bennington, Vt., and preached in Richmond, Va., Charlestown, Mass., Boston, and New York, to which city he removed in 1848. He was one of the foremost pulpit orators, and was among the favorite popular lecturers of his day. Among his publications are *Hours of Communion*, *The Crown of Thorns*, *Discourses on the Lord's Prayer*, *Characters in the Gospels*, *Christianity the Perfection of True Manliness*, *Humanity in the City*, and *The Moral Aspects of City Life*. Henry Ward Beecher used to say of Dr. Chapin's oratory: "I have never met or heard a man who in his height and glow of eloquence surpassed or equalled him in many qualities. It was a trance to sit under him in his ripest and most inspired hours; it was a vision of beauty; the world seemed almost dark and cold for an hour afterward." "Dr. Ellis," said the *Boston Literary World*, in its review of Ellis's *Life of Chapin*, "discusses his claim to be called poet. He was a poet in all but the form; and he was too busy and too impatient to grasp that from the great altitudes of art. His life and his speech were poetical, but his verse was hardly poetry. His great work was in the pulpit; the fame of

his sermons can hardly die out, nor can he lose his place from among the very foremost of our pulpit orators. His oratory was a flame of fire; he will give out life and heat long after his ashes are cold. His was the passion of a war-king in the service of the Prince of Peace; his best passages were to those who remember them a storm of soul that gave new verdure and chasteness to the virtue of those who heard."

#### SOCIAL FORCES.

Truths, opinions, ideas, spoken or written, are not merely facts or entities, they are *forces*; and it is easy to discover their supremacy over all the energies of the material world. Every invention, every utensil or vehicle, like the locomotive or the telegraph, *assists* society—is a means by which it is developed: but the developing power itself is the intelligence which runs to and fro with the rail-car, is the *sentiment* which leaps along the wires. Everything grows from the centre outward; and so humanity grows from moral and intellectual inspirations. The globe on which we live unfolds its successive epochs through flood and fire, and gravitation carries it majestically onward toward the constellation Hercules. But the history of our race—the great drama for which the physical world affords a theatre—is developed by more subtile forces. Whatever touches the nerve of motive, whatever shifts man's moral position, is mightier than steam, or caloric, or lightning. It projects us into another sphere; it throws us upon a higher or lower plane of activity. Thus, a martyr's blood may become not only "the seed of the Church," but of far-reaching revolutions; and the philosopher's abstraction beats down feudal castles, and melts barriers of steel. One great principle will tell more upon the life of a people than all its discoveries and conquests. Its character in history will be decided, not by its geographical conformation but by its *ideas*. In the great sum of social destiny, England is



not that empire whose right arm encircles the northern lakes, and whose left stretches far down into the Indian Sea ; but an *influence* which is vascular with the genius of Bacon and Locke, and Shakespeare and Milton. And our own America, reaching from ocean to ocean, and crowned with its thirty stars, is not a mere territory on the map, a material weight among nations, but a sentiment—we will trust and believe—a *sentiment* to go abroad to other people, and into other times, caught from apostles of liberty, and kindled by champions of human right.

As we look around, then, upon the great city, which, more than any other place, represents the form and working of the age, let us remember that what is stirring in the world's heart, and changing the face of the times, is not really the influence of invention, or art ; is not, primarily, the mighty commerce that clusters about its wharves, or the traffic that rolls through its streets ; but that intelligence, that sentiment, those thoughts and opinions, whose written or spoken word is power.—*Moral Aspects of City Life.*





CHAPMAN, GEORGE, an English poet, dramatist, and translator, born near Hitchin, Hertfordshire, in 1559; died at London, May 12, 1634. He was educated at Oxford, and it is supposed that he travelled in Germany. At the age of thirty-five he published a poem, *The Shadow of Night*. At thirty-nine he was known as a writer for the stage. He had also published the first part of his translation of Homer. Among his eighteen plays are *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*; *All Fools*; *Monsieur D'Olive*; *Bussy D'Ambois*; *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron*; *The Widow's Tears*; *Cæsar and Pompey*; *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, and *Revenge for Honor*. His style is sometimes clear, vigorous, and simple, sometimes obscure and pedantic. Solid thought, noble sentiment, and graceful fancy, are intermingled with turgid obscurity, indecency, and bombast. Yet so competent a critic as Charles Lamb regarded Chapman as the greatest after Shakespeare of the English dramatists. Chapman's best work is his translation of Homer and Hesiod.

#### THE GRIEF OF ANDROMACHE.

Thus fury like she went,  
Two women as she willed at hand; and made her quick  
ascent  
Up to the tower and press of men, her spirit in uproar.  
Round  
She cast her greedy eye, and saw her Hector slain and  
bound

T' Achilles' chariot, manlessly dragg'd to the Grecian  
fleet.  
Black night strook through her, under her trance took  
away her feet,  
And back she shrunk with such a sway that off her head-  
tire flew,  
Her coronet, caul, ribbands, veil that golden Venus  
threw  
On her white shoulders that high day when warlike Hec-  
tor won  
Her hand in nuptials in the court of King Eëtion,  
And that great dower then given with her. About her,  
on their knees,  
Her husband's sisters, brothers' wives, fell round, and  
by degrees  
Recovered her. Then when again her respirations  
found  
Free pass (her mind and spirit met) these thoughts her  
words did sound :  
" O Hector, O me, cursed dame, both born beneath one  
fate,  
Thou here, I in Cilician Thebes, where Placus doth  
elate  
His shady forehead, in the court where King Eëtion  
(Hapless) begot unhappy me ; which would he had not  
done,  
To live past thee : thou now art dived to Pluto's gloomy  
throne,  
Sunk through the coverts of the earth ; I in a hell of  
moan,  
Left here thy widow ; one poor babe born to unhappy  
both,  
Whom thou leav'st helpless as he thee, he born to all  
the wroth  
Of woe and labor. Lands left him will others seize  
upon ;  
'The orphan day of all friends' helps robs every mother's  
son.  
An orphan all men suffer sad ; his eyes stand still with  
tears :  
Need tries his father's friends, and fails ; of all his fa-  
vorers,

If one the cup gives, 'tis not long, the wine he finds in it  
Scarce moist his palate ; if he chance to gain the grace  
    to sit,  
Surviving fathers' sons repine ; use contumelies, strike,  
Bid 'leave us, where's thy father's place ?' He weeping  
    with dislike,  
Retires to me, to me, alas, Astyanax is he  
Born to these miseries ; he that late fed on his father's  
    knee,  
To whom all knees bow'd, daintiest fare apposed him ;  
    and when sleep  
Lay on his temples, his cries still'd (his heart even laid  
    in steep  
Of all things precious), a soft bed, a careful nurse's arms  
Took him to guardianship. But now as huge a world of  
    harms  
Lies on his sufferance ; now thou want'st thy father's  
    hand to friend,  
O my Astyanax ; O my Lord, thy hand that did defend  
These gates of Ilion, these long walls by thy arm meas-  
    ured still  
Amplify and only. Yet at fleet thy naked corse must fill  
Vile worms, when dogs are satiate ; far from thy parents'  
    care.  
Far from those funeral ornaments that thy mind would  
    prepare  
(So sudden being the chance of arms) ever expecting  
    death.  
Which task, though my heart would not serve t' employ  
    my hands beneath,  
I made my women yet perform. Many and much in  
    price,  
Were those integuments they wrought t' adorn thy  
    exequies ;  
Which, since they fly thy use, thy corse not laid in their  
    attire,  
Thy sacrifice they shall be made ; these hands in mis-  
    chievous fire  
Shall vent their vanities. And yet, being consecrate to  
    thee,  
They shall be kept for citizens, and their fair wives, to  
    see."

Thus spake she weeping ; all the dames endeavoring to  
cheer  
Her desert state, fearing their own, wept with her tear  
for tear.

—*Translation of the Iliad.*

#### REUNION OF SOUL AND BODY.

*Cato.*—As nature works in all things to an end,  
So, in th' appropriate honor of that end,  
All things precedent have their natural frame ;  
And therefore is there a proportion  
Betwixt the end of these things and their primes ;  
For else there could not be in their creation,  
Always, or for the most part, that firm form  
In their still like existence, that we see  
In each full creature. What proportion, then,  
Hath an immortal with a mortal substance ?  
And therefore the mortality to which  
A man is subject rather is a sleep  
Than bestial death ; since sleep and death are called  
The twins of nature. For if absolute death  
And bestial seize the body of a man,  
Then is there no proportion in his parts,  
His soul being free from death, which otherwise  
Retains divine proportion. For as sleep  
No disproportion holds with human souls,  
But aptly quickens the proportion  
'Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter  
To give up forms to souls, which is their end ;  
So death (twin-born of sleep) resolving all  
Man's bodies' heavy parts ; in lighter nature  
Makes a reunion with the sprightly soul ;  
When in a second life their beings given,  
Holds this proportion firm in highest heaven.

*Athenodorus.*—Hold you our bodies shall revive, re-  
suming  
Our souls again to heaven ?

*Cato.*— Past doubt, though others  
Think heaven a world too high for our low reaches,  
Not knowing the sacred sense of him that sings.  
Jove can let down a golden chain from heaven,



Which, tied to earth, shall fetch up earth and seas ;  
 And what's that golden chain but our pure souls.  
 A golden beam of him, let down by him,  
 That, governed with his grace, and drawn by him,  
 Can hoist this earthly body up to him,  
 The sea, the air, and all the elements  
 Comprest in it : not while 'tis thus concrete,  
 But fin'd by death, and then given heavenly heat.

—*Cæsar and Pompey.*

#### A GOOD WIFE.

Let no man value at a little price  
 A virtuous woman's counsel ; her wing'd spirit  
 Is feathered oftentimes with heavenly words,  
 And (like her beauty), ravishing and pure,  
 The weaker body still the stronger soul.  
 When good endeavors do her powers apply,  
 Her love draws nearest man's felicity.  
 Oh ! what a treasure is a virtuous wife,  
 Discreet and loving. Not one gift on earth  
 Makes a man's life so highly bound to heaven ;  
 She gives him double forces to endure  
 And to enjoy ; by being one with him,  
 Feeling his joys and griefs with equal sense ;  
 And, like the twins Hippocrates reports,  
 If he fetch sighs, she draws her breath as short ;  
 If he lament, she melts herself in tears ;  
 If he be glad she triumphs ; if he stir,  
 She moves his way ; in all things his sweet ape ;  
 And is in alterations passing strange,  
 Himself divinely varied without change.  
 Gold is right precious, but his price infects  
 With pride and avarice ; Authority lifts  
 Hats from men's heads, and bows the strongest knees,  
 Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts ;  
 Music delights but one sense ; nor choice meats ;  
 One quickly fades, the other stirs to sin ;  
 But a true wife both sense and soul delights,  
 And mixeth not her good with any ill,  
 Her virtues (ruling hearts) all powers command,  
 All store without her leaves a man but poor .

And with her poverty is exceeding store ;  
 No time is tedious with her, her true worth  
 Makes a true husband think his arms enfold  
 (With her alone) a complete world of gold.

—*The Gentleman Usher.*

DEDICATION OF THE ILIAD.

O 'tis wondrous much  
 (Though nothing priske) that the right vertuous touch  
 Of a well-written soule to vertue moves.  
 Nor have we soules to purpose, if their loves  
 Of fitting objects be not so inflam'd ;  
 How much then were this kingdome's maine soul maim'd,  
 To want this great inflamer of all powers  
 That move in human soules ! All realms but yours  
 Are honored with him ; and hold best that state  
 To have his works to contemplate  
 In which humanity to her height is raisde,  
 Which all the world (yet none enough) hath praisde.  
 Seas, earth, and heaven he did in verse comprize ;  
 Out-sung the Muses, and did equalise  
 Their king Apollo ; being so farre from cause  
 Of princes' light thoughts, that their gravest lawes  
 May find stuff to be fashioned by his lines.  
 Through all the pomp of kingdomes still he shines,  
 And graceth all his graces. Then let lie  
 Your lutes and viols, and more loftily  
 Make the heroiques of your Homer sung,  
 To drums and trumpets set his Angel's tongue :  
 And with the princely sports of hawkes you use  
 Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse ;  
 And see, how like the Phœnix, she renues  
 Her age and starrie feathers in your sunne—  
 Thousands of yeares attending ; everie one  
 Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in  
 Their seasons, kingdomes, nations that have bin  
 Subverted in them ; lawes, religions, all  
 Offered to change and greedie funerall ;  
 Yet still your Homer lasting, living, raigning.



CHAPONE, HESTER (MULSO), an English writer on morals and philosophy, was born at Twywell, Northamptonshire, October 27, 1727; died at Hadley, December 25, 1801. She was a daughter of Thomas Mulso; her mother was a remarkably beautiful woman, daughter of a Colonel Thomas, known as "Handsome Thomas." At nine years of age Hester wrote a romance, *The Loves of Amoret and Melissa*, and exhibited so much promise that her mother, becoming jealous, suppressed the child's literary efforts. When the mother died, Hester took the management of her father's house, using her spare time to study French, Italian, Latin, music, and drawing. In 1750 four billets of hers were published by Johnson in *The Rambler*; and she began to attract notice, to be talked about, and to become acquainted with the literary celebrities of her time. She called Johnson's *Rasselas* "an ill-contrived, unfinished, unnatural, and uninstructional tale." Richardson called her "a little spitfire," and delighted in her sprightly conversation. One bluestocking wrote to another: "Pray, who and what is this Miss Mulso? I honor her; I want to know more of her." She took sick, and as soon as she was well she sent an *Ode to Health* to Elizabeth Carter; then another *Ode*, which that learned lady printed with her translation of *Epic-*

tetus. She contributed *The Story of Fidelia* to *The Adventurer*. She met an attorney named Chapone, and fell in love with him; he was averse to the idea of marrying her, but she made him yield, and they were married in 1760. Pending the negotiations, she wrote her *Matrimonial Creed* in seven articles, and addressed it to Richardson, the novelist. Her husband died in less than a year, and she was mistress of a small income, which was increased upon the death of her father, a couple of years later. Her best-known essays, *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*, written in 1772 for the benefit of the daughter of her brother, and dedicated to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, brought her innumerable entreaties to undertake the education of daughters of the gentry and nobility. In 1775 her *Miscellanies* appeared; and in 1777 her *Letter to a New Married Lady*. The following year she was introduced to the King and Queen, who said they hoped their daughter had profited by her writings. Many deaths of friends and relatives now occurred in rapid succession. She sought rest in retirement, but her health failed rapidly after it had begun to decline, and she died on Christmas day, 1801, aged seventy-four. Her works passed through many editions and retained their high repute for a long time.

## POLITENESS.

To be perfectly polite, one must have great presence of mind with a delicate and quick sense of propriety; or, in other words, one should be able to form an instantaneous judgment of what is fittest to be said or done on every occasion as it offers. I have known one or

two persons who seemed to owe this advantage to nature only, and to have the peculiar happiness of being born, as it were, with another sense, by which they had an immediate perception of what was proper and improper in cases absolutely new to them; but this is the lot of very few. In general, propriety of behavior must be the fruit of instruction, of observation and reasoning; and it is to be cultivated and improved like any other branch of knowledge or virtue. A good temper is a necessary groundwork for it; and if to this be added a good understanding, applied industriously to this purpose, I think it can hardly fail of attaining all that is essential in it. Particular modes and ceremonies of behavior vary in different countries, and even in different parts of the same town. These can only be learned by observation on the manners of those who are best skilled in them, and by keeping what is called good company. But the principles of politeness are the same in all places. Wherever there are human beings it must be impolite to hurt the temper or to shock the passions of those you converse with. It must everywhere be good breeding to set your companions in the most advantageous point of light, by giving each the opportunity of displaying their most agreeable talents, and by carefully avoiding all occasions of exposing their defects;—to exert your own endeavors to please and to amuse, but not to outshine them;—to give each their due share of attention and notice; not engrossing the talk when others are desirous to speak, nor suffering the conversation to flag for want of introducing something to continue or renew a subject;—not to push your advantages in argument so far that your antagonist cannot retreat with honor.—In short, it is a universal duty in society to consider others more than yourself—“in honor preferring one another.”—*Letters on the Improvement of the Mind.*





CHARLES, ELIZABETH (RUNDLE), an English writer of historical novels, daughter of John Rundle, a banker and Member of Parliament for Tavistock, Devonshire, was born in that town, January 2, 1828, and was married in 1851 to Andrew Paton Charles, of Hampstead Heath, near London, where she died April, 1896. In early life she wrote *The Draytons and Davenants*; and in 1863 appeared the work by which her reputation as an authoress of religious and reflective fiction was made, *The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*. All her writings having appeared without her name, she is commonly known as "the author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Family*." This is a story of the German Reformation, and presents, in the form of a series of letters between a brother at school and a sister at home, a careful picture of citizen life in the time of Luther. This was followed the next year by *The Diary of Kitty Trevelyan*, which enjoyed almost as wide a popularity. It dealt with the times and incidents of the Methodist revival under Wesley. *The Early Dawn*, published in 1865, treated, somewhat similarly, the time of the Reformation in England. Other works by her are *The Cripple of Antioch*, *The Olden Time*, *Martyrs of Spain*, *Liberators of Holland*, *The Two Vocations*, *Wanderings Over Bible Lands and Seas*, *Tales of Christian Life*, *Christian Life*

*in Song, The Song Without Words, Mary, Winifred Bertram, The Bertram Family, Lapsed but Not Lost*, and many others. She has also acquired reputation as a linguist, painter, musician, and poet. Her writings, as will be seen from the titles, are all of a general evangelical tone. "No modern writer for the religious public," says the *Princeton Review*, "has attained a higher position than that which justly belongs to the author of this series of works. Their whole tendency is to promote true Christianity."

#### PREPARING FOR A JOURNEY.

It was not until the poor lad was dead that they found what he had been so tightly clasping in his hand. It was a fragment of paper containing a few words written by Job Forster, of which Tim had indeed "taken care," as the clasp of the lifeless hand proved too well. The words were—"Rachel, be of good cheer. I am hurt on the shoulder, but not so bad. They are taking me, with Roger, to Oxford gaol. His wound is in the side, painful at first, but Dr. Antony got the ball out, and says he will do well. Thee must not fret, nor try to come to us. It would hurt thee and do us no good. The Lord careth."

Rachel read this letter, with every word made emphatic by her certainty that Job would make as light as possible of any trouble, by her knowledge that his pen was not that of a ready writer, and by her sense of what she would have done herself in similar circumstances.

"Rachel!" the word, she knew, had taken him a minute or two to spell out, and it meant a whole volume of esteem and love; and, by the same measure, "hurt" meant "disabled;" and "not so bad" simply not in immediate peril of life; and "thee must not come" to her heart meant "come if thou canst, though I dare not bid thee."

It was not Rachel's way to let trouble make her helpless, or even prevent her being helpful where she was

needed. God, she was sure, had not meant it for that. She lived at the door of the House of the Lord, and therefore, at this sudden alarm, she did not need a long pilgrimage by an untrodden path to reach the sanctuary. A moment to lay down the burden and enter the open door, and lift up the heart there within ; and then to the duty in hand. She remained, therefore, with Gammer Grindle until they had laid the poor faithful lad in his shroud ; then she gave all the needful orders for the burial, so that it was not till dusk she was seated in her own cottage, with leisure to plan how she should carry out what, from the moment she had first glanced at her husband's letter, she had determined to do. Half an hour sufficed her for thinking, or "taking counsel," as she called it ; half an hour for making preparations and coming across to us at Netherby, with her mind made up and all her arrangements settled. Arrived at the Hall, she handed Job's letter to Aunt Dorothy.

"What can be done?" said Aunt Dorothy. "How can it be that we have not heard from my brother or Dr. Antony? The king's forces must be between us and Oxford, and the letters must have been seized. But never fear, Rachel," she added, in a consoling tone. "At first they talked of treating all the Parliament prisoners as traitors ; but that will never be. A ransom or an exchange is certain. Stay here to-night ; it will be less lonely for you. We can take counsel together ; and to-morrow we will think what to do."

"I have been thinking, Mistress Dorothy, and I have taken counsel. I am going at daybreak to-morrow to Oxford ; and I came to ask if I could do aught for you, or take any message to Master Roger."

"How?" said Aunt Dorothy. "And who will go with you? Who will venture within the grasp of those plunderers?"

"I have not asked any one, Mistress Dorothy. I am going alone on our own old farm-horse."

"*You* travel scores of miles alone, and into the midst of the king's army, Rachel!" said Aunt Dorothy.

"I have taken counsel, Mistress Dorothy," said Rachel, calmly, and, looking up, Aunt Dorothy met that in Rachel's quiet eyes which she understood, and she made

no further remonstrance. "We will write letters to Roger," she said, after a pause.

In a short time they were ready, with one from me to Lettice Davenant.

Neither my aunts nor I slept much that night. We were resolving various plans for helping Rachel, each unknown to the other. I had thought of a letter to a friend of my father's who lived half-way between us and Oxford ; and rising softly in the night, without telling any one, I wrote it. For I had removed to Roger's chamber while he was away ; it seemed to bring me nearer to him. Then, before daybreak, feeling sure Rachel would be watching for the first streaks of light, I crept out of our house to hers. She was dressed, and was quietly packing up the great Bible, which lay always on the table, and laying it in the cupboard.

"Happy Rachel !" I said, kissing her, "to be old enough to dare to go."

"There is always some work, sweetheart," said she, "for every season, not to be done before or after. That is why we need never be afraid of growing old."—*The Draytons and the Davenants*.





CHASLES, VICTOR EUPHÉMION PHILARÉTE, a French literary critic, novelist, and general writer, born near Chartres, France, October 8, 1798; died at Venice, Italy, July 18, 1873. For many years he was the editor of the *Journal des Débats* and a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In 1841 he was appointed Professor of Foreign Languages and Literature in the College of France. He showed himself an able critic of English literature, and reproduced for the *Revue Britannique* many articles from English reviews. His works have been collected under the title *Studies in Comparative Literature*, eleven volumes. Among these are *Studies in Spain*; *Studies in America*; *Notabilities in France and England*; *Studies on Shakespeare, Marie Stuart, and l'Arétin*; *Galiléo, Sa Vie, Son Procès, et Ses Contemporains*.

#### FRENCH CHARACTERISTICS.

France, from the first germ of being, was not endowed with the calculating spirit—the *talent for affairs*, I name it. Her genius was for glory. The Celts of the ancient world were famed as brilliant adventurers. The sword, wielded by them, glittered throughout the East and West, and they were known as the most valiant of warriors. Such is the Gallic character. The Gallo-Roman, scarcely modified by twenty centuries' affiliation, under Bonaparte, pointed her sabre at the base of the pyramids. This son of the army of Brenus shook the capital, but it trembled only for a mo-



ment. In spite of affiliation of diverse Gauls from the North and South, who are grouped by conquest around the central country, does not France remain the same?—pre-eminently social, living with others and for others, more alive to honor than fortune, to vanity than power. These are their ineffaceable elements. We became Romans as the Russians became French. What we borrowed, above all, from our masters, was not their discipline, but their elegance, their obedience, their oratory, and their poetry. Christianity afterward diffused among us her sweet charities; the charm of social life was augmented. In fine, the German irruption inspired France with a taste for military prowess; but still she had a warlike garrulity, if I may so style it, easy and gay, which was evinced by the narrations of our first chroniclers and fablers. In the meantime, there was no place for the *spirit of affairs*.

Chivalry, elsewhere serious, was with us a charming and delightful parade. At the epoch of the Crusades our seigneurs put their châteaux in pledge, and joined in the Holy Wars. In the sixteenth century Francis I., who spent all in beautiful costumes, had not money to pay his ransom. Under Henry IV. the counts sold their property, and *wore their estates upon their shoulders*; as said Fœneste. Under Louis XIII. we borrowed the grave courtesy of the Spaniard, his gallantry, his romantic dramas and dramatic romances. The same passion, augmented, in the reign of Louis XIV., a remarkable epoch in France. Then all the ancient elements of the French character shone with intense lustre. Sociability became general, talent was honored, the clergy civilized the people, and obtained for recompense that pontificate of which Bossuet was first crowned. The fine arts satisfied the national vanity, and even our defects appeared a generous efflorescence, which consoled a people easy to console.

As to good financial administration, the progress of industry, the development of the business talent in France, I sought it in vain in her history. Some partial efforts and heroic starts, little supported, seemed to betray that our nation had no aptitude for modest endeavor and contentment with moderate success. The

financial history of France is composed of a series of mad speculations. In vain Colbert and Louis XIV. pretended to foster industry. France, in servitude, possessed not the first condition. Industry, daughter of independence, was doomed to attempt her achievements in trammels. Colbert put commerce under regulations and protecting stratagems, when the invasion of France and political events extinguished her manufactures in their cradle. During the regency, many futile attempts were made to create industry. Societies were formed; galleons were expedited to the Indies. Government was the godfather and victim to the jugglery which duped itself in duping others.

During all this time England, her credit established, founded free corporations, under the enlightened reign of William the Third. Later, in France, the combination of riches and labor could do nothing. Voltaire, Diderot, and all the learned men, thought only of destroying the *rotten social organization*. From 1789 to 1793 their previsions were justified, and their efforts responded to. Soon followed the fourteen years of the republic—the *maximum* and the *guillotine*. Nothing of all this could create a healthy industry, but the spoliations turned to the profit of energetic men. Napoleon reigned, and he thought to sustain industry by the war which destroyed it. In depriving France of exterior resources, she was forced to resort to artificial means to supply her needs. But England, in her struggle, maintained her resources. . . . It is impossible not to recognize that the antecedents of France are opposed to the development of this new social phasis, called the industrial. Industry cannot result in riches of an individual or a people, excepting under certain moral conditions. Is France possessed of them?

She possesses exactly the contrary elements. France was in a chaotic state—a fusion of all ranks—no social basis, no principle, no convictions, but in a morbid state of exhaustion and weariness. There was no centre in society, no point to lean upon. Each man was his own centre, as he might and could be. Scarcely had one obtained an individuality, by riches, by credit, or fame, to be able to form a group of individualities impregnated

with his principles, than, the apprenticeship served, these satellites would teach themselves, and form centres in their turn. They called that independence, but it was dissolution. There is such liberty when the elements of the body are scattered in the tomb. From 1825 to 1840 there were everywhere little centres, without force, sufficient attraction, or radiation. There had not been, since Napoleon, one centre, political, intellectual, moral, which had the least solidity—a theory that was complete, a light which was not vacillating.—*Notabilities in France and England.*





CHATEAUBRIAND, FRANÇOIS RENÉ, VISCOMTE DE, a distinguished French statesman and general writer, born at St. Malo, France, September 14, 1768; died at Paris, July 4, 1848. After quitting the College of Rennes he went to America; but on hearing of the arrest of Louis XVI. returned to France and joined the army. He was compelled to flee to England, where he remained for several years. In 1801, soon after his return to France, he published *Atala*, a prose epic intended to delineate Indian life and love in America. This work brought its author immediate fame, which was heightened by the appearance, in 1802, of his *Genius of Christianity*. Napoleon appointed him Secretary of the Embassy at Rome, and afterward Ambassador to the Republic of Valais, a post which Chateaubriand resigned on the murder of Duc d'Enghien. He then travelled to the Holy Land, and on his return, in 1807, published *René*, another episode of *The Natchez*. *The Last of the Abencerrage* appeared in 1809, *The Martyrs* and *The Pilgrimage from Paris to Jerusalem* in 1811. His timely pamphlet, *Bonaparte and the Bourbons*, procured him a peerage, and made him a Minister of State. He was successively ambassador to Great Britain, to Verona, and to Rome. *The Natchez*, the remainder of his prose epic, was published in 1826. The last years of his

life were employed in completing his *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, published after his death.

#### THE WANDERINGS OF CHACTAS AND ATALA.

Night darkened on the skies, the songs and dances ended, the half-consumed piles threw but a glimmering light, which reflected the shadows of a few wandering savages. At last all was asleep, and, as the busy hum of men decreased, the roaring of the storm augmented, and succeeded to the confused din of voices.

I felt, in spite of myself, that momentary sleep which suspends for a time the sufferings of the wretched. I dreamt that a generous hand tore away my bonds, and I experienced that sweet sensation so delicious to the freed prisoner, whose limbs were bruised by galling fetters. The sensation became so powerful that I opened my eyes. By the light of the moon, whose propitious rays darted through the fleecy clouds, I perceived a tall figure dressed in white, and silently occupied in untying my chains. I was going to call aloud, when a well-known hand stopped my mouth. One single cord remained, which it seemed impossible to break without waking the guard that lay stretched upon it. Atala pulled it; the warrior, half awake, started; Atala stood motionless; he stared, took her for the genius of the ruins, and fell aghast on the ground, shutting his eyes, and invoking his manitou.

The cord is broken. I rise and follow my deliverer. But how many perils surround us! now we are ready to stumble against some savage sleeping in the shade; sometimes called by a guard! Atala answers, altering her voice; children shriek, dogs bark; we have scarcely passed the fatal enclosure, when the most terrific yells resound through the forest, the whole camp awakes, the savages light their torches to pursue us, and we hasten our steps. When the first dawn of morn appeared, we were already far in the desert. Great Spirit! thou knowest how great was my felicity when I found myself once more in the wilderness with Atala, with my deliverer, my beloved Atala. . . .

**Intoxication**, which amongst savages lasts long, and



is a kind of malady, prevented our enemies, no doubt, from pursuing us for the first day. If they sought for us afterward, they probably went toward the western side, thinking we were gone down the Meschacébé. But we had bent our course toward the fixed star, guiding our steps by the moss on the oaks.

We soon perceived how little we had gained by my deliverance. The desert now displayed its boundless solitudes before us; inexperienced in a lonely life, in the midst of forests, wandering from the right path, we strayed, helpless and forlorn. While I gazed on Atala, I often thought of the history of Hagar in the desert of Beersheba, which Lopez had made me read, and which happened in those remote times when men lived three ages of oaks. Atala worked me a cloak with the second bark of the ash, for I was almost naked; with porcupine's hair she embroidered moccasins made of the skins of musk-rats. I, in my turn, took care of her attire; for her I wove in wreaths those purple mallows we found on the desolated graves of Indians; or I adorned her snowy bosom with the red grains of azalea, and then smiled, contemplating her heavenly beauty. If we came to a river, we passed it on rafts, or swam across, Atala leaning her hand on my shoulder; we seemed two loving swans riding over the lakes.

Almost all the trees in the Floridas, especially the cedars and holm-oaks, are covered with a white moss, which from the uppermost branches reaches down to the ground. If by moonlight you discover on the barren savanna a lonely oak, enrobed with that white drapery, you would fancy a spectre enveloped in his shroud. The scenery is still more picturesque by day; when crowds of flies, shining insects, and of colibries, green parrots, and azure jays, hovering about these woolly mosses, give them the appearance of rich embroideries, wrought with the most brilliant colors on a snowy ground, by the skilful hand of Europeans. It was under those shady bowers, prepared in the wilderness by the Great Spirit, that we refreshed our weary limbs at noon. Never did the seven wonders of the ancient world equal those lofty cedars, and waved by the breeze they rock to sleep the feathered inhabitants in their

airy abodes, and from their foliage issue melancholy sounds.

At night we lit a great fire, and with the bark of palm-trees, tied to four stakes, we constructed the travelling hut. If I shot a wild turkey, a ring-dove, or a specked pheasant, suspended by a twig before the flaming oak, the hunter's prey was turned by the gale. We ate those mosses called rock-tripes, the sweet bark of birch, and the heads of maize which taste like peaches and raspberries; black walnut trees, sumach, and maples supplied us with wine. Sometimes I plucked among the reeds one of those plants, whose flower, shaped like a horn, contained a draught of the purest dew; and we thanked Providence for having, on a tender stock, placed a flower containing such a limpid drink, amid putrid marshes, as he has placed hope in a heart wrung with sorrow, and as he makes virtue flow from the miseries of life.—*Atala*.

#### JEUNE FILLE ET JEUNE FLEUR.

The bier descends, the spotless roses too,  
The father's tribute in his saddest hour  
O Earth! that bore them both, thou hast thy due—  
The fair young girl and flower.

Give them not back unto a world again,  
Where mourning, grief and agony have power,  
Where winds destroy, and suns malignant reign—  
That fair young girl and flower.

Lightly thou sleepest, young Elisa, now,  
Nor fear'st the burning heat, nor chilling shower;  
They both have perished in their morning glow—  
The fair young girl and flower.

But he, thy sire, whose furrowed brow is pale,  
Bends, lost in sorrow, o'er thy funeral bower;  
And Time the old oak's roots doth now assail  
O fair young girl and flower!



**CHATFIELD-TAYLOR, HOBART C.**, an American novelist and financier, was born in Chicago, Ill., March 24, 1865. He is a Chatfield by his mother, Adelaide, granddaughter of Captain Chatfield of the New York militia of 1812, and direct descendant of Oliver Chatfield of the Morgan riflemen of revolutionary fame. From his father, Henry Hobart Taylor, and from his mother's brother, W. B. Chatfield, he inherited the double fortune of the families which are commemorated in the compound name Chatfield-Taylor. He was educated at Cornell, and upon his graduation, in 1886, he adopted the profession of letters. In 1890 he married Rose, daughter of ex-Senator Farwell.

For a time he owned and edited the Chicago weekly review *America*, which he disposed of in 1891. During the same year he wrote a series of letters from Europe to the *Morning News* of Chicago, and another series to the *Record* of that city. His articles on Spain and on the discovery of America, published in the *Cosmopolitan*, and his translation, at the request of Paul Bourget, of an article on the World's Fair for the same magazine, were well received. During the Centennial year he was appointed consul in Chicago by the Spanish government; which also gave him the decoration of "Isabella the Catholic." His novel *With*

*Edged Tools*, published in 1891, was looked for with eager curiosity, and was sold in large numbers. *An American Peeress*, which appeared in 1893, was published serially in the *New York Herald* and soon went through two editions in book form in America, besides being republished in England and translated into Hungarian. The appearance, in 1895, of *Two Women and a Fool*, brought upon the author much censure, as dealing with the unspeakable; or, as some put it, "the intensely modern." In the first of these three stories an unworthy hero is allowed to drift along, without emotion or tragedy, to the bad; in the second, the strong, simple love of a sweet nature outlives everything; in the third, "the fool" is in love with two women.

#### WARRINGTON COURT.

Winding through the quiet village of Warrington, the highway from Petworth to Guildford skirts along the walls of the park; and, dividing, within sight of the gray pinnacles of Warrington Court, threads its way in two directions, the one through Chichester to Portsmouth, the other on to sleepy, wave-washed Bognor. Leaving the highway at the lodge gate, the road winds through the park for a full mile and a half, passing forest glades and rolling meadows of grass, green as only English turf can be; now shaded by the spreading branches of gnarled oaks, or giant yew-trees, now affording an unobstructed view of swelling, wavelike downs, rich with browsing flocks of famous Southdown sheep, and all the while it is gently rising until the dull gray stones of Warrington Court peep through the trees.

After traversing this last bit of forest, the road leads on past the surrounding belt of lawn and flower-beds, terraces and hedgerows, to the great iron gateway;

then, crossing the moat and passing underneath the arched doorway to the stones of the courtyard, it ends before the entrance of the grand hall.

Warrington Court, with its rambling suites of rooms, stretched out through countless wings and maze-like corridors, through which one's steps resound in hollow echoes from the vaulted roofs, is a house where days of wandering and searching might not teach one his way about; and as for acquaintance with all the mysterious recesses which the house contains, probably no resident, unless it be the housekeeper, has ever penetrated them all.

There is the great oak-vaulted hall with its pillared chimney-piece and ponderous hearthstone, where the log burns at Yule-tide, and the fire-light plays upon the polished steel of ancestral armor, standing silent and ghost-like in the distance, and there is the smaller hall, adjoining—with its grand stairway—jealously guarded by dragon-headed newels leading upward past the dimmed portraits of wigged and powdered Vincents, to the landing of the floor above, where antlers and boars' heads, hanging from the sombre walls, testify to the prowess of family Nimrods in years gone by.

. . . . .

This is Warrington Court, the home of the Vincents, and the seat of eleven generations of Earls of Warrington.—*An American Peeress.*







CHATTERTON, THOMAS, an English poet, born at Bristol, England, November 20, 1752; died at London, August 25, 1770. He was the posthumous son of a chanter in the Bristol Cathedral, and was educated at a charity school in that city. In 1767 he was apprenticed to an attorney. At the opening of a new bridge over the Avon, in 1768, Chatterton sent to the editor of a Bristol newspaper an account of "the mayor's first passing over the old bridge," in the reign of Henry II., profess- edly copied from an ancient manuscript. This was followed by numerous letters and fragments of ancient history, and by many poems purporting to be by an ancient monk, Thomas Rowley, which Chatterton professed to have copied from papers found in an old chest. He then sent to Horace Walpole a specimen of the *Poems of Thomas Rowley*. In the spring of 1770 Chatterton went to London, and engaged in literary work, writing political letters, satires, and poems, which showed great versatility; but his contributions were un- paid for, and starvation stared him in the face. Too proud to acknowledge his bitter poverty, he shut himself in his attic room, destroyed his manuscripts, and committed suicide by poison.

The poems of Chatterton, written under the name of "Rowley," comprise the tragedy of *Ælla*, *The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin*, *The*

*Battle of Hastings, The Tournament, and Canynge's Feast.* He also left a fragment of a dramatic poem, *Goddwyn*. There is throughout an attempt to give an air of antiquity to these verses by an affectation of archaic spelling. This has been retained in the extracts here given from the poems of "the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul who perished in his pride:"

## MINSTRELLES SONGE.

Oh ! synge untoe mie roundelaie,  
 O ! droppe the brynie tear wythe mee,  
 Daunce na moe atte hallie daie,  
 Lycke a reynynge ryver bee ;  
     *Mie love ys dedde,*  
     *Gon to hys deathe-bedde,*  
     *Al under the wyllowe tree.*

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,  
 Whyte hys rode as the summer snowe,  
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,  
 Cale he lyes ynne the grave below ;  
     *Mie love ys dedde, etc.*

Swote his tynge as the throstles note,  
 Quicke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,  
 Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,  
 O ! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree ;  
     *Mie love ys dedde, etc.*

Harke ! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,  
 In the briered delle belowe ;  
 Harke ! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,  
 To the nyghte-mares as heie goe ;  
     *Mie love ys dedde, etc.*

See ! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie ;  
 Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude ;  
 Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,  
 Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude :  
     *Mie love ys dedde, etc.*

Heere, uponne mie true love's grave,  
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,  
 Nee one hallie Seyncte to save  
 Al the celness of a mayde,  
*Mie love ys dedde, etc.*

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres  
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre,  
 Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,  
 Heere mie boddie styлле schalle bee.  
*Mie love ys dedde, etc.*

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,  
 Drayne mie hartys bloode awaie ;  
 Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,  
 Daunce bie nite, or feaste bie daie.  
*Mie love ys dedde, etc.*

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes,  
 Bere mee to yer leathelle tyde.  
 I die ! I comme ! mie true love waytes.  
 Thos the damselle spake and dyed.

—Ælla

#### AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE.

In Virgyne the sweltre sun gan sheene,  
 And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie :  
 The apple rodde from its palie greene,  
 And the mole peare did bende the leafy spraie ;  
 The peede chelandri sunge the livelong daie ;  
 'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,  
 And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte  
 aumere.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,  
 Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken blue,  
 When from the sea arist in drear arraie  
 A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,  
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,  
 Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetyve face,  
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gathered up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,  
 Which dyde unto Seyncte Godwine's covent lede,  
 A hapless pilgrim moneynge dyd abide,  
 Pore in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,  
 Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,  
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer flie ?  
 He had no housen there, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed face, his sprighte there scanne ;  
 How woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd, deade !  
 Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed manne !  
 Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bede.  
 Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thi hedde,  
 Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves ;  
 Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gathered storm is rype ; the bigge drops falle ;  
 The forswat meadowes smethe and drenche the raine ;  
 The comyng ghastrness do the cattle pall,  
 And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine ;  
 Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe,  
 The welkin opes ; the yellow levynne flies ;  
 And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

Liste ! now the thunder's rattling chymmynge sound  
 Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,  
 Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,  
 Still on the gallard eare of terroure hanges ;  
 The windes are up ; the lofty elmen swanges ;  
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,  
 And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stonen showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,  
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwyne's convente came ;  
 His chapournette was drented with the reine,  
 And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle shame ;  
 He aynewards tolde his bederoll at the same ;  
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,  
 With the mist almes-craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,  
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne,  
 His antremete was edged with golden twynne.

And his shoone pyke a loverds mighte have binne ;  
 Full well it shewne he thoughten coste no sinne :  
 The trammels of the palfrye pleased his sighte,  
 For the horse-millanare his head with roses dighte.

An almes, sir prieste ! the droppynge pilgrim saide,  
 O ! let me waite within your covente dore,  
 Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,  
 And the loude tempeste of the aire is o'er ;  
 Helpless and ould am I alas ! and poor :  
 Ne house, ne friend, ne monnaie in my pouche ;  
 All yatte I calle my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne ;  
 This is no season almes and prayers to give ;  
 Mie porter never lets a faitour in ;  
 None touch mie rynge who not in honor live.  
 And now the sonne with the blacke clouds did stryve,  
 And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,  
 The Abbatte spurrd his steede, and eftsoons roadde  
     awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde ;  
 Faste reynenye o'er the plaine a prieste was seen ;  
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde :  
 His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene ;  
 A Limitoure he was of order seene ;  
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,  
 Where the pore almer laie benethe the holmen tree.

An almes, sir priest ! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,  
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.  
 The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,  
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take :  
 The mister pilgrim did for halline shake.  
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe thie care ;  
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

But ah ! unhailie pilgrim, lerne of me,  
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde,  
 Here take my semecope, thou arte bare I see ;  
 'Tis thine ; the Seynctes will give me mie reward.  
 He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.  
 Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,  
 Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man power !



## FREEDOM.—A CHORUS.

Whanne Freedom dreste yn blodde-steyned veste

To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,

Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde ;

A gorie aulace bye her honge,

She daunced onne the heathe :

She hearde the voice of deathe ;

Pale-eyned affryghte, yis harte of sylver hue,

In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale ;

She hearde onflemed the shriekynge voice of woe,

And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.

She shook the burlled speere,

On hie she jeste her sheelde,

Her foemen all appere,

And flizze alonge the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes,

Heys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre,

Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes,

Chafte with his gronne feete and soundes to war.

She syttes upon a rocke,

She bendes before hys speere,

She ryses from the shocke,

Wioldynge her owne yn ayre.

Hard as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,

Wytte scillye wympled gies ytte to hys crowne,

Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddynge sheelde ys gon,

He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes downe.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld, arist,

Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,

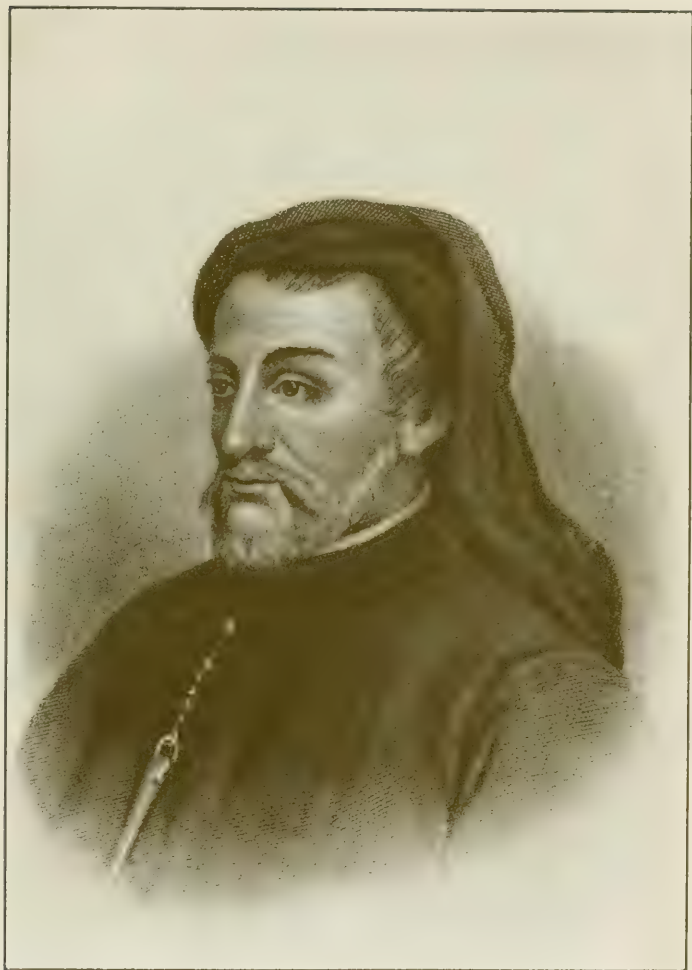
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyste.

—*Goddwyn—a Fragment.*





CHAUCER, GEOFFREY, a celebrated English poet, born at London, England, about 1340; died there, October 25, 1400. Of his childhood nothing is certainly known except that he was the son of a vintner. His name appears in 1357 in the household-book of the Lady Elizabeth, wife of Prince Lionel, son of King Edward III., from which it has been inferred that Chaucer was a page in the royal family. In 1359 he was made prisoner in the war with France, and was ransomed by the English King. The next positive mention of him occurs in 1366, when he was one of the squires of the King, and was already married to a sister of Katharine Swynford, the mistress and subsequently the wife of the King's son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. We find Chaucer subsequently engaged somewhat prominently in public affairs. In 1372 he was one of the envoys sent to Genoa to arrange a commercial treaty with that republic. By this time he had certainly gained repute as a poet, for he received a grant of a pitcher of wine a day—equivalent to what afterward became the laureateship; the Duke of Lancaster also bestowed upon him a pension of £10 (equivalent to something like \$500 at the present day). Under the powerful protection of John of Gaunt the fortunes of Chaucer flourished for several years; he held lucrative posts in what we



GEORGE CHAUCER.



should now style the customs, and in 1386 was returned to Parliament for the shire of Kent. At the close of this year, John of Gaunt being employed on the Continent, Chaucer was removed from his post in the customs, and appears to have fallen into pecuniary straits. He is supposed to have written *The Canterbury Tales* at this period. John of Gaunt, returning to England, took up the cause of Chaucer, procured for him the appointment of Clerk of the King's Works, and furnished him an annuity of £20. Still later, and toward the end of his life, Chaucer received from the King a grant of a tun of wine a year, and a pension of 40 marks—about £27. Chaucer was buried in Westminster Abbey, being the first of the long line of poets to whom that honor has been awarded.

Chaucer wrote several unimportant prose works, among which is a translation of Boethius's *Consolations of Philosophy*. His principal poems are *The Court of Love* and *The Flower and The Leaf*, the genuineness of which has been called in question by recent critics; *The Romaunt of the Rose*; *Troilus and Creseide*; *The Assembly of Foules*; *The Booke of the Dutchesse*; *The House of Fame*; *Chaucer's Dream*; *The Legend of Good Women*; *The Complaint of Mars and Venus*; *The Cuckow and the Nightingale*, and *The Canterbury Tales*, upon which his fame mainly rests. The plot of *The Canterbury Tales* is quite simple: A company of nine-and-twenty pilgrims bound for the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, find themselves at the Tabard Inn in South



wark, and to pass the time of their journey, agree each to relate a story, the landlord promising that the one who tells the best one shall upon their return have his supper free of cost. The *Tales* were first printed about seventy-five years after the death of Chaucer, and frequently since. They have been modernized by several poets of repute, sometimes to such an extent as to be hardly recognizable. The extracts which here follow are reproduced precisely as they appear in old manuscripts :

PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

Whan that Aprille with hise schoures soote  
 The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,  
 And bathed euery veyne in swich licour,  
 Of which vertu engendred is the flour ;—  
 Whan Zephirus eek with his sweete breath  
 Inspired hath in every holt and heeth  
 The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
 Hath in the Ram his half (e) cours yronne,  
 And smale foweles maken melodye,  
 That slepen all the nyght with open eye,  
 So prikeþ hem nature in hir corages :—  
 Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,  
 And Palmeres for to seken straunge strondes,  
 To fern halwes kowthe in sondry londes ;  
 And specially, from euery shires ende  
 Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,  
 The hooly blisful martir for to seke  
 That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.  
 Bifil that in that seson, on a day  
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,  
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrymage  
 To Caunterbury with ful deuout corage,  
 At nyght were come in to that hostelrye  
 Wel nyne and twenty in the compaignye,  
 Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle  
 In felawshipe, and pilgrimes were they alle,

That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.  
 The chambres and the stables weren wyde,  
 And wel we weren esed atte beste.  
 And shortly whan the sonne was to reste,  
 So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,  
 That I was of hir felawshipe anon,  
 And made forward erly for to ryse,  
 To take our wey ther as I you deuyse.  
 But nathelees, whil I have tyme and space,  
 Er that I ferther in this tale pace,  
 My thynketh it accordaunt to reson  
 To telle yow all the condicion  
 Of ech of hem, so as it seemed me,  
 And which they were and of what degree;  
 And eek in what array that they were inne;  
 And at a knyght than wol I first bigynne.

## THE KNIGHT.

A knyght ther was, and that a worthy man,  
 That fro the tyme that he first bigan  
 To riden out, he loued chivalrie,  
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.  
 Fful worthy was he in his lordes werre,  
 And thereto hadde he riden, no man ferre,  
 As wel in cristendom as in Hethenesse,  
 And euere honoured for his worthynesse.  
 At Alisaundre he was whan it was wonne.  
 Fful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne  
 Abouen alle nacions in Pruce.  
 In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce,  
 No cristen man so oft of his degree.  
 In Gernade at the seege eek hadde he be  
 Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.  
 At Lyeys was he and at Satalye  
 Whan they were wonne; and in the grete See  
 At many a noble Armee hadde he be.  
 At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,  
 And foughten for oure feith at Tramysse.  
 In lystis thries, and ay slayn his foo.  
 This ilke worthy knyght hadde been also  
 Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,  
 Agayn another hethen in Turkye

And eueremoore he hadde a souereyn prys.  
 And though that he were worthy he was wyse,  
 And of his port as meeke as is a mayde.  
 He neuere yet no vileynye ne sayde  
 In al his lyfe, vn to no maner wight.  
 He was a verray parfit gentil knyght.

But for to tellen yow of his array,  
 His horse weren goode, but he was nat gay.  
 Of ffustian he wered a gypon  
 Al bismotered with his habergeon,  
 Ffor he was late ycome from his viage,  
 And wente for to doon his pilgrymage

#### THE SQUIRE.

With him there was his sone a yong Squier,  
 A louyere, and a lusty Bachelor,  
 With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse  
 Of twenty yeer of Age he was I gesse.  
 Of his stature he was of euene lengthe,  
 And wonderly delyuere, and of greet strengthe—  
 And he hadde been somtyme in chyuachie  
 In Fflaundres, in Artoys, and Pycardie,  
 And born him weel as of so litel space,  
 In hope to stonden in his lady grace.  
 Embroudered was he, as it were a meede,  
 Al ful of ffresshe floures whyte and reede.  
 Syngyenge he was, or floytynge al the day;  
 He was as ffressh as is the Monthe of May.  
 Short was his gowne, with sleues longe and wyde.  
 Wel koude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.  
 He koude songes make and wel endite,  
 Juste and eek daunce, and weel purtreye and write.  
 So hote he louede, that by nyghtertale  
 He slepte namoore than dooth a nyghtyngale.  
 Curteis he was, lowely, and seruysable,  
 And carf biforn his fader at the table. . . .

#### THE PRIORESS.

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioressse,  
 That of her smylyng was ful symple and coy;  
 Hire gretteste ooth was but by seint Loy;

And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.  
 Fful weel she soong the seruice dyuyne,  
 Entuned in her nose ful semeely ;  
 And ffrenssh she spak ful faire and fetisly,  
 After the scole of Stratford atte Powe,  
 Ffor ffrensh of Parys was to hire unknowe.  
 At mete wel ytaught was she with alle ;  
 She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,  
 Ne wette hir fynGRES in hir sauce depe.  
 Wel koude she carie a morsel and wel kepe  
 That no drope ne fille vp on hire brist.  
 In curteisie was set ful muchel hir list  
 Hire oure lippe wyped she so clene,  
 That in hir coppe ther was no ferthyng sene  
 Of grece whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.  
 Fful semeely after hir mete she raughte.  
 And sikerly she was of greet desport ;  
 And ful pleasaunt, and amyable of port—  
 And peyned hire to countrefete cheere  
 Of Courte and to been estatlich of manere  
 And to been holden digne of reuerence.  
 But for to speken of hire conscience,  
 She was so charitable and so pitous,  
 She wolde wepe if that she saugh a Mous  
 Kaught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.  
 Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde  
 With rosted flessch or Milk and wastel breed.  
 But soore wepte she if any of hem were deed,  
 Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte,  
 And al was conscience and tender herte.  
 Fful semyly hir wympul pynched was ;  
 Hire nose tretys, hir eyen greye as glas ;  
 Hir mouth ful smal and ther to softe and reed ;  
 But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed.  
 It was almost a spanne brood I trowe,  
 Ffor hardily she was not vndergrowe.  
 Fful fetys was hir cloke as I was war.  
 Of smal coral aboute hir Arm she bar  
 A peire of bedes gauded al with grene,  
 And ther on heng a brooch of gold ful shene,  
 On which ther was first write a crowned A,  
 And after Amor vincit omnia. . . .

## THE OXFORD CLERK.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,  
 That vn to logyk hadde longe ygo,  
 And leene was his hors as is a rake,  
 And he was not right fat, I undertake;  
 But looked holwe and ther to sobrelly.  
 Fful thredbare was his overest courtepy,  
 Ffor he hadde geten hym yet no benefice,  
 Ne was so worldly for to haue office.  
 Ffor hym was leuere haue at his beddes heed  
 Twenty bookes clad in blak and reed,  
 Of Aristotle and his Philosophie,  
 Than robes riche or fithele or gay sautrie.  
 But al be that he was a Philosiphre,  
 Yet hadde he but litle gold in cofre;  
 But al that he myghte of his freendes hente,  
 On bookes and his lernynge he it spente.  
 And bisily gan for the soules preye  
 Of hem that yaf hym wher with to scoleye.  
 Of studie took he moost cure and moost heede.  
 Noght o word spak he moore than was neede;  
 And that was seyde in forme and reuerence  
 And short and quyk and full of hy sentence.  
 Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,  
 And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

## THE SERGEANT OF LAW.

A Sergeant of the Lawe, war and wys,  
 That often hadde been at the Parvys  
 Ther was also, full riche of excellence,  
 Discreet he was and great reuerence:  
 He seemed swich hise wordes weren so wise,  
 Justice he was ful often in Assise,  
 By patente and by pleyn commissioun;  
 Ffor his science and for his heigh renoun,  
 Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.  
 So greet a purchasour was nowher noon.  
 All was fee symple to hym in effect,  
 His purchasyng myghte nat been infect.



Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,  
 And yet he semed bisier than he was.  
 In termes hadde he caas and doomes alle,  
 That from the tyme of Kyng William were yfalle.  
 Ther-to he koude endite and make a thyng  
 Ther koude no wight pynchen at his writyng.  
 And every statut koude he pleyn by rote  
 He rood but hoomly in a medlee cote  
 Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres smale,  
 Of his array telle I no lenger tale.

## THE FRANKLIN.

A Frankeleyn was in his compaignye ;  
 Whit was his heed as is a dayesye.  
 Of his complexion he was sangwyn,  
 Well loued be by the morwe a sope in wyn.  
 To lyven in delit was euere his wone,  
 For he was Epicurus owene sone,  
 That heeld opinion that pleyn delit  
 Was verray felicitee parfit.  
 An householdere, and that a greet, was he ,  
 Seint Julian was he in his contree.  
 His breed, his Ale, was always after oon ;  
 A better envyned man was neuere noon.  
 With oute bake mete was neuere his hous,  
 Of fissh and flessch, and that so plenteuous,  
 It snewed in his hous of mete and drynke,  
 Of alle deyntees that men koude thynke.  
 After the sondry sesons of the yeer,  
 So chaunged he his mete and his soper,  
 Fful many a fat partrich hadde he in Mewe,  
 And many a Breem and many a luce in Stewe.  
 Wo was his Cook but if his sauce were  
 Poynaunt and sharpe, and redy al his geere.  
 His table dormant in his halle alway  
 Stood redy covered al the longe day.  
 At sessions ther was the lord and sire ;  
 Fful ofte tyme he was knyghte of the shire ;  
 An Anlaas and a gipser al of silk  
 Heeng at his girdel white as morne Milk.  
 A shirreue hadde he been, and Countour ;  
 Was nowher such a worthy Vauasour. .

## THE MEDICINER.

With vs ther was a Doctour of Phisik,  
 In al this world ne was ther noon hym lik  
 To speke of phisik and Surgerye ;  
 Ffor he was grounded in Astronomye.  
 He kept his pacient a ful greet deel  
 In houres by his magyk natureel.  
 Wel koude he fortunen the Ascendent  
 Of hise ymages for his pacient.  
 He knew the cause of euerich maladye  
 Were it of hoot or cold or moyste or drye,  
 And where they engendred, and of what humour ;  
 He was a verray parfit praktisonr.  
 The cause yknowe, and of his harm the roote,  
 Anon he yaf the sike man his boote.  
 Fful redy hadde he his Apothecaries  
 To sende him drogges and his letuaries ;  
 Ffor ech of hem made oother for to wynne,  
 Hir frendshipe was nat newe to bigynne.  
 Wel knew he the olde Esculapius,  
 And Deyscorides and eek Risus ;  
 Olde ypocras, Haly and Galyen  
 Serapion, Razis, and Auycen  
 Auerrois, Damascien, and Constantyn,  
 Bernard and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.  
 Of his diete mesurable was he,  
 Ffor it was of no superfluitee,  
 But of greet norissyng, and digestible.  
 His studie was but litel on the Bible.  
 In sangwyn and in pers he clad was al  
 Lyned with Taffeta and with Sendal.  
 And yet he was but esy of dispence ;  
 He kepte that he wan in pestilence ;  
 Ffor gold in Phisik is a cordial,  
 Therefore he loued gold in special.

## THE PARSON.

A good man was ther of Religioun,  
 And was a poure Person of a toun ;

But riche he was of hooly thoght and werk,  
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk  
 That cristes gospel trewely wolde preche,  
 Hise parisshe deuoutly wolde he teche.  
 Benygne he was, and wonder diligent,  
 And in Aduersitee ful pacient ;  
 And swich he was y-preud ofte sithes.  
 Fful looth were hym to cursen for his tithes ;  
 But rather wolde he yeuen out of doute  
 Vn to his poure parisshe aboute.  
 Of his offryng and eek of his substaunce  
 He koude in litel thyng haue suffisaunce.  
 Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a sonder.  
 But he ne lasste nat for reyn ne thonder,  
 In sikness or in meschief to visite  
 The ferrest in his parisshe, muche and lite  
 Vp on his feet, and in his hand a staf.  
 This noble ensample to his sheepe he yaf,  
 That firste he wroghte and afterward that he taughte,  
 Out of the gospel he the wordes caughte,  
 And this figure he added eek ther to,  
 That if gold ruste what shall Iren doo.  
 For if a preeste be foul on whom we truste,  
 No wonder is a lewed man to ruste. . . .  
 He sette nat his benefice to hyre,  
 And leet his sheepe encombred in the Myre,  
 And ran to London vn to seint Paules,  
 To seken hym a chauntrie for soules,  
 Or with a brotherhed to been withholde ;  
 But dwelleth at hoom, and kepeth wel his folde,  
 So that the wolf ne made it nat myscarie.  
 He was a shepherde and noght a Murcenarie ;  
 And though he hooly were and vertuouse,  
 He was nat to synful man despitous,  
 Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,  
 But in his techyng discreet and benygne.  
 To drawen folk to heuene by fairnesse,  
 By good ensample, this was his bisynesse ;  
 But it were any person obstinat,  
 What so he were of heigh or lough estat,  
 Hym wolde he snybben sharply for the nonys.  
 A better preest I trowe that nowher noon ys.

He waiteth after no pompe and reverence,  
 Ne maked him a spiced conscience,  
 But cristes loore, and his Apostles twelue  
 He taughte, but first he folwed it him selue. . . .

THE HOST OF THE TABARD.

Greet chiere made oure hoost us euirichon,  
 And to the soper sette he us anon  
 And serued us with vitaille at the beste :  
 Strong was the wyn and wel to drynke vs leste.  
 A semely man oure hoost was with alle  
 Ffor to been a Marchal in an halle ;  
 A large man he was, with eyen stepe ;  
 A fairer Burgeys was ther noon in Chepe,  
 Boold of his speche and wys and wel ytaught,  
 And of manhod hym lakked right naught.  
 Eek therto he was right a myrie man  
 And after soper pleyen he bigan  
 And spak of myrthe, amonges othere thyngs  
 Whan that we hadde maad our rekenynges,  
 And seyde thus : " Now lordynges trewely  
 Ye been to right welcome hertely,  
 Ffor by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,  
 I saugh nat this yier so myrie a compaignye  
 At ones in this herberwe as is now ;  
 Ffayn wolde I doon yow myrthe, wiste I how.  
 And of a myrthe I am right now bythoght,  
 To doon you ese, and it shal coste you noght.  
 " Ye goon to Caunterbury : God yow spede  
 The blisful martir quite yow youre neede  
 And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,  
 Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye ;  
 Ffor trewely confort ne myrthe is noon  
 To ride by the weye doumb as the stoon.  
 And therefore wol I maken yow disport  
 As I seyde erst and doon yow som confort.  
 And if yow liketh alle by oon assent  
 Ffor to stonden at my Juggement,  
 And for to werken as I shal yow seye,  
 To morwe, whan ye riden by the weye,  
 Now, by my fader soule that is deed,

But if ye be myrie, I wal yeue yow myn heed. . . .  
 Lordynges," quod he, "now herkeneth for the beste  
 But taak it nought I prey yow in desdeyn ;  
 This is the poynt, to speken short and pleyne,  
 That ech of yow, to shorte with oure weye  
 In this viage, shal telle tales tweye  
 To Caunterburyward, (I mene it so,  
 And homward) he shal tellen othere two  
 Of auentures that whilom han bifalle.  
 And which of yow that bereth hym best of alle,  
 That is to seyn, that telleth in this caas  
 Tales of best sentence and moost solaas,  
 Shal haue a soper at oure aller cost,  
 Heere in this place, sittynge by this post,  
 Whan that we come again fro Caunterbury ;  
 And, for to make yow the moore merry,  
 I wol my self goodly with yow ryde  
 Right at myn owene cost, and be youre gyde ;  
 And who so wole my juggement withseye,  
 Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye ;  
 And if ye vouche sauf that it be so,  
 Tel me anon with outen wordes mo,  
 And I wol erly shape me therefore."

This thyng was graunted and oure othes swore  
 With ful glad herte, and preyden hym also  
 That he would vouche sauf for to do so,  
 And that he wolde been our gouernour,  
 And of our tales Juge and Reportour,  
 And sette a soper at a certeyn pris,  
 And we wol reuled been at his deus.

We give portions of these *Canterbury Tales* as told by some of the characters above introduced :

#### EMYLVE IN THE GARDEN.

It fil ones in a morwe of May,  
 That Emylye, that fairer was to sene  
 Than is the lylie upon his stalke grene,  
 And fressher than the May with floures newe—  
 Ffor with the Rose colour stroof hire hewe,  
 I noot which was the finer of hem two—  
 Er it were day, as was hir wone to do,



She was arisen and al redy dight,  
 Ffor May wole haue no slogardrie a nyght ;  
 The seson priketh euery gentil herte,  
 And maketh hym out of his slepe to sterte,  
 And seith, " Arys and do thyn obseruance."  
 This maked Emylye have remembraunce  
 To doon honour to May, and for to ryse.  
 Yclothed was she fressh for to deuyse.  
 Hir yelow heer was broyded in a tresse,  
 Bihynde his bak a yerde long, I gesse,  
 And in the gardyn at the sonne up riste,  
 She walketh vp and down and as hire liste,  
 She gadereth floures party white and rede,  
 To make a subtil gerland for hire hede,  
 And as an Aungel heuenysshly she soong.  
 — *The Knight's Tale.*

## ON POVERTY.

O hateful harm, condicioun of poverté,  
 With thirst, with coold, with hunger so confounded,  
 To asken help thee shameth in thyn herte,  
 If thou noon aske so soore artow ywoundid.  
 That veray nede vnwrappeth al thy wounde hid  
 Maugree thyn heed thou most for Indigence  
 Or steele or begge or borwe thy dispence. . . .  
 Herke ! what is the sentence of the wise,  
 Bet is to dyen than have Indigence ;  
 Thy selue neighebor wol thee despise,  
 If thou be poure, farwel thy reuerence.  
 Yet of the wise man take this sentence,  
 Alle dayes of poure men been wikke ;  
 Be war therefore er thou come to that prikke.  
 If thou be poure, thy brother hateth thee,  
 And alle thy freendes fleen from thee, alas !  
 O riche merchauntz, ful of wele been yee,  
 O noble o prudent folk as in this cas.  
 Youre bagges been nat fild with ambes as,  
 But with sys cynk that renneth for youre chaunce ;  
 At Christemasse myrie may ye daunce.  
 Ye seken lond and see for yowre wynnings,  
 As wise folk ye knowen all the staat  
 Of regnes, ye been fadres of tidynges

And tales bothe of pees and of debaat  
 I were right now of tales desolaat,  
 Nere that a marchant goon, is many a yeere,  
 Me taught a tale which that ye shal heere.  
 —*Prologue to the Man of Law's Tale.*

## THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

And whan this worthi Knight Virgineus,  
 Thoruhe thassent of the Juge Apius,  
 Most be force his dere douhter yeuen  
 Vn-to the Juge, in lichere to leuen,  
 He gothe him home, and sett him in his hall,  
 And lete anone his dere douhter call ;  
 And with a face dede as asshen colde,  
 Vpon hire hum[ble] face he gan beholde,  
 With faders pite stickinge thoruhe his hert,  
 Al wolde be nouht from his purpos conuert.  
 "Douhter," quod he, "Virginea be thi name,  
 There bien two ways, eyther other schame,  
 That thou most soffer, alas that I was bore !  
 Nor neuer thou deseruest where fore  
 To deyen with a swerde or with a knyf.  
 O dere douhter, ender of my lif,  
 Whiche I have fostred vp with suche plesance,  
 That thou ne weer oute my remembrance ;  
 O douhter whiche that ert, my last woo,  
 And in lif my last ioy also,  
 O gemme of chastite in pacience,  
 Take thou thi deth, for this is my sentence ;  
 For loue and nouht for hate thou must be dede,  
 My pitous honde most smyte of thin hede.  
 Alas that ever Apius the seyhe !  
 Thus hathe he falsy Jugged the to-day."  
 And tolde hire al the cas, as ye be-fore  
 Have herd, it nedeth nouht to tel it no more.  
 "Merce, dere fadere," quod this maide.  
 And withe that worde sche bothe hire armes leide  
 Aboute his nekke, as sche was wont to do,  
 The teres barsten oute of hire yen two,  
 And seide : "Goode fader, schal I deye ?  
 Is there no grace ? is there no remedie ?"

"No, certes, dere douhter myne," quod he.  
 "Than yeue me leue fader myn," quod sche  
 "My deth to compleyne a litel space ;  
 For parte Jeffa yaue his douhter grace  
 For to compleine, ar he hir slowhe, alas !  
 And God it wote, no thinge was hire trespas,  
 Bot that sche rann hir fader first to see,  
 To welcom him with grete solempnite."  
 And with that worde sche fel in swoune anone,  
 And after, whan hir swounynge was agone  
 Sche riseth upe, and to hire fader seide,  
 "Blessid be God, that I schal deye a meide.  
 Yif me my dethe, ar that I have a schame.  
 Dothe with youre Childe youre will, a Goddes name !"  
 And with that word sche praith ful oft,  
 That with his swerde he scholde smite hir softe ;  
 And with that word in swoune doune sche felle  
 Hir fader with ful sorweful hert and felle,  
 Hire heued of smote, and be toppe it hent,  
 And to the Juge he yane it to present,  
 As he sat in his dome in consistorie.  
 Whan the Juge it sauhe, as seithe the storie,  
 He badde take him and houe him also fast ;  
 Bot riht anone al the peple in thrast  
 To saue the knyht for reuthe and for pyte,  
 Ffor knownen was the foles iniquite.  
 The peple anone hadd susspecte in this thinge,  
 Be maner of this clerkes chalangeinge.

—*The Mediciner's Tale.*

#### GRISILDA RESTORED TO HER CHILDREN.

"Grisilde," quod he, as it were in his play,  
 "How liketh the my wijf and her beaute ?"  
 "Right wel," quod sche, "my lord, for in good fey,  
 A fairer sawe I never now than sche.  
 I pray to God yif you prosperite ;  
 And so hope I that he will to you sende  
 Plesaunce ynow unto your lyues ende. . . .  
 O thing beseke I you and warne also,  
 That ye prike with no tormentynge  
 This tendre mayden, as ye han do mo ;

Ffor sche is fostred in hire norischinge  
 More tenderly, and to my supposynge  
 Sche coude nought adversite endure,  
 As coude a pore fostred creature."  
 And whan this Walter saugh hir pacience,  
 Hire glad cher, and no malice at al,  
 And he so often hadde don hire offence  
 And sche ay sadde and constan as awal,  
 Continuyng evere hire Innocence overal,  
 This sturdy marquys gan hire herte dresse  
 To rewen on hire wyfly stedfastnesse.

"This is ynough, Grisilde myn," quod he.  
 "Be now no more agast, ne yeul apayed.  
 I haue thy feith and thi benignite,  
 As wel as ever womman was assayed  
 In gret astate, and pouereliche arrayed ;  
 Now knowe I, deere wyf, thy stedfastnesse ;"  
 An hire in armes toke, and gan hire kesse.  
 And sche for wonder took of hit no keepe ;  
 Sche thouyte nat what thing he to hir sayde.  
 Sche ferde as sche hadde stirte out of hir slepe,  
 Til sche out of hir masednesse abrayde.  
 "Grisilde," quod he, "God that fer vs deyed,  
 Thou art my wyf, ne non other I haue,  
 Ne neuer hadde, so God my soul saue.

"This is thy doughter, which thou hast supposed  
 To be my wyf ; that other feithfully  
 Sceal be myn [heir], as I have ay purposed ;  
 Thou bare him in thi body trewely.  
 At Bolygne have I kept hem pruyly ;  
 Tak hem ayein for now mayst thou not seye,  
 That thou hast lorn none of thy children tweye.

And folk that otherwise han sayd of me,  
 I warne hem wel that I have don this dede  
 Ffor no malice, ne for no cruelte,  
 But for tassaye in the thy wommanhede ;  
 Ane nat to sleepe my children, God forbede !  
 But for to kepe hem pruyly and stille,  
 Til I thi purpos knewe and al thy wille."

Whan this herde, a swowne doun sche falleth  
 Ffor pytous ioie, and after hir swownynge  
 Sche bothe hire yonge children to hire calleth,

And in his armes pitously wepynge  
Embraceth hem, and tendrely kissinge,  
Fful like a moder with hire salte teeres  
Sche batheth bothe hire visage and hire heres.

O which a pytous sight it was to see  
Hir swownyng, and her humble voys to heere !  
"Graunt mercy, lord, God I thanke it you," quod she.  
"That ye han saued me my children deere.  
Now rekke I neuer to be ded right heere,  
Sith I stoude in your love and in your grace,  
No fors of deth, ne whan my spirit pace.  
O tendre, o dere, o yonge children myne,  
Your woful moder wende stedfastly,  
That cruel houndes or som foul vermyne  
Hadde eten you ; but God of his mercy,  
And youre benigne fader tenderly  
Hath don you kepte." And in the same stounde  
Al sodeinly sche swapte a doun to grounde.

And in hire swowne so sadly holdeth sche  
Hire children two, whan she gan hem embrace,  
That with gret sleight and with gret difficultie  
The children from hire arm thei gon arace.  
O ! many a teer on many a pitous face  
Doun ran of hem that stooden hire besyde,  
Vannethe aboute hire mighten they abyde.

Walter hir gladeth, and hir sorwe slaketh,  
Sche ryseth up abayssed from hire traunce,  
And euery wight hire ioye and feste maketh,  
Til sche hath caught ayein her contenance.  
Walter hire doth feithfully plesaunce,  
That it is deynte for to se the cheere  
Betwixe hem two, now they ben mett in feere.  
This laydes, whan that they here tyme saye,  
Han taken hire, and in to chambre goon,  
And strepen hire out of hire ruyde array,  
And in a cloth of gold that brighte schoon,  
With a couroune of many a riche stoon  
Upon hire heed, they in to halle hir broughte ;  
And then sche was honoured as sche oughthe.

— *The Clerk's Tale.*





CHEEVER, GEORGE BARRELL, an American Congregational clergyman and religious writer, born at Hallowell, Me., April 17, 1807; died at Englewood, N. J., October 1, 1890. He was educated at Bowdoin College and Andover Theological Seminary, and in 1832 took charge of a Congregational church at Salem, Mass. He was afterward pastor of Presbyterian churches in New York and a contributor to religious newspapers. In 1835 he was convicted of libel and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment for *Deacon Giles's Distillery*, a satirical allegory which he wrote and which was published in a Salem newspaper. It was on account of this difficulty, also, that he resigned his Salem pastorate. His principal works are *The Commonplace Books of Prose and Poetry* (1828-29); *Studies in Poetry* (1830); *Select Works of Archbishop Leighton* (1832); *Capital Punishment* (1843); *Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress* (1844); *Wanderings of a Pilgrim* (1845-46); *The Hill Difficulty* (1847); *Journal of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620* (1848); *Windings of the River of Life* (1849); *Voices of Nature* (1852); *Powers of the World to Come* (1853); *Lectures on Cowper* (1856); *God Against Slavery* (1857); *A Voyage to the Celestial Country* (1860); *Guilt of Slavery* (1860); *Voices of Nature with Her Foster-Child, the Soul of Man* (1863); *Faith, Doubt, and Evidence* (1881); *God's Timepiece for Man's Eternity* (1883).

## THE MER DE GLACE.

At Montanvert you find yourself on the extremity of a plateau, so situated that on one side you may look down into the dread frozen sea, and on the other by a few steps, into the lovely green vale of Chamouny. What astonishing variety and contrast in the spectacle ! Far beneath, a smiling and verdant valley, watered by the Arve, with hamlets, fields and gardens, the abode of life, sweet children, and flowers ;—far above, savage and inaccessible crags of ice and granite, and a cataract of stiffened billows, stretching away beyond sight—the throne of Death and Winter.

From the bosom of the tumbling sea of ice, enormous granite needles shoot into the sky, objects of singular sublimity, one of them rising to the great height of 13,000 feet—seven thousand above the point where you are standing. This is more than double the height of Mount Washington in our country, and this amazing pinnacle of rocks looks like the spire of an interminable colossal cathedral, with other pinnacles around it. No snow can cling to the summits of these jagged spires ; the lightning does not splinter them ; the tempests rave round them ; and at their base those eternal, drifting ranges of snow are formed, that sweep down into the frozen sea, and feed the perpetual, immeasurable masses of the glacier. Meanwhile, the laughing verdure sprinkled with flowers, plays upon edges of the enormous masses of ice—so near, that you may almost touch the ice with one hand and with the other pluck the violet. . . .

The impetuous arrested cataract seems as if it were ploughing the rocky gorge with its turbulent surges. Indeed the ridges of rocky fragments along the edges of the glacier, called *moraines*, do look precisely as if a colossal iron plough had torn them from the mountain, and laid them along in one continuous furrow on the frozen verge. It is a scene of stupendous sublimity. These mighty granite peaks, hewn and pinnaced into Gothic towers, and these ragged mountain walls and buttresses—what a cathedral !—with this cloudless sky,

by starlight, for its fretted roof, the chanting wail of the tempest and the rushing of the avalanche for its organ. How grand the thundering sound of the vast masses of ice tumbling from the roof of the Arve cavern at the foot of the glacier! Does it not seem, as it sullenly and heavily echoes, and rolls up from so immense a distance below, even more sublime than the thunder of the avalanche above us?—*Wanderings of a Pilgrim.*

#### A VIEW OF MONT BLANC.

Such an instantaneous and extraordinary revelation of splendor we never dreamed of. The clouds had vanished, we could not tell where, and the whole illimitable vast of glory in this, the heart of Switzerland's Alpine grandeurs, was disclosed; the snowy Monarch of Mountains, the huge glaciers, the jagged granite peaks, needles and rough, enormous crags and ridges congregated and shooting up in every direction, with the long, beautiful vale of Chamouny visible from end to end, far beneath, as still and shining as a picture! Just over the longitudinal ridge of mountains on one side was the moon, in an infinite depth of ether; it seemed as if we could touch it; and on the other the sun was exulting, as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber. The clouds still sweeping past us, now concealing, now partially veiling, and now revealing the view, added to its power by such sudden alternations.

Far down the vale floated in mid air beneath us a few fleeces of cloud, below and beyond which lay the valley, with its villages, meadows, and winding paths, and the river running through it like a silver thread. Shortly the mists congregated away beyond this scene, rolling masses upon masses, penetrated and turned into fleecy silver by the sunlight, the body of them gradually retreating over the southwestern end and barrier of the valley. In our position we now saw the different gorges in the chain of Mont Blanc lengthwise, Charmontière, Du Bois, and the Glacier du Bosson protruding its whole *enorme* from the valley. The grand Mulet, with the vast snow-depths and *crevasses* of Mont Blanc, were revealed to us. That sublime summit was now for the first time

seen in its solitary superiority, at first appearing round and smooth, white and glittering with perpetual snow ; but as the sun in his higher path cast shadows from summit to summit, and revealed ledges and chasms, we could see the smoothness broken. Mont Blanc is on the right of the valley, looking up from the Col de Balme ; the left range being much lower, though the summit of the Buet is near ten thousand feet in height. Now on the Col de Balme we are midway in these sublime views, on an elevation of seven thousand feet, without an intervening barrier of any kind to interrupt our sight. On the Col itself we are between two loftier heights, both of which I ascended, one of them being a ridge so sharp and steep that, though I got up without much danger, yet on turning to look about me and come down, it was absolutely frightful. A step either side would have sent me sheer down a thousand feet ; and the crags by which I had mounted appeared so loosely perched, that I could shake and tumble them from their places by my hand. The view in every direction seemed infinitely extended, chain behind chain, ridge after ridge, in almost endless succession.

But the hour of the most intense splendor in this day of glory was the rising of the clouds in Chamouny, as we could discern them like stripes of amber floating in an azure sea. They rested upon and floated over the successive glacier gorges of the mountain range on either hand, like so many islands of the blest, anchored in mid-heaven below us ; or like so many radiant files of the white-robed, heavenly host floating transversely across the valley. This extended through its whole length, and it was a most singular phenomenon ; for through these ridges of cloud we could look, as through a telescope, down into the vale and along its farther end ; but the intensity of the light flashing from the snows of the mountains and reflected in these fleecy radiances, was well-nigh blinding.—*Wanderings of a Pilgrim.*

CHEEVER, HENRY THEODORE, an American clergyman and writer, born in 1814. He is a

brother of George B. Cheever, and is the author of the following works: *The Whale and His Captors*; *Life in the Sandwich Islands*; *The Island World of the Pacific*; *Autobiography of Capt. Obadiah Coryat*; *Biography of Nathaniel Cheever*, and of the Rev. Walter Colton; *The Pulpit and the Pew*.

#### THE CALDRON OF KILAUEA.

When we had got to the leeward of the caldron, we found large quantities of the finest threads of metallic vitrified lava, like the spears and filaments of sealing-wax, called "Pele's hair." The wind has caught them from the jets and bubbling springs of gory lava, and carried them away on its wings till they have lodged in nests and crevices, where they may be collected like shed wool about the time of sheep-shearing. Sometimes this is found twenty miles to the leeward of the volcano. The heat and sulphur gas, irritating the throat and lungs, are so great on that side that we had to sheer away off from the brim of the caldron, and could not observe close at hand the part where there was the most gushing and bubbling of the ignifluous mineral fluid. But we passed round to the windward, and were thus enabled to get up to the brim, so as to look over for a minute into the molten lake, burning incessantly with brimstone and fire—

"A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,  
O'erboiling with a mad, sulphureous tide."

But the lava which forms your precarious foothold, melted, perhaps, a hundred times, cannot be handled or trusted, and the heat even there is so great as to burn the skin of one's face; although the heated air, as it rises, is instantly swept off to the leeward by the wind, it is always hazardous, not to say foolhardy, to stand there for a moment, lest your uncertain foothold, crumbling and crispy by the action of fire, shall suddenly give way, and throw you instantly into the fiery embrace of death.

At times, too, the caldron is so furiously boiling, and



splashing, and spitting its fires, and casting up its salient, angry jets of melted lava and spume, that all approach to it is forbidden. We slumped several times near it, as a man will in the spring who is walking over a river of which the ice is beginning to thaw, and the upper stratum, made of frozen snow, is dissolved and rotten. A wary native who accompanied us wondered at our daring, and would not be kept once from pulling me back, as, with the eager and bold curiosity of a discoverer, all absorbed in the view of such exciting wonders, I was getting too near.

At the time we viewed it, the brim all around was covered with splashes and spray to the width of ten or twelve feet. The surface of the lake was about a mile in its longest diameter, at a depth of thirty or forty feet from its brim, and agitated more or less all over, in some places throwing up great jets and spouts of fiery red lava, in other places spitting it out like steam from an escape-pipe when the valves are half lifted, and again squirting the molten rock as from a popgun. The surface was like a river or lake when the ice is going out and broken up into cakes, over which you will sometimes see the water running, and sometimes it will be quite hidden. In the same manner in this lake of fire, while its surface was generally covered with a crust of half-congealed, dusky lava, and raised into elevations or sunk into depressions, you would now and then see the live-coal red stream running along. Two cakes of lava, also, would meet like cakes of ice, and, their edges crushing, would pile up and fall over precisely like the phenomena of moving fields of ice; there was, too, the same rustling, grinding noise. Sometimes, I am told, the roar of the fiery surges is like the heavy beating of surf. Once, when Mr. Coan visited it, this caldron was heaped up in the middle, higher above its rim than his head, so that he ran up and thrust in a pyrometer, while streams were running off on different sides. At another time when he saw it, it had sunk four or five hundred feet below its brim, and he had to look down a dreadful gulf to see its fires.—*The Island World of the Pacific.*



CHÉNIER, MARIE-ANDRÉ, a distinguished French poet, was born at Constantinople, October 30, 1762; died in Paris, July 25, 1794. He was the third son of Louis Chénier, the French Consul-general to Constantinople. His mother was a Greek woman of great beauty and accomplishments. Marie was sent at a very early age to France, and lived with a sister of his father at Carcassonne until his ninth year. After his father's return, and when he was twelve years of age, he was placed in the College de Navarre, Paris. Partly owing to his natural love for it, and in part due to his mother's influence, he became a fine classical scholar, especially in Greek literature. At twenty he entered the army, and for a time served as a sub-lieutenant at Strasburg, but military life had no attractions for him, and in a few months he threw up his commission and returned to Paris, and again devoted himself to study. During this period he wrote the idyls *Le Mendiant*, *L'Aveugle*, and *Le Jeune Malade*, and planned others. His close application affected his health, and he was compelled to seek change and rest, and toward the close of the year 1784 he set out with some friends on a tour through Switzerland, Italy, and the Archipelago. On his return, in 1786, he again wrote and made plans and sketches for great poems. Among these are *Suzanne*, *L'Invention*,

and *Hermes*. The first and last of these were left in a fragmentary condition. In 1787, against his own inclinations, but to please his family, he accepted the secretaryship of the French Legation at London. His poem of *La Liberté*, written at this time, shows that it was with great reluctance that he went to London. Three years later he resigned and returned to Paris in the first whirl of the Revolution, 1790. His intense love of liberty induced him to give it his earnest support, though from the first he identified himself with the moderate or conservative party. When Louis XVI. was brought to trial he assisted in the preparation of his defence, and offered to share with Malesherbes the responsibility of it. He had always opposed the atrocities of the Jacobins, and he published a number of pamphlets containing severe strictures against them and the leaders of the Revolution. These angered Robespierre, and he was arrested January 6, 1794, though the immediate cause was the arrest of Madame de Pastoret, in whose house he was staying at Passy. He was imprisoned in Saint Lazare. Here he met Made-moiselle de Coigny, Duchesse of Fleury, and for her he wrote the elegy, of which Lamartine says, "It is the most melodious sigh that ever issued from the crevices of a dungeon." After an incarceration of six months, on July 24th he was brought, with others, before the tribunal and condemned, and on the following day, July 25, 1794, with Roucher, the poet, was executed, three days before the close of the Reign of Terror. One account given of him as he was being borne to exe-

cution in the same cart with Roucher is that they repeated to each other the first scene of the *Andromaque*, another that he was silent and thoughtful. But two of his poems were published during his life, the others not for many years after his death. In 1819 Henri de Latouche edited selections from his manuscripts, and in 1883 Joubert brought out an edition of his poems.

"The biography of André Chénier," says an able and appreciative writer in the *Westminster Review*, "contains the parallel stories of the two distinct and strangely dissimilar lives of a poet and of a political martyr—the two never to be confounded or confused, yet, when by death they were finally merged into one completed history, each seeming the fitting complement to the other. As a poet he lived in a cherished retirement with his friends, his books, his love-longings, and his unuttered hopes, consecrating the days and nights to his writings, and to an intense study which should fit him to be worthy of his art; yet so adverse was he to the petty jealousies and contests of a literary career, so far removed from the promptings of vanity, so utterly careless of contemporary applause, that he chose to leave his poems unpublished and, save to a few dear friends, unknown. When, however, the first signals of the great Revolution quickened the pulse and fired the blood of all who were eagerest, most generous, most hopeful, most impassioned in France, André Chénier, leaving the solitude which had to him become a second nature, threw himself into the vortex of political life with a reckless daring

that almost savored of temerity. In the great world-drama which commenced in 1789, the part played by him was probably the purest, the noblest, the most unselfish of any ; for not only was he among the foremost to lead the people onward to rescue all that was dear to them as men and women from the clutch of a terribly oppressive authority, but when, as an almost inevitable reaction, the people themselves, with their mob-laws, their Age of Reason, their thirst for vengeance and blood, inaugurated the most appalling tyranny that the world has ever witnessed, he again dared, this time almost alone, to take the side of the weakest, to battle for a liberty that should be governed by law, for a justice that should be tempered by toleration. Nearly single-handed, he tried to stem the rushing floods of massacres and madneses and miseries ; he attacked openly—almost wantonly—men whose scowling hatred foreboded death ; and when at last he found that all his struggles were ineffectual, he cried that it were better to deserve the guillotine than to enjoy life in times like these. And in his death-hour, turning, as if for consolation, again to poetry, he found his loveliest inspiration at the very foot of the scaffold."

#### HIS LAST POEM.

*A fragment ; interrupted by the advent of the death-guard.*

As the sun's last flashing ray,  
As the last cool breeze from the shore,  
Cheer the close of a dying day,  
Thus I strike my lyre once more.



As now by the scaffold I wait,  
 Each moment of time seems the last ;  
 For the clock, like a finger of fate,  
 Points onward and onward fast.  
 Perchance ere the hand goes round,  
 Perchance ere I hear the beat  
 Of the measured and vigilant sound  
 Of its sixty sonorous feet,  
 The sleep of the tomb will close  
 On my wearied lids and eyes—  
 Ere each thronging thought that glows  
 Can have taken its own fitting guise ;  
 And One, bearing death in his hand,  
 Like a grim recruiter of shades,  
 Will come with his murderous band,  
 And, amid the clanging of blades,  
 Fill all these gloomy corridors  
 With resoundings of my name.

. . . .

#### BUGLE BLASTS.

It is above all when the sacrifices that must be made to truth, to liberty, to fatherland are dangerous and difficult that they are also accompanied with ineffable delights. It is in the midst of accusations, of outrages, of proscriptions, it is in the dungeon and on the scaffold that virtue, probity, and constancy taste the full joy of a conscience lofty and pure.

I take some joy in deserving the esteem of men of worth, in thus offering myself to the hatred and the vengeance of these villains sprung from the gutter ; these corrupt professors of disturbance whom I have unmasked. I have thought to serve liberty in rescuing it from their praises. If, as I still hope, they will succumb to the weight of reason, it will be honorable to have contributed ever so little to their downfall. If they triumph, these are the men by whose hand it were better to be hanged than clasped as friends and comrades.

## FIRST LOVE.

I was but a feeble infant, she a stately maid and tall,  
Yet with many a smiling promise, many a soft and winsome call,  
She would snatch me to her bosom, cradle me and rock me there,  
Let my childish fingers trifle with the glories of her hair;  
Smother me with fond caresses—for a moment's space again,  
As if shocked with my o'erboldness, feign to chide, but only feign.  
Then, when all her lovers thronged her—wandering and bashful host—  
Then the proud, disdainful beauty kissed and fondled me the most.  
Often, often — (oh, how foolish childhood's innocent alarms!)  
Has she covered me with kisses as I struggled in her arms:  
While the shepherds murmur'd round us, as triumphantly I smiled,  
“Oh, what thrilling joys are wasted! Oh, too happy, happy child!”





**CHERBULIEZ, VICTOR**, a French novelist and critic, born at Geneva, Switzerland, July 19, 1829, where his father was a professor of Hebrew. He began life as a teacher, but resigned his professorship and travelled extensively in the East. On his return he published in the form of a novel the result of his studies in archæology. The first edition was called *A Propos d'un Cheval*, and the second *Un Cheval de Phidias*. Two other works of a similar character embody his views on the origin, transformation, and destiny of the globe. Both over his own name and under the *nom de plume* of G. Valbert, Cherbuliez has also contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* several papers on foreign politics and historical literature. Two novels of Cherbuliez have been dramatized, *Samuel Brohl* and *L'Aventure de Ladislas Bolski*, but neither has scored as a play the success attained in the original form. Cherbuliez is a distant relative of J. J. Rousseau.

When about thirty years of age he established himself in Paris, became a French citizen, and was admitted to the French Academy in 1882. Among his novels are *Count Kostia* (1863); *Prince Vitale* (1864); *Le Grand Œuvre* (1867); *Prosper Randoce* (1868); *L'Aventure de Ladislas Bolski* (1869); *Le Fiancé de Mademoiselle St. Maur* (1876); *Samuel Brohl et Cie.* (1877); *L'Idée de Jean Téterol* (1878);

*Meta Holdenis, Olivier Maugant, Miss Rovel, and Le Revanche de Joseph Noirel.* He is also the author of *L'Espange Politique, Études de Littérature et d'Art*, and *L'Allemagne Politique.*

#### A SIMPLE HOUSEHOLD.

One day we took a long horseback-ride. I was riding a chestnut full of pluck and fire ; and Harris, who was an adept in horsemanship, and rather chary of his compliments, having deigned to praise my talents in that direction, I flattered myself that I was cutting something of a figure in the world. In the evening we stopped at a country inn for refreshments. At the extremity of the arbor, where we had taken our seats, sat a family, just finishing a rural meal. A young girl of about eighteen, apparently the oldest of the children, stood facing me at the table, evidently fulfilling the duties of majordomo, for she was carving a fowl. To protect herself against the sun that here and there slid through the foliage she had put a *fichu* on her head. It was this which first attracted my attention, but the face underneath it interested me far more. Harris asked me jestingly what I could find to admire in so ugly a creature ; but I gave him to understand that he was no judge in the matter. This ugly creature, as he called her, was a brunette ; rather short than tall, with chestnut hair, eyes of the clearest and sweetest blue—indeed, two veritable turquoises—and a beauty-mole on the left cheek. She was neither handsome nor pretty ; her nose was too heavy, her chin too square, her mouth too large, her lips too thick ; but she had, on the other hand, that peculiar charm of I don't know what which bewitches : a nectarine complexion ; cheeks like those fruits one longs to bite into ; a face that resembles no other face ; an ingenuous air, a caressing look, an angelic smile, and a singing voice. Her way of carving fowls was indeed adorable ! Her four younger sisters and two little brothers were holding up their plates to her, opening their beaks like so many little chickens waiting for their food. She helped them all to their satisfaction. Her

father, who had his back to me, called to her in a hoarse-voiced voice and German accent, which sounded strangely familiar to me, "Meta, you keep nothing to yourself, my dear!" She replied in German, and she must have said something charming, for he cried, "*Allerliebste!*" an exclamation I had no need of going to Dresden to understand. At the same time he turned toward me and I recognized the venerable face of my travelling companion.

M. Holdenis, who was to live henceforth in my memory as the father of the most charming ugly creature I had ever met, remembered me at once, and, as I advanced toward him, received me with open arms. He asked permission to introduce me to Madame Holdenis, a large, stout woman, round as a ball, rosy ugly, and not the least charming. I excused myself for not having called on him before, and did not leave until I had obtained an invitation to dinner for the next day. . . .

M. Holdenis lived in a comfortable country-house, five minutes' walk from the town. The place was called Florissant, and the house Mon-Nid; you will see by-and-by that I have had good reasons for remembering these names. I was punctual at the rendezvous, despite Harris, who had sworn to make me miss it. M. Holdenis welcomed me with the most amiable cordiality. He collected immediately his seven children, placed them, like organ pipes, all in a row, according to age and size, and gave me their names. I had to listen to the story of their precocious exploits, their winning ways, their natural wit. I expressed my delight and put Madame Holdenis into ecstasy. "They are the very children of their mother!" said the husband—and, looking lovingly at her, he kissed chivalrously both her very red hands.

During this time the busy Meta came and went, lighting the lamps, making bouquets to stand on the mantel-piece, sliding into the dining-room to help the servant in setting the table, and from there darting into the kitchen to give an eye to the roast. Her father told me that they called her in the house "*Little Mouse*," *das Mäuschen*, because she moved about so noiselessly; she had the secret of being everywhere at once. The meal seemed to me delicious—for had



she not had a hand in it? But what appeared still more admirable was the appetite of my host; I was, indeed, afraid he would hurt himself: all went off well, however; we took our coffee on the veranda in the starlight—the honeysuckle and jasmines intoxicating us with their perfumes. "What matters it whether one lives in a palace or in a hut?" remarked M. Holdenis to me, "provided one keeps a window open to a bit of blue sky?"

Having called back his progeny, he arranged them in a circle, and made them sing psalms. Meta beat the time for the young concert-singers, and at times gave them the key-note; she had a nightingale-voice, pure as crystal. We returned into the parlor. Games followed the psalms, until, the clock having struck ten, the worthy pastor of the flock made a sign, well understood by all, which stopped all merriment and introduced family worship.

He then opened an enormous folio Bible, over which, bending his patriarchal head, he remained a few moments silent, as if to collect his thoughts, and then began to improvise a homily upon the text of the Apocalypse: "These are the two olive-trees, and the two candlesticks, standing before the God of the earth." I thought I understood him to mean that the two candlesticks represented Monsieur and Madame Holdenis; the little Holdenises were as yet only bits of candles, but with proper efforts were expected to grow into wax-tapers.

As soon as he had closed his big Bible, I rose to take my leave. He grasped both my hands and, looking at me tenderly, with tears in his eyes, said: "Behold our every-day life. You have found Germany even in this foreign country. I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but Germany is the only place in the world that knows what real family life means—that perfect union of souls, that poetic and ideal sentiment of things. And," added he, with an amiable smile, "I do not think I am mistaken when I say that you seem to me worthy in every way to become a German."

I assured him, looking sideways at Meta, that he was not mistaken; that I felt within me something that looked very much like a touch of divine grace.

Half an hour later I repeated the same to Harris, who was waiting for me, furiously impatient, before two bottles of rum and a pack of cards. "Out of what holy water font do you come?" cried he, when he saw me; "you smell of virtue half a mile off." And, taking a brush, he dusted me from head to foot. He further tried to make me promise that I would not return to Florissant; but in vain. To punish me, he attempted to make me drunk, but when one thinks of Meta one does not get intoxicated on mere rum.

If Mon-Nid proved to my taste, my dear madame, the compliment was reciprocated, for Mon-Nid was also well pleased with me. I felt a welcome guest there; was made a great deal of; was liked, in short. When I submitted my project to learn German to M. Holdenis, he offered, with a rare kindness, to give me every day a lesson; and, as on the same occasion I expressed to him a great desire to paint his daughter's portrait, he granted me the request without very much ado. The consequence was that the nephew of my uncle Gedeon spent every day several hours in the sanctuary of virtue; the time given to Ollendorf's Grammar, however, was by no means the most agreeable; not that M. Holdenis was a bad teacher, but his disquisitions seemed to me rather long-winded. He repeated too often that the French were a giddy people, that their poets and artists were devoid of ideality, that Corneille and Racine were cold rhetoricians, that La Fontaine was wanting in grace and Molière in mirth. He demonstrated also, at too great a length, that the German was the only language that could express the depths of the soul and the infinitude of sentiment.

On the other hand, I always found Meta's sittings too short. The portrait I had undertaken was to me the most attractive I had ever attempted, but also the most laborious of tasks. I often despaired of going creditably through with it, so hard was it for me to express what I saw and felt. Is there anything more difficult than to reproduce with the brush the charm that is not beautiful? to fix on the canvas a face without decided lineaments and features, whose whole worth rests on ingenuousness of expression, on blushing candor, on

the caresses of the eye, and the luminous grace of the smile? Nor was that all; there lurked in that angelic face something else, which I strove in vain to render. . . . She seemed always very willing to sit for me, and appeared to like my company. She was, by turns, serious and playful. When serious, she would question me about the Louvre or the history of painting. When inclined to merriment, she amused herself talking German to me, and made me repeat ten times the same word after her. I generally answered as well as I could, making use of all I knew. My cock-and-bull stories made her sometimes laugh until the tears came. I gained by it the right to call her by her pet name, Mäuschen, which I managed to bring in in all I had to say; and as the word was hard to pronounce, it proved the most useful of exercises to me. At the end of every sitting, and to pay me for my trouble, she would recite to me *The King of Thule*. She recited with exquisite taste, and whenever she came to the last lines—

“*Die Augen thaten ihm sinken,  
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr,*”

her eyes filled with tears, and her voice became so faint and trembling that it seemed to die away. She sang that beautiful song so often to me that I soon knew it by heart, and indeed know it yet.—*Meta Holdenis.*

#### META AS GOVERNESS.

While I was all admiration, and wandered through the fields, Meta Holdenis was quietly making the conquest of every inhabitant of Les Charmilles. A few days sufficed her to subdue the ungovernable Lulu. She had requested that nobody should come between her and the child; that no one should interfere with the rules she had laid down, or the punishments she would judge proper to inflict. It was a hard point to gain with Madame de Mauserre; she yielded, however, to the representations of her husband. At the first great misbehavior Lulu became guilty of, her governess shut herself up with her in a large room where there was noth-

ing to break ; then taking a seat, with her work, by the window, she began to sew, letting Lulu storm as much as she pleased. Lulu did her best ; she stamped with her feet, threw the chairs about, howled. For three consecutive hours there was such a noise that God's thunder would scarcely have been heard. Her governess kept on sewing, without appearing to be either moved or irritated by this fearful hubbub, until, completely exhausted in strength and lungs, Lulu fell asleep on the floor. After two or three experiences of this kind, she discovered that she had found a master ; and as, after all, this master seemed to love her, and asked of her nothing but what was reasonable, she concluded that it was best to submit.

Children are so constituted that they esteem what resists them ; and a calm reason, that acts instead of reasoning, works upon them like a charm. Lulu, who, despite her mettle, was a good child, became gradually attached to her governess to such a degree that she would not leave her any more, and often preferred her lessons to playing. . . . I do not know where Meta found the time to do all she did without appearing the least over-busy. Lulu's education was not a sinecure ; and yet she undertook, along with it, the housekeeping. Madame de Mauserre had too good a heart to govern a house properly. Her only ambition was to see happy faces around her. I remember, one day, when the rain had driven us for refuge into a wretched inn in the suburbs of Rome, she ate up, to the last morsel, a detestable omelet, merely that the feelings of the innkeeper might not be wounded. She confessed to this weakness herself. "When I have scolded my maid, and she looks cross," she said, "I hasten to make amends, *e m' arvoilisco*."

Her servants, whom she spoiled, took advantage of it. Meta was not long in discovering that certain portions of the house-service were neglected, and that there was waste. On her remarks upon the subject, M. de Mauserre, who was not close with his money, but who loved order in everything, begged his wife to let Meta assist her in the government of the house, which, in a short time, was reformed, like Lulu. She had an eye on every-

thing, in the laundry as well as in the pantry. Her mouse-like tread was constantly heard on the stairs, and the trail of her gray dress, which, without being new, was always so fresh and clean that it seemed just come from the hands of the mantua-maker, was sweeping noiselessly along the passages. The subalterns were not very willing, at first, to recognize her authority, and there was a good deal of ill-feeling and rude behavior toward her; but Meta's patience here again triumphed, and she succeeded in disarming them by opposing to their somewhat wanton familiarity or bluntness an unalterable politeness. She possessed the tact to tame all sorts of animals; the very dogs of the château had presented their duties to her on the first day of her arrival. To rule was truly her vocation.

At six o'clock the Mouse took off her gray vestments and put on a black silk dress, which she relieved with a crimson bow; an ornament of similar color was put in her hair, and this formed her dinner toilet. She spoke very little during meals; her attention was chiefly directed upon her pupil, whose exuberance of spirits required close watching. Between eight and nine o'clock she put Lulu to bed, and returned immediately to the drawing-room, where she was always impatiently expected. Everybody at Les Charmilles—M. de Mau-serre especially—was passionately fond of music, and there was no other performer except Madame d'Archi, whose voice, though timid, was correct and agreeable. I cannot recollect a single instance of musical memory to be compared with Meta's; her head was a complete repertory of operas, oratorios, and sonatas. She played or sang all the airs she was asked, supplying as well as she could what escaped her; after which, to please herself, she would conclude her concert with a piece from Mozart. Then her face would light up and her eyes sparkle; and it was then that, according to M. de Mau-serre's expression, her ugliness became luminous. He had at last conceded to me that, no doubt, Velasquez and Rembrandt would have preferred this ugliness to beauty.

Three weeks after her arrival at Les Charmilles, Meta Holdenis had so well defined her place there that it



seemed as if she had always belonged to the household, and that it would have been impossible to get along without her. If, at the house, when we used to meet in the drawing-room, she was detained in her room, every one would say, coming in, "Is Mademoiselle Holdenis here? Where is Mademoiselle Holdenis?" M. d'Arci himself, in his better hours, would confess that he began to be reconciled with the ideal. Madame de Mauserre was never tired of chanting the praises of this pearl of governesses; she called her an angel, and could not bless enough the American Harris for having sent her that good, that amiable girl, that innocent heart, pure as a sky in springtime. It was thus she gave vent to her enthusiasm. Of course, I was the last person to contradict her.—*Meta Holdenis.*





CHESTERFIELD, EARL OF (PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE). an English statesman, orator, and general writer, born in London, England, September 22, 1694; died March 24, 1773. He was educated at Cambridge, and, after making the tour of Europe, was appointed a gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales. In 1727 he was made a privy councillor, and in 1728 was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to Holland. He was afterward Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Secretary of State. He was distinguished by his brilliant wit, polished manners, and elegance of conversation. Deafness forced him to retire from public life in 1762. His literary reputation rests upon a series of *Letters* addressed to his natural son, Philip Stanhope, not intended for publication, but designed "to give the advice and knowledge requisite to form the man ambitious to shine as an accomplished courtier, an orator in the senate, or a minister at foreign courts." These letters, though elegant in style, and full of good advice in regard to the outward conduct of life, too often reflect the low moral tone of the age in which they were written.

#### ON SELF-CONTROL.

I recommended to you, in my last, an innocent piece of art; that of flattering people behind their backs, in presence of those, who, to make their own court, much

more than for your sake, will not fail to repeat, and even amplify the praise to the party concerned. This is of all flattery the most pleasing, and consequently the most effectual. There are other, and many other inoffensive arts of this kind, which are necessary in the course of the world, and by which he who practises the earliest will please the most and rise the soonest. The spirits and vivacity of youth are apt to neglect them as useless, or reject them as troublesome. But subsequent knowledge and experience of the world reminds us of their importance, commonly when it is too late.

The principal of these things is the mastery of one's temper, and that coolness of mind and serenity of countenance which hinders us from discovering by words, actions, or even looks, those passions or sentiments by which we are inwardly moved or agitated; and the discovery of which gives cooler and abler people such infinite advantages over us, not only in great business, but in all the most common occurrences of life. A man who does not possess himself enough to hear disagreeable things without visible marks of anger and change of countenance, or agreeable ones without sudden bursts of joy and expansion of countenance, is at the mercy of every artful knave or pert coxcomb; the former will provoke or please you by design, to catch unguarded words or looks; by which he will easily decipher the secrets of your heart, of which you should keep the key yourself, and trust it with no man living. The latter will, by his absurdity, and without intending it, produce the same discoveries, of which other people will avail themselves.

You will say, possibly, that this coolness must be constitutional, and consequently does not depend upon the will: and I will allow that constitution has some power over us; but I will maintain, too, that people very often, to excuse themselves, very unjustly accuse their constitutions. Care and reflection, if properly used, will get the better: and a man may as surely get a habit of letting his reason prevail over his constitution, as of letting, as most people do, the latter prevail over the former. If you find yourself subject to sudden starts of passion or madness (for I see no differ-

ence between them but in their duration), resolve ~~within~~ yourself, at least, never to speak one word while you feel that emotion within you. Determine, too, to keep your countenance as unmoved and unembarrassed as possible ; which steadiness you may get a habit of by constant attention. I should desire nothing better, in any negotiation, than to have to do with one of those men of warm, quick passions ; which I would take care to set in motion. By artful provocations I would extort rash, unguarded expressions ; and by hinting at all the several things that I could suspect infallibly discover the true one, by the alteration it occasioned in the countenance of the person. . . . Make yourself absolute master, therefore, of your temper and your countenance, so far, at least, that no visible change do appear in either, whatever you may feel inwardly. This may be difficult, but it is by no means impossible.

#### ON GOOD BREEDING.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them. Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me that anybody who has good sense and good nature (and I believe you have both), can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons and places and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience ; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are to particular societies what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And, as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And, indeed, there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and between the punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man who invades another man's property is

justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life is, by common consent, as justly banished from society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural as an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well bred. . . .

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and consequently, as there is no principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behavior, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you and talks to you ever so dully and frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. . . .

There is a sort of good breeding in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But that ease and freedom have their bounds too, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the



persons ; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good breeding both to preserve and cement them. . . .

The deepest learning, without good breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome pedantry, and of use nowhere but in a man's own closet ; and consequently of little or no use at all. A man who is not perfectly well bred is unfit for good company, and unwelcome in it ; will consequently dislike it soon, afterward renounce it ; and be reduced to solitude, or, what is worse, low and bad company. . . . A man who is not well bred is full as unfit for business as for company. Make then, my dear child, I conjure you, good breeding the great object of your thoughts and actions, at least half the day, and be convinced that good breeding is, to all worldly qualifications, what charity is to all Christian virtues. Observe how it adorns merit, and how often it covers the want of it. May you wear it to adorn, and not to cover you.





**CHIABRERA, GABRIELLO**, an Italian lyric poet, born at Savona, near Genoa, Italy, June 8, 1552; died October 14, 1637. Chiabrera was born fifteen days after the death of his father. On his mother's second marriage he was received by his father's unmarried brother and sister, who sent him at the age of nine years to Rome, where he was educated at the Jesuits' College. He afterward entered the service of Cardinal Cornero-Camerlingo. A duel, in which he slew his adversary, forced him to flee to Savona, where he devoted himself to literature. Another broil, resulting in his antagonist's death, exposed him to prosecution and the loss of his property by confiscation. Rescued by the efforts of Cardinal Aldobrandini, Chiabrera passed the remainder of his life in quiet. His early poems were imitations of Anacreon, Simonides, and Sappho, but he soon began to form a style of his own. He is said to have declared that the poets of Italy were too timid in art, and that, like Columbus, he would discover a new world, or drown. An admiration of Pindar made him an unconscious imitator of the Greek pattern, after which he formed a style of his own, which distinguishes him from other Italian lyric poets. After he became famous as an author he resided mostly in Florence and Genoa. His sublime odes and canzoni soon won him national fame, and he received many honors

at the hands of several Italian rulers. He wrote much and in many varieties of verse. He composed five epics: *Italia Liberata*, the *Gotiade*, the *Ruggiero*, the *Firenze*, and the *Amadci*. His reputation, however, rests upon his lyric poems, in which he surpassed all his Italian predecessors.

TO HIS MISTRESS'S LIPS.

Sweet thornless rose,  
Surpassing those  
With leaves at morning's beam dividing !  
By Love's command,  
Thy leaves expand  
To show the treasure they were hiding.

O, tell me, flower,  
When hour by hour  
I doting gaze upon thy beauty  
Why thou the while  
Dost only smile  
On one whose purest love is duty !

Does pity give,  
That I may live,  
That smile, to show my anguish over ?  
Or, cruel coy,  
Is it but joy  
To see thy poor expiring lover ?

Whate'er it be,  
Or cruelty,  
Or pity to the humblest, vilest ;  
Yet can I well  
Thy praises tell,  
If while I sing them thou but smilest.

When waters pass  
Through springing grass,  
With murmuring song their way beguiling :  
And flowerets rear  
Their blossoms near—  
Then do we say that Earth is smiling

When in the wave  
The Zephyrs lave  
Their dancing feet with ceaseless motion,  
And sands are gay  
With glittering spray—  
Then do we talk of smiling Ocean.

When we behold  
A vein of gold  
O'erspread the sky at morn and even,  
And Phœbus' light  
Is broad and bright—  
Then do we say 'tis smiling Heaven.

Though Sea and Earth  
May smile in mirth,  
And joyous Heaven may return it ;  
Yet Earth and Sea  
Smile not like thee,  
And Heaven itself has yet to learn it.

## AN EPITAPH.

There never breathed a man, who, when his life  
Was closing, might not of that life relate  
Toils long and hard. The warrior will report  
Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the field,  
And blasts of trumpets. He who hath been doomed  
To bow his forehead in the courts of kings  
Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,  
Envy and heart-inquietude, derived  
From intricate cabals of treacherous friends.  
I, who on shipboard lived from earliest youth,  
Could represent the countenance horrible  
Of the vexed waters, and the indignant rage  
Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years  
Over the well-steered galleys did I rule.  
From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic Pillars,  
Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown ;  
And the broad gulfs I traversed oft—and—oft.  
Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir  
I knew the force ; and hence the rough sea's pride  
Availed not to my vessel's overthrow.  
What noble pomp, and frequent, have not I

On regal decks beheld! yet in the end  
I learned that one poor moment can suffice  
'To equalize the lofty and the low.  
We sail the sea of life—a calm one finds,  
And one a tempest—and the voyage o'er,  
Death is the quiet haven of us all.  
If more of my condition ye would know,  
Savona was my birthplace, and I sprang  
Of noble parents : seventy years and three  
Lived I—then yielded to a slow disease.  
—*Translation of WORDSWORTH.*







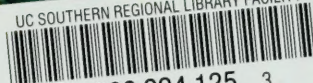








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